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DREAMS  
AND PERSONALITY



# DREAMS AND PERSONALITY

A STUDY OF OUR DUAL LIVES

BY

FREDERICK PIERCE

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MID-BRAIN," AND "UNDERSTANDING OUR CHILDREN"



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TO  
J. E. P.



## PREFACE

In the introductory section of this book entitled "The Gateway to Dream Interpretation" will be found a remark to the effect that everybody leads a double life. That might well be the text of the book, if it were not for the fact that it would suggest a thesis, and the book has none, consisting as it does of information rather than argument. The statement is true, and from the evidence to appear later we might properly say that normal human beings lead not only double but triple lives. There is the fundamental, instinctive self, common to all and alike all through the race. There is the surface personality—that which is freely presented to the view of others. And then—in between these two, as it were—there is a secret, private self, which has characteristics of both the other two and much else besides. Whether we think of human problems in the mass or in the individual, it must be clear that their solution begins in understanding much more about the inner mind than we do yet. It is my hope that the material contained between these covers may contribute to that.

This in-between phase of personality, what I have called the "secret, private self," is of course operative during waking hours, but it seems to have its freest expression, in many people at any rate, during sleep. It is always well individuated, differing from that of all other people, but in spite of being wholly self-centered it is also highly herd-sensitive. In neurotics it has been studied by the psycho-analytical method, but the information thus procured is distorted and not representative. The most direct approach to it seems to be through the dream; and by this route it

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becomes possible to penetrate a considerable distance into the unexplored territory, provided one has the patience, since time is the only obstacle to getting a volume of material comprehensive enough to be broadly revealing.

The method I have used is described in the introductory section under that heading. A careful study was first made of the waking, or surface, personality. The dreams were then recorded from time to time, as opportunity permitted, and each dream was expanded by the use of word or phrase association, as detailed later in the appropriate place. Thus the picture of the sleeping personality was gradually built up. Some of the people coöperating were studied for two or three months; some for as much as three years. In the aggregate, two hundred and four such studies were completed in twelve years, and the range was sufficient to be called truly representative—an adequate cross-section of the social body.

The contrast between waking and sleeping personality was, as might have been expected, apparent from the first, although I was not directing special attention to it, but rather to the dreams themselves. In some people it was comparatively slight, but in others it was so strong as to evoke surprise—sometimes amazement. The groups given in the following chapters show both sides of the picture.

From a perusal of these pages it may seem as though an effort had been made to give a complete exposition of dream analysis and interpretation. It is true that the most important dream mechanisms are explained in some detail and interpretations are suggested all the way through, but I have tried to keep the main theme, the contrast of the two personalities, always uppermost. As a by-product of the work there will be found, step by step, a comparison of the results with Freud's theories of the dream. Many of his points are substantially borne out by the material, but his central idea and major contention not only is not sup-

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ported, but would seem to be contradicted by the evidence. In the appropriate place I have pointed out where this is so. The dream texts and their associations speak for themselves, and if the Freudian theory of wish-fulfillment can be read into even half of them it will be surprising, not to say ingenious.

In conclusion there is a most important word to be said as to how this book came to take its present form. The mass of collected material reached such a size several years ago that I ceased adding to it and began the task of assorting, comparing, and classifying. At this point came the vital question of how it was to be used. Several psychologists with whom I discussed the subject felt that a thorough study of symbols of English language dreams would be of the first scientific importance and value. In fact, a summary of their opinions inclined strongly in that direction. The writer believed, however, that there were other angles of approach which were equally important, and finally had the good fortune to talk with Professor Joseph Jastrow about it. He gave the matter generous consideration and suggested that a broad comparative study of the human mind when waking and when asleep would be one of the most valuable uses to make of such extensive and representative material as I described. He further suggested that the theme should be embodied in the title *Dreams and Personality*. The approach should be a comparison of the dream life with the entire waking personality. These suggestions commended themselves so strongly that they were gladly accepted, and I take this occasion to extend publicly to Professor Jastrow my deep sense of appreciation and gratitude.

FREDERICK PIERCE



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## INTRODUCTORY



# DREAMS AND PERSONALITY

## I

### THE GATEWAY TO DREAM INTERPRETATION

WHAT happens when you go to sleep?

Do you die? No—unless you are not to awaken. Is animation suspended? No; all the processes of the body continue to function. Does your soul leave your body? There is no reason to suppose so, since telepathy will explain the occasional incidents of dreaming something that is actually happening in another part of the world. Does your mind cease working? No; the dreams of dreamers, the facial expression, bodily behavior, and occasional talk of sleepers who do not remember dreaming, alike prove the contrary. What, then, does happen? (The physiologist will tell you that the circulatory tension of your brain is lowered, particularly in the outer, the thinking and motor, part.) But this no more explains what has occurred than to say that an automobile stops because the ignition has been shut off. (Behind the mechanical is the mental.) The car stops because its driver wishes it to. You go to sleep because some part of you wishes to. Unlike the motor, you do not stop. Your personality merely enters into another phase of life.

Nor is this a random phase. Although at a slower rate, your vital organs, even your muscles, continue to act. Your brain, being the center of your nervous system, must continue to act, too. Often it does some practical thinking,

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because there are countless instances of problems of various sorts being solved during sleep, with a correct answer or a sound decision coming to mind the next day. It directs accommodating changes of posture, to maintain internal balance and secure proper rest. It registers and responds to the need of awaking at certain times, as when there is an alarming noise or the cry of a child.

But most interestingly of all, it retains an *awareness of self*. It is not merely a *person* who is sleeping, but definitely *you*. Whether its dream images, its visionary activities, remain in memory the next day or not, they are always and inevitably yours, your own. The purpose of this book is to show what this sleeping personality is like, how its acquaintance may be made, and what relation it bears to the waking personality. For it must be understood that every human being lives a double life, and, as will be seen in the following records (notably that of M-7), sometimes it is a very double life indeed.

Analytical psychologists seem more and more inclined to believe that every action evolves from a wish, which at its origin is selfish, or at least self-serving. In that sense the research that led to this book must have grown out of an insatiable curiosity, since that, so far as I am able to become aware, furnishes the only reason for thousands of hours devoted to it throughout a period of twelve years. I can distinctly remember times in my early childhood when the uppermost idea in my mind was speculation on what was going on in the minds of others. My sister and brother, both quite a number of years older than myself, were the principal objects of this, and I can still see myself silently observing them and wondering not only what they were thinking of, but how the thought process formed—whether they thought by “seeing things,” as I did, what was actually going on in their heads, and what it looked like anyhow. So strong was this interest that I used to try to identify

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myself with them even in feeling, and wonder whether the breeze blowing in their faces, or the scent of flowers in their hands, gave them the same sensations that I had. Once I questioned my sister about it, and can still remember dimly the perplexed and wondering look with which she regarded me, evidently thinking that I was a strange and unaccountable human being to think of asking such silly questions.

The years were to stretch into decades before this curiosity finally turned itself toward a prolonged and systematic study of people's dreams. This was not because people's dreams had failed to interest me as much as waking mental processes, but because there was never an opportunity to approach the subject with any confidence of being able to see the thing through. From time to time I read something about dreams, and often I puzzled over my own, with a wish that I might understand their riddles, but no real light came until the summer of 1915.

I was then spending some months in California and had before me the promise of at least leisure enough to make a beginning. It was fortunate at such a time that I should happen to get hold of Freud's work on the interpretation of dreams, and thus find that through the association method an approach had at last been found which made the study of dreams an informative process.

Since not all readers are familiar with the special meaning given to the word "association" as used in psychology, it may be wise to explain that the "association method" is based on the fact that no idea stands entirely alone, by itself, in the brain. Everything is linked up to something else. The stream of ideas is constant. One thing reminds us of another. Take, for example, the simple word "mother." It may bring up first a visual image. Then, if the mind is relaxed, there must follow idea after idea, each being attached to, and hence stimulated by, this single

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word. Such a grouping is spoken of as "an association 'of ideas." The "association method," as applied to dreams, may then be most simply pictured in the following way: if the dream is written down and then used as a stimulus (like the word "mother"), it will set in motion a long train of ideas which are obviously related to it. We thus see, from this train of ideas, something of what the dream material must have signified to that particular brain, particularly what *emotions* were attached to the associated ideas. The procedure will be explained in detail in a later chapter on the method of my studies.

Naturally I went into all of the literature of the analytical school that I could procure, and I began applying the method to expanding and trying to interpret the texts of my own dreams. It will not surprise the psychologist of any school when I say that my results did not agree with the Freudian formulas. Followers of Freud would at once say that the method was not being used in the right way—which within limits is true; those who are violently opposed to Freud would say that his whole theory was nonsensical and that his conclusions were pernicious; while those who took the true scientific attitude would say that in the first place the method was not being applied as directed and in the second place the material of no one dreamer could be considered representative.

Realizing all these things, one could nevertheless make a beginning and the results were so interesting that I found myself urged toward further study along the same lines. In the published association experiments directed by Jung at Zurich University I found considerable help, and the assistance of some friends was invaluable during the next two or three months in helping me to develop an association technique, which, even though it lacked in finish, was effective in bringing out the thought-stream that was allied to the dream text. I was soon fortunate enough to meet psy-

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chologists who were experienced in the method, and through them I was able to improve in its use, as well as to get much valuable information about the sorts of resistances that would block various dreamers in their attempt to associate.

Having found a way to expand a dream text and thus identify some of its obvious symbols, the next thing was to interest dreamers so that they would tell me their dreams and give me enough of their time to associate the dreams as fully as possible. Some of my friends were willing to do this; others were not. The unwilling ones gave many and varied reasons, some of which were genuine, and others of which soon convinced me that the psychoanalysts were right when they said that in his unconscious mind a dreamer was aware of the fact that his dreams often symbolized hidden things which he did not care to discuss freely. This was not a surprise to me because I had long since accepted the conclusion that, whether called "subconscious" or "unconscious," there was a functioning level of the mind which did not appear on the surface, but which had a strong influence on character and actions. Enough friends, however, were interested and willing so that from the very first I did not lack material for my studies, and fortunately even my early types were quite varied. There were men and women ranging in age from twenty-two to sixty-five; there were children, adolescents, and even half a dozen high school students who either indulgently or eagerly told me their dreams and associated them with more or less freedom. Comparatively few associations appeared of what have come to be called the Freudian type, and I was for a time left to guess whether this was because the "resistances" blocked such associations from forming, or the dreamers were simply not giving those associations when they did form, or I had not yet happened to encounter the sort of people of whom Freud had written.



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Later on I was to find the answers to all these questions, but at that time I was only concerned as a scientific student with setting down what material I could get and learning from it what could be deduced. Happening to be called upon to lecture on certain phases of the unconscious mind, and finding myself later engaged for lecture courses which brought me in contact with hundreds of interesting students of all ages from eighteen to sixty and kept me in contact with many of them over periods of two or three years, I was at last able not only to get all the material I wanted, but also to select it so as to give me the widest possible range.

Growing experience brought certain impressions about the Freudian theory of dreams which may as well be set down at this point, since the ensuing years have not changed them. They grew out of the evidence as I found it, and the more the evidence accumulated the surer were the conclusions in my own mind. Freud and Jung, with their associates and pupils, had certainly done the most revealing work in connection with the psychology of the sleeping mind. It was searching, original, profound, and stimulating. It provided a method of approach which kept life in the dream ideas and images while they were being examined. But many of the inferences and conclusions drawn seemed far too conclusive for the insufficient foundations on which they rested. Individual dreams, ingeniously interpreted, were striking in themselves but were of little value as scientific evidence. It did not seem to me that a principle of dream psychology should be announced as such unless it could be supported by enough examples to put it beyond question. It was not necessary to assault the psychoanalytical theory with prejudice; indeed, the very nature of the storm of criticism hurled at it only seemed to me to obscure the real issue, which was that an attempt had been made to delineate and define a complete psychol-

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ogy of the dream from data which were sufficient at best only for an introduction to the study.

The paths of dream psychology were dim, intricate, and baffling to follow. Their origin was still only guessed at. But the association method made it possible over a period of years to collect material in a form which could at least be partially analyzed. Just what my hopes were in attempting to do this I cannot exactly say, but the curiosity urged that the attempt should be made, and it went on steadily, with the resulting accumulation of quite a volume of material. By using the dream text as stimulus, I could usually, with the dreamer's coöperation, evoke a long series of associations which not only broadened the dream story, but often brought it more vividly into memory and aroused spontaneous comments from its author which were enlightening in themselves.

The dreams and associations thus collected were compared from time to time, and after two or three years I decided to concentrate on fewer people but to carry the study of each one through a longer period. The work was steadily pursued as opportunity offered, in various sections of the United States and Europe, until the collection of associated dreams numbered more than four thousand, covering the dreams of two hundred and four adults, and making a manuscript approaching two million words. Each text with its associations had been edited as it was set down, to remove names, places or other identifying symbols, and filed under a number whose personality equivalent was known only to myself.

It became possible, as the record grew, to see more and more clearly that dreams for the most part were ~~not accidental but purposive~~, and that their construction had a sort of definable relation to the sum of the individual personality. By this I do not mean to imply that the dreams of A compared with the dreams of B would parallel a

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comparison between the waking psychology of A and B, but when closely examined they would always be found to have clearly marked differences. A special emphasis belongs here on the phrase "closely examined," because the most important part of the dream is likely to lie below the surface. In this respect I found the Freudian theory fully borne out by the evidence which was accumulating. It was true also that most of the dreamers, at one time or another, had dreams whose symbolism might be fitted into the Freudian scheme; such dreams, however, were not preponderant. As for the psychoanalytical theory that every dream represented either a wish fulfillment or a compensation, I was unable to see that even fifty per cent of my material could possibly be interpreted in that way except by ingenious and arbitrary assumptions or distortions. The evidence seemed to me (and I believe it will so seem to the readers of this book) to show that only a part of the dreams of the average person can be read as either wish fulfillment or compensation.

So far as symbolism is concerned, I now regard most dreams, except those which consist only of fragmentary scenes, as being composed in part of material which stands for ideas not apparent on the surface. Perhaps the simplest illustrative way to express this would be to say that most dreams are rebuses. They may tell a story which at first glance seems complete in itself, but in addition their objects and action may be a sort of picture story of a deeper group of ideas. This is natural enough, since primitive symbolism, or sign writing, is countless thousands of years old. An Indian with a piece of birch bark and a burnt stick could jot down a message which would be intelligible to any other Indian (and to white men as well) by simply drawing some crude pictures. Similarly a child in a nursery, with some blocks, tin soldiers, and other toys, can construct on a floor something which has, for the constructor

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at least, an organized meaning. Many dreamers use the same picture method, and several excellent examples will be given in the studies which form the major part of this book. Such construction might be called the ground floor of symbolism, but above it will be found level after level of mutation, symbolism of form, of number, of color, of motion, etc. In this respect many dreamers have not only the primitive ability to express ideas in a series of dream images, but also have the basic mental mechanism of the poet, who expresses nearly all of his ideas symbolically rather than in direct form.

Often a single symbol will stand for the nuclei of several different ideas, and the following dream text, with its associations, is an excellent illustration of this. The circumstances were that the dreamer had asked an analyst to help her clear up certain mental puzzles which were disturbing her. The night after her first talk with this analyst she had a tiny fragment of a dream which she related to him the next day in the following words:

I dreamed that you came to me somewhere and handed me a towel marked "Frances Fox." I took it and said, "Oh, yes!"

The analyst gave her the word "towel" to associate. The following are the ideas which the word brought up:

Towel—soap—water—I know why you handed me that towel in the dream—at least I know what made me think of it—you handed one to your brother on the bathing beach yesterday afternoon. [Pause.] Now I think of something silly! When I get in tune with any one I carry them into such funny places—I mean I think of them at odd times—and several days ago, before I met you, I was thinking about you while I was in my bath, and wondering whether you were as intelligent as you looked. Once as a child, when I was having a bath, a friend of my mother's came in and wanted to kiss me in greeting. I hated to have her kiss me. But how funny that a

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towel should bring up all these things! "Towel" also makes me think of things being clean. Dirt is the beginning of all evil, disease, and suffering. The towel was marked "Frances Fox," which of course refers to the establishments of that name, and they mean for me the cleanest shampoo in the world.—But why should a towel with that name on it have been in your hands? Oh—how funny—of course it's because I am employing you to help me get my head clear. [Pause.] Towel makes me think of something else, too. Once when I was having a shampoo, I had suddenly to hurry home because of some urgent message that had come by telephone, and I was allowed to take a Frances Fox towel around my wet hair. When I got home my sister said: "Have you been stealing a towel?" For a moment I felt confused and guilty. [Pause.] The word "Fox" on a towel reminds me that I have always used that word to describe people who are mentally shrewd and clever. Can it be that I was making a remark about you in that dream?

It is clearly apparent that "towel" was used in this dream as a symbol for the "head clearing" which she was going to undertake. It was also used as a symbol for cleanliness in general; for the relationship to the analyst; for some hidden feeling of guilt; and—through one of its attributes (the word "fox")—as a commentary on the analyst. The fragmentary dream and its associations are useful also in showing how readily the association method may expand a text and bring out the hidden ideas which were behind the dream, and which might properly be called the dream thought.

In the mechanism of dreams it became clear also that *identification* and *substitution* were frequently made use of. The dreamer would be found, on association, to have identified himself with one or more of the objective characters in the dream, thus making them subjective as well as objective and revealing in part *the dreamer's ideas of himself* through his criticism of the characters. Various characters

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often were shown, by association, to be substitutes for members of the dreamer's family—father, mother, sister, brother, cousins, uncles, aunts, and occasionally grandparents. Sometimes this substitution would be revealed by only one feature or qualification of a person in the dream, which recalled to the dreamer, when associating, a certain member of his family. It might be stature, complexion, eyes, nose, mouth, color of hair, tone of voice, gestures, facial expression, or merely the character's attitude toward some other figure in the dream. This one detail would be sufficient. Sometimes the dreamer would at once recognize the substitution; in fact, was much more likely to recognize such a substitution than a self-identification; although in the dreams of W-106, appearing as one of the studies in this book, it will be seen that the dreamer recognized various aspects and phases of herself in other characters without any difficulty at all.

*Condensation* or *telescoping* were even more frequent than substitution and identification. The associations to a dream text would often show that several different times in the dreamer's life were being referred to, just as more than one locality might be brought to memory by a single scene, and two or three figures might be represented in a single dream character. This was condensation. By "telescoping" is meant the instant change, in a dream, from a time or locality of childhood to a time or locality of the adult life, and some very fine examples of this will be found in the studies which follow. All of these mechanisms just discussed would seem to confirm the Freudian theory, and, as far as they go, they do. The theory was further in part confirmed by finding frequent evidence of *displacement* or *reversal*. Things which in reality related to, or in some way were concerned with, one part of the body would appear at another part; while the real sequence of events, as well as the real position of various objects, might

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appear in a more or less exactly inverted order. As examples of these two mechanisms there is one dream in my records in which hands were growing where feet should be, and another in which the head lamps of an automobile appeared to be attached to the rear bumper.

Before dealing with the purposes which the dreams seem to fulfill, it may not be amiss to discuss a little more fully Freud's theory of wish fulfillment and compensation as the original impulses behind dream activity. In outline this theory may be fairly stated as follows:

The mind has two principal levels, one of which may properly be termed conscious and the other unconscious. The unconscious level is primitive, instinctive, wholly concentrated on the self, and solely concerned with the effort to maintain a sense of well-being and personal comfort, psychical as well as physical. It is governed by, and constantly seeks expression of, a pleasure principle. Naturally it is in conflict with the conscious level, because at the latter level the individual has to yield up a great many of his own wishes to those of the people around him, ranging from the family clear up to society in general. The conscious level gradually acquires a critique which is hostile to the unconscious, and thus many thoughts and feelings originating in the unconscious must be repressed or suppressed and held back to the lower level. This level is spoken of as "unconscious" because, according to the theory, much of the material in it would be objectionable to the conscious critique, and so has to remain out of consciousness or a hopeless confusion would result, such as occurs in certain types of insanity. This does not prevent it from being alive with energy, and it constantly seeks expression. Since it is forbidden to express itself directly and frankly, it must find its way to the surface through symbols and inadvertent acts. At night the mind during sleep is relaxed, and the conscious critique, or censorship, is least on guard; conse-

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quently in the dream life the unconscious has a chance to express itself. The repressed wishes now get into action, and either openly or in symbols say their say. The dream thus becomes a fantasy wish fulfillment, or a compensation for wishes which the unconscious has resigned itself to never having fulfilled.

✎ It is further a part of this theory that since the two major lines of primitive wishing are concerned with hunger and love, and since the government of these two primitive instincts gives rise to most of the restrictive customs, taboos, and laws of society, some mutation of one of these two wish feelings will be found in every dream, either openly expressed or concealed through the use of symbols.

It is true that most of the dreamers whom I have studied did have some dreams which when associated and analyzed appeared to square with this theory at all four points mentioned in the two preceding paragraphs. It is equally true, however, that by far the larger proportion of their dreams did not yield any evidence which would confirm the theory, but on the contrary were totally lacking in any such evidence. The Freudian adherent will account for this at once by saying that the conscious critique, or censorship, prevents the hidden thoughts or wishes from coming to the surface in the associations. Such a position defies argument by begging the whole question. There can be but one answer to it, namely, the basic postulate of science, which is that nothing can be regarded as proven, or worthy of final acceptance, until it is supported by a sufficient body of evidence, *and until the evidence allows of but one reasonable interpretation.* There are many hundreds of elaborately associated dreams in my records which show neither wish fulfillment, nor compensation, nor concern with the instincts of hunger or love, *and yet may reasonably be interpreted without recourse to the theory of resistance or censorship.*



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The foregoing deals with only a part of the Freudian theory of dreams, but it is the most essential and most important part. Freud's exposition of the dream as a rebus, as well as his studies in symbolism and the various dream mechanisms such as substitution and identification, condensation and telescoping, displacement and reversal, have all held good through years of experience in applying them. Other observations of his have been confirmed in my records, and some of these are included in the points to which I now turn.

Dream constructions range all the way from single fragmentary sentences to the most elaborate and logically developed dramas. Many people never remember dreaming, and others are aware of the process only on rare occasions, but I have been permitted to observe quite a number of such people, particularly children of various ages, while they were asleep; and varying expressions, actions, and occasional words have convinced me that they were dreaming, even though the next day they had no recollection of it. Some dreamers can remember only visual images, scenes in which there was no action, merely fleeting glimpses of people, or places, or both. Association and analysis of such dreams will not, in my experience, yield much of value, as a general rule. On the other hand, the dreamer who recalls only a single phase of action or a single sentence may often expand the thing quite vividly through the association method, as is illustrated in the "towel" dream given here. As is well known, many dreamers have what have come to be called "type dreams," since they recur at more or less frequent intervals in nearly always the same form. A few examples of these will be found in following sections of the book, but those I have chosen are of the sort which express rather some typical fear or unconscious conflict than those which follow an exact form.

Dreaming minds which have important failures of ad-

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justment may concern themselves in nearly all their dream constructions with various ways of representing and dramatizing their conflicts, in which case the characters are likely to be noticeably substitutions, or people with whom the dreamer can be identified. Some dreams are obviously efforts at literary composition, and others are elaborate dramas, following the method of the theater, which seems natural enough in view of the fact that most dreamers go often to the cinema or to see spoken plays. Examples of all manner of dream construction will be found in the succeeding studies, with an endeavor to show how they relate to the waking psychology.

I have found many dreamers whose minds were occupied during sleep with reliving some period in the past which had been notable for some sort of defeat. The very first study in the book shows this, and it seems to me that we may logically account for it by assuming that the successive blows dealt to the self-esteem left so strong an impression, a feeling which rankled so deeply, that the effect could not be got rid of. Thus the mind (perhaps we should say the inner or unconscious mind) released in sleep goes back over and over, to that period, in the hope of somehow working out the problem and getting rid of the hurt.

Masculine striving and masculine rivalry in girls and women are tendencies with which every one is familiar through observation, and such dreamers present some very interesting pictures. It seems better to reserve the discussion of this for the dreams in which it appears as a dominant motive. In the appropriate section the whole matter will be found treated fully enough to make clear the relationship between the sleeping and waking psychology of the masculine striver.

Running along with the tendency to go back to the scenes of the childhood will be found the appearance of a punishing or avenging figure in certain dreams, and the emotion

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in such a dream can usually be resolved by analysis into a reproduction of a guilt feeling of childhood. In my experience this punishing or avenging figure is by no means confined to a symbol of the father, but may be an adult of either sex. Sometimes, however, the figure strongly suggests some childhood impression of deity in a phase of anger. A speculation has been suggested by the Freudian school that such a figure arises out of the carried-over racial memory and stands for the ancestral "old man" of the tribe or tribal family. I speak of this as a speculation because it does not seem to me that any such theory can logically be formulated from the evidence. There certainly have been rather dreadful tribal-father figures in our background, just as there are rather dreadful father figures in many families to-day. God the Father has also been presented to the minds of countless children as a figure to be feared, a terrible person, a jealous God, a watcher over everybody, with a hand ready to strike in punishment and vengeance. It is equally true that countless children have grown up in a household dominated by a mother whose personality was to be dreaded, and the same may be said with reference to step-parents and others who have had an opportunity to implant powerful feelings of guilt and fear in the impressionable mind of childhood. Any of these factors could logically account for a punishing or avenging figure in adult dreams.

The sleeping life seems to give some minds an opportunity for relaxed play, just as it gives others a chance to discharge the energy of various ideas and feelings which have been stimulated by some associative event of the day but have been held back from conscious expression because of other matters more pressing. There is another motivation apparent in many of the dreams recorded in this book which seems to me very important indeed. It is the use of the dream as a method of self-criticism, as well as self-

## THE GATEWAY TO DREAM INTERPRETATION

warning or admonition. In this sense the dream can be a method of constructive thought, and I am convinced that it very often fulfills that purpose. Among the examples given will be found some which do not seem to admit of any other possible interpretation. I believe that this explains many dreams in which an event happens which greatly distresses the dreamer and which in actual waking life would be prevented by every means possible. The Freudian idea of such dreams is that in spite of the dreamer's apparent distress over the occurrence, the dream has in fact presented things in a way which would be agreeable to the unconscious mind. It is assumed that the unconscious and the conscious do not agree with respect to many things; and consequently it is argued that one need not be surprised if the unconscious, in dream fantasy, presents a situation which the conscious violently criticizes and rejects. I recall an illustration of this theory which appeared very early in psychoanalytical literature. A dreamer had dreamed of the death of his mother, and told of it with a good deal of distress. The analyst pointed out to him that since the mother was rich and he was her only heir, it might very well be that his unconscious mind had in reality used the dream to present things the way it really wished they were. If the mother were dead he would inherit all of her property and would be a very rich man in his own right. At the moment I do not remember how the dreamer was recorded as having responded to this interpretation, but from the associations which I have had to many dreams of that sort, I should say that the dream might quite as logically be explained as a *self-warning*, a reminder that the dreamer would not always have the mother with him, hence an admonition to show every reasonable devotion—which latter action is what usually happens as a result of this type of dream. The examples I use in the studies appearing later in the book are not of

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just that sort, but it has been my observation that the results agreed with the suggested interpretation I have just given.

Some readers may be disappointed in finding the associations to the dream texts cut down to essentials. I would only emphasize the fact that a thousand words of associations mean nothing of importance in the expansion of a dream text if they merely touch on passing incidents of the day. In cutting the associations I have been governed not merely by a wish to keep the size of the book within bounds, but also by the fact that what I was trying to do with each dream picture was to make it clear and sharp in detail, and I found that a mass of trivial associative material only obscured the important outlines.

## II

### THE METHOD

WHEN upwards of two hundred persons are elaborately studied as individuals, and particularly when their dreams are critically analyzed as a part of that study, one is forced to the conclusion that there is a level of the personality at which all are essentially alike. Whether we call this the "primitive," the "biological," the "unconscious"—whatever term we use to describe it, the fact is the same. At that level the two hundred men and women can be differentiated only by the degrees of their repression or suppression. Their instincts and fundamental desires are alike. Saints or sinners; preachers, pedagogues, pirates, or parasites; helpers or hinderers; introverts or extraverts; old, young, or middle-aged, they are all carriers of the same inherent urges. Throughout this work, therefore, that level of the personality is taken for granted, and is not made a focus of study. Subjected to a psychoanalytical process, many hundreds of the dreams in the writer's collection would at once show that they dealt with this level almost entirely. They have been left out for the reason just stated. That they should occur in the mental stream of every active dreamer, either frankly, or disguised in symbols which the dreamer cannot read, is inevitable. They are universal, just as the inner, primitive, instinctive ego is universal.

Fortunately the richness of the deep, inner, secret personality is neither exhausted nor seriously impaired, for the purposes of our study, by leaving out what has just been referred to. There is a vein of material which is common to all, but above this comes *individuation*; and I am con-

## DREAMS AND PERSONALITY

vinced that no two unconscious minds in their full sum are exactly alike, any more than any two conscious minds. In the dream texts, their associations, and the suggested interpretations (sometimes mine, sometimes the dreamers') I have tried to show that inner personality at an *individuated level*, which is the point at which we can most broadly contrast it with the waking life.

Higher up still, actually on the surface, is the personality which members of a family and close friends may come to know. It might be called the visible, or perceptible, or measurable, personality. In each study through the body of this book the effort has been to sketch this as clearly as possible by adhering to the following formula:

Physical type

Mental type: first impression; later impression

Ancestry

Family background

Childhood environment, circumstances, and companions

Play life and early interests

Education and religious influences

Romance history

Profession

Reading

Habits and pleasures

Adjustment (social, business, affections)

Philosophy of life, if formulated

In each instance the personality sketch comes first, and it is succeeded by a series of dream texts, usually elaborated by associations, and such comment as may serve to point either a peculiarity of the dream or its special significance.

The method of stimulus association was used in all of the studies without exception, but the technique was varied from time to time, both experimentally and in the effort to meet personal difficulties of response. Some persons will associate most readily when seated, others when lying

## THE METHOD

down, a very few when walking aimlessly around the room. Some will give excellent relaxed response to single words or phrases or ideas taken from a dream text; others will block on such a stimulus, but go ahead readily when given the whole dream as a grouped stimulus; still others respond best to graphs constructed from the text.

Let us suppose the dreamer gives the text of the dream, and then sits, or lies down, with relaxed mind. The recorder then pronounces, clearly but quietly, the first principal word or phrase of the dream. The dreamer responds with whatever comes to his mind. This may be either a series of words or a stream of connected ideas, sometimes brief, sometimes lengthy. Often the stimulus is repeated. When nothing more comes to mind, another stimulus is given, until the dream text has been exhausted. The result will usually be several pages of ideas which are related to the dream. Reference to the dream studies in the following chapter groups will at once make the method clear by illustration.

Some readers may be interested in associating their own dreams, by themselves. It will not give quite the same results as when working with a trained recorder, but it is often a fascinating (and sometimes very illuminating) pastime, and it is easy to do. First, go to a quiet room, where you will be undisturbed, and write down the dream exactly as you remember it, adding nothing to fill in possible gaps and leaving nothing out. Then divide the dream into its important words and phrases. Take the first of these as a stimulus, either repeating or rereading the word several times, with relaxed mind, and then write down everything that comes to your mind for the next five minutes—or longer than that, if ideas keep coming. If your mind seems to go blank, repeat the stimulus, *and wait till other words or ideas come, even if you have to wait some time.* Do the same thing with each stimulus word and phrase, and you



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will usually get quite a story from the dream. A study of the following chapters should make the process simple.

With comparatively few exceptions the dreams of my subjects were associated the day after the night of the dream. Occasionally they were associated by the dreamer alone, immediately on waking, or as soon thereafter as convenient. In almost no instance are all of the associations given, but only such portions of them as will throw valuable light on the dream in relation to the personality. There is, for example, no point in giving pages of travel associations evoked by a single stimulus phrase in a dream, when we already know the travel history of the dreamer. With much this same thought in mind it has been considered wise to omit altogether the associations to certain groups of texts which, by themselves alone, give a clear picture of the way those particular minds work during sleep, in contrast to or comparison with their waking processes.

Having in mind both the limitations of space and the desirability of a clear, sharply etched picture in each study, the number of dreams used per person is only that which in my judgment was sufficient for the purpose stated. Multiplicity of texts seemed to confuse and obscure, rather than clarify. With M-7, for example, are given only three dreams, and yet their texts and associations are so representative, so vivid, and withal so inclusive that the addition of half a dozen—nay, fifty—could neither elaborate nor sharpen the picture. The selection made is in each instance fairly and truly representative and typical. Wherever there was a question of doubt, the text has been included. Names and localities have been omitted from the texts, for obvious reasons. Otherwise there has been no editing of any consequence, and none whatever which would alter the significance or plain meaning of the words. Such trifling alterations as have been made have been merely in the simpler arrangement of phrasing.

## THE METHOD

Since the aim of this book is not primarily the analysis or interpretation of dreams, but rather a comparative study of their relation to the waking, conscious personality, there is no stress on the meaning of symbols. The reader who follows the associations can hardly escape the conclusion that much of the configuration of a dream has symbolic significance to the dreaming mind. The comments which follow the associations frequently suggest the possible hidden meaning, but unless somewhere in the course of a dreamer's associations there appears evidence that a certain symbol has a specific meaning for that particular dreamer, the writer does not consider any verdict to be fair other than one of "not proven." The possible meanings are pointed out, therefore, merely as an interesting speculation.

Perhaps the most serious problem which arose in the choice of material was whether to attempt to crowd in a hundred or more individuals; or to take only a few types, and present many brief, individual studies in each group; or to attempt first a classification of the two hundred and four people, and then try to find an individual which could stand as representative of each class. Each method was tried in turn. The first resulted in something so unwieldy that not even a research student could use it without confusion. The second automatically rules out some fine material: it brought in sixty-one individuals, but only eight types, when it had reached the limits of a usable volume. The third was therefore adopted. The classification boiled down to eighteen groups, in each of which there was at least a minimum of seventy per cent similarity, scored on a basis of mental characteristics, and a recognizable configurative likeness in personality. From each group was then chosen the individual whose complete picture was at once clearest and most representative.

The resultant proportion of women to men was eleven to seven. This was at first thought to be a disadvantage,

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but reëxamination of the material brought the conviction that the disadvantage was more apparent than real. Two of the women paired beautifully as contrasts at the top and bottom of the social scale. Two others gave a fine sister study. And the remaining seven provided excellently paired contrasts with the seven men. Hence the difficulty adjusted itself. The individuals chosen were:

A woman of remarkable intellect  
A brilliant lecturer  
An emerging neurotic  
An ex-physician  
An operatic artiste  
A research student  
A teacher  
A farmer  
A society woman  
A girl from the submerged tenth  
A business woman  
A violinist  
A painter  
A home girl  
An editor  
An instructor in philosophy  
A brilliant organizer  
A financier

The occupations are not listed because of their being considered as of any determinative significance in themselves (although of course they often are), but are set down to give some idea of the range they covered, also to give point to the fact that there are many types which do not repay study as dreamers. For example, the dreams of twenty-two men in small businesses, and nineteen trades-workers, studied during the summer and autumn of 1920, were found to be as fragmentary and of as little significance as their casual remarks when at work. If any of them

## THE METHOD

had broken down with a neurosis, it is very likely that there would have been a sharp change, but in normal health their remembered dream life was dull. Activity of the sleeping fantasies was one of the determining points in choosing the studies for this book.

In the section arrangement it will be noted that the studies have been paired. This has not been done for any single motive but rather for a variety of reasons. The point of the sister study will be obvious. The contrast of W-46 and W-41 will also reveal its value at once. In the seven other sections the pairing is sometimes for contrast, sometimes for points of similarity, sometimes merely because it sharpens the picture. The identification by letter and number, rather than by occupation, has been chosen because an occupation connotes for some minds a group of characteristics which are not always present, whereas the original record number is free from that objection.



## DREAM STUDIES



## GROUP I

W-68, A WOMAN OF REMARKABLE INTELLECT

M-92, A BRILLIANT LECTURER

### W-68

WE have here one of the best minds, in combination with one of the best balanced temperaments, that it has ever been the lot of the writer to encounter. W-68 had an inspiring personality, with the health and vitality of a superb physique behind it. She was strongly built, with a splendidly molded head, clear-cut features, fine eyes, and an expression of serene poise and power. Her face seemed always alight, and its constant play of expression, when she talked, reflected her vivid and unflagging interest in life.

She is spoken of in the foregoing paragraph as being especially well balanced. This lacks something of descriptive value because it fails to suggest the unusual extent to which her various faculties were developed. She was not only extraordinarily educated and civilized, but she had the unusually well sublimated emotional power to give intensity to each of her many interests.

World politics and governmental activities were part of her mental daily bread. She not only followed the doings of the world's statesmen, but readily identified herself with them. Yet her concern with sociological activities was no less keen; her knowledge of and response to music, both instrumental and vocal, was deep; her familiarity with the literature of the English language was remarkable; her joy in all forms of outdoor sport was unfailing; and finally her home was one of the most attractive and best organized in the city where she lived.



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The ancestry of W-68 was a mixture of Scotch and Welsh, with the Welsh predominating. The father seems to have been a poorly adjusted man of great intellectual power and impassioned temperament, who did not get on well with his wife and absented himself from home a great deal. He was fond of his children, but naturally, under the circumstance of his absences, did not see very much of them.

The mother was a very dominating personality who played favorites among the large family of children and was ruthless and severe in administering physical punishments to the children whom she thought least of. Her disposition was unquestionably quarrelsome, and to this may be ascribed much of the disagreement between herself and W-68's father. She found herself becoming unpopular in the small Canadian town where they lived, and quickly sensing that public sympathy was largely with her husband, she brought a clever and somewhat unscrupulous mind to bear on the problem and devised quite elaborate—eventually successful—methods of making him seem to be always in the wrong. This had an important bearing on the development of W-68's character and personality. The child (who incidentally was the eldest) was temperamentally very responsive to the father, as in the earlier years he was to her. Her conscientiousness, however, was so imposed upon by the mother's shrewd putting of the father in the wrong, that eventually she found herself joining in the condemnation of him, and this resulted in the two becoming alienated. With W-68's strong temperament, this could only result in an intense conflict, which gradually went unsolved into repression as the child's vital interest in school and playmates took her into constantly broadening community life. It is a fair statement to say that her childhood was an unhappy one. She became substitute mother to the other children and did a thorough job of it. Being a keen student, this left her comparatively little time from her home and

## A WOMAN OF REMARKABLE INTELLECT

school for the wide-ranging play life which she so much wanted, and for which she was so well fitted by temperament and physique. It also preoccupied her emotional self to such an extent that even during adolescence her romance tendencies had to be chiefly expressed in fantasy, rather than in association with any particular boys.

The town where they lived was in perhaps the warmest part of Canada, and was of a size which gave a sort of blended background of country and city life, providing excellent educational opportunities, of which all the children in the family took full advantage. In religion the mother was rather Calvinistic, but almost as rigid in her adherence to form and convention as she was remiss in gentleness and justice at home. The church life of W-68 was, therefore, an enforced formula without the factors of inspiration or emotional response.

With college came a great broadening of horizons and it is very possible that the repression of the emotional life may have played a part in the eagerness with which W-68's intellect seized upon the material of the curriculum. The home experience may also have helped to determine the selection of governmental and sociological science as the major subjects.

Toward the end of the college life there was an unsuccessful and very unhappy love affair which left its mark for years. Eventually, however, the right man appeared and W-68 married. The union was happy. There were several children and the genius for home-making had its opportunity for expression.

Marriage alone, however, could not fulfill a woman of W-68's caliber. She took an active part in the struggle for woman's suffrage, later in the organization of woman's work for world peace, and at the same time became a valuable and distinguished administrator and organizer of sociological undertakings on a large scale. Her life was one

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of tremendous and tireless activity, but she never presented the picture of the nervously exhausted woman whom one so often encounters attempting to hold the reins of many public activities and yet rear children and maintain a well-ordered home.

At any given hour during the period when this study was made, a cross section of W-68's mind would have shown an extraordinarily healthy and active tissue of many and varied interests with admirable order and coördination. How definitely the dream life acted as a release for much simpler currents may be seen by a study of the text and associations. To the writer this example is vividly illustrative of the difference between the directed conscious psychology of waking hours and the released unconscious psychology of the sleeping brain. It seems to give definite point to the remark so often heard, that the child in us never dies. The material out of which this book is composed seems to prove the truth of the observation, but it also seems to suggest that the age of the surviving child in us is determined by factors in the childhood itself. The surviving child in W-68 is certainly well grown, perhaps post-adolescent. This contrasts with the fact that in some of the studies presented here the surviving child is much nearer to the age of six or seven years.

### DREAM I

#### *Text*

Some one was beating me at tennis.

#### *Associations*

All I can think of is a little boy being beaten at tennis the other day and taking it very hard. He seemed discomfited. As a child I fought very hard at all the games I played. I took them with tremendous seriousness. If I won, I didn't feel that the defeat was an-- reflection on the other person, but

## A WOMAN OF REMARKABLE INTELLECT

if I lost, it seemed as though the defeat somehow marked me as inferior. I felt that I was different from other children in having a responsibility always to do things well. The little boy, whom I saw the other day, reminds me very much of a man I know who is small and gives one the impression of being somehow undeveloped. It is as if he lacked pretty much all the masculine characteristics and his fine mind doesn't make up for this. Perhaps as a child I may have felt that way about myself.

### DREAM 2

#### *Text*

One of my brothers was there and was very nice to me, affectionate, and companionable. We were talking about the rest of the children and I felt that in spite of all my care I had somehow neglected one of them.

#### *Associations*

This was my oldest brother, and the whole thing is like one of those childish games in which two play as father and mother and the others as the children of the family. Of course the game is often varied by one child playing teacher and the others being the scholars. That always results in something farcical and gives an outlet to the comedy tendencies of those who are playing the parts of scholars.

### DREAM 3

#### *Text*

There is something about one of my sisters which I cannot recall except that in the dream she was very young. Then there is something about my mother making herself a party dress with an enormous red bow right over her stomach. She, too, was quite young. Then I met a group of friends I had known as a child and there was something about two of them being in love and a great discussion as to what should be done about it. There followed quickly various scenes of rooms, apartments, and houses. Then all of us were together in a house with

## DREAMS AND PERSONALITY

an effect as if a stage had been arranged—the whole thing was unreal—and these two were playing parts in which they were supposed to make love. Then the older person appeared on the scene and seemed a sort of threatening figure like an angry father or grandfather, and I had an anxious and unnecessary feeling of responsibility.

### *Comment*

Several pages of matter came out in response to the stimulus of this dream. It would be pointless to reproduce this in detail, as it was composed entirely of memories of childhood. The portion about the group with the two who were to play the parts of lovers, the stage within a house, and the appearance of a threatening figure of authority, suggests childhood indoor play-times, with "dressing up," marriage, and other crude dramatic efforts occupying children's attention; sometimes resulting in a parental visitation—the "threatening figure."

### DREAM 4

#### *Text*

One of my sisters and I were in some sort of danger in an open field. There was a man who was going to throw my sister down and tie her. She was looking to me to help her escape. I succeeded in this and then the man seized me. It all dissolved into a party with a lot of people in some lovely outdoor place with beautiful trees and gardens.

#### *Associations*

In the dream all of us seemed very young—I can't place a particular age but it might be fifteen or even several years younger—that's all very vague except that there is a spirit of youthful play about it. The whole first part of it seems like the sort of rough play which occasionally happens with some boys. They chase girls and threaten them with capture. This one of my sisters was quite dependent on me, and her looking to me for escape would have been just like her. I, of course, having never been afraid of boys, would have enjoyed those

## A WOMAN OF REMARKABLE INTELLECT

games and probably played them just like a boy. The party which follows is merely a fleeting scene and doesn't bring up any association except scores and scores of such parties which one has actually been to and generally found rather disappointing.

### DREAM 5

#### *Text*

I went to a place and did something about arranging some bricks on the ground. It seemed that I had often done this before. But this time there was coal there, and when I finally pushed the bricks down, the coal began to fall and cover them.

#### *Associations*

It makes me think of boys playing with bricks, building houses and forts and then knocking them down again. I don't know where the coal fits into this.

### DREAM 6

#### *Text*

I was on the top of a high hill about to come down it on snowshoes or skis or both. There was a long slide, then a crevasse which meant a jump. The whole thing was thrilling. But a thaw set in as I was coming down so that there was mud before I reached the bottom. I got there nevertheless.

#### *Associations*

Just the joy of the magnificent winter sports at home.

### DREAM 7

#### *Text*

I was in a big apartment. There were children present dressed in various costumes. I was to try on a dress which some women were at work on, and they said it would have to be made longer. Costumed men came up and some one asked me if two of them were Abraham Lincoln and Uncle Sam.

## DREAMS AND PERSONALITY

Then a white-haired man came over to me and said he was my publisher and had had eight hundred orders for one of my books that day and must get out a second edition immediately.

### *Associations*

Obviously it is another children's party, and the idea that the dress has to be lengthened for me makes me laugh because I am reminded of my anger and discomfiture at often being given one of my mother's dresses when I was growing up—only it had to be taken up instead of let down. I don't know why there should be that reference to the two costumed men, but in the dream it seemed to be humorous. The news from the publisher is something I should like to hear in waking life any day or every day.

### DREAM 8

#### *Text*

I was with a lot of girls. We were very gay and there was much laughter. We had a feeling some older people were coming and that we should have to behave better and be quieter when they arrived. We were trying on skates. A good many put them on and walked out. At first I was afraid I couldn't stand up, but then it occurred to me that I skated perfectly well on ice and so could certainly stand on a rug.

#### *Associations*

Like most of my dreams, it seems to be chiefly concerned with childhood. And it strikes me that in the dreams, just as was true in real life, I nearly always encountered difficulties which interfered with my own good time. The rest are enjoying themselves but I am always hampered.

### DREAM 9

#### *Text*

I was playing a game with a little girl and it seemed to consist of her coming to the door and ringing the bell as a visitor.

## A WOMAN OF REMARKABLE INTELLECT

I was then to receive her and we were to go through the whole procedure of a formal call. For some reason I felt as if we mustn't be seen doing this by a certain person, an elderly woman. I looked out of the window carefully and saw that the coast was clear, so I opened the door. Later on, this same little girl was lying on a bed crying because she couldn't go to some party. I seemed to understand all she was feeling and wanted terribly to comfort her.

### *Comment*

This dream was not associated at any length, since the first part of it was clearly a repetition of a childhood game often played by girls; and in the second part W-68 at once felt that she was both the child on the bed and herself wishing to comfort it.

The entire series is remarkable for the consistency with which the sleeping mind is preoccupied with childhood. The suggestion is made that this was very likely because the childhood had been unhappy and yet full of the possibilities of enjoyment. Such a condition leaves not only deeply etched feelings of loss but also feelings of defeat, as has been indicated and discussed in our introductory chapter.

To sharpen the contrast between the waking and sleeping psychology of this woman it would be worth the reader's while to turn back to the first paragraph of the personality study at the beginning of the section before reading the following review of the dreams. He will thus be reminded again of the notable maturity of this mind, which when asleep is so much occupied with the early life. If we then take up the dream texts serially we observe that in the first—not in the very brief text but in the associations—is a key which is invaluable to our understanding of the study of this particular person. The associations hint rather strongly at an unconscious masculine striving, but



## DREAMS AND PERSONALITY

this is subordinate to the emphasis upon the way in which W-68 took defeat. There was a clear feeling that defeat somehow marked her as inferior. Of course it is likely enough that the unconscious masculine rivalry partly explains this strong reaction against anything which produced a feeling of inferiority—but only partly. The associations further suggest that the superior mentality is not a sufficient compensation.

In Text 2 we get our first example of identification with a parent, and when we remember this identification we can see in the second sentence of the text a neatly phrased reflection upon the neglect of W-68 by her own mother. In Text 3 we have our first example of the "threatening figure," which has also been discussed in the introduction. As was there remarked, the theory has been advanced, and has been accepted by some psychologists, that this threatening figure is not merely a carried-over memory from childhood of the disciplining parent but is also a shadowy reproduction of racial memory, particularly when it appears as a male. In the early days of the race, organization was by family and tribe, and the idea is that the figure of the head man became feared and dreaded to such an extent that both the figure, and the fear of it, eventually became a part of our mental inheritance. The reference to the grandfather, in the text, does suggest the qualities of ancestry more remote than a parent in this threatener of punishment. The episode which brings in the threatening figure, however, is one of love-play, and it is often from such episodes that guilt feelings arise which carry over into the adult life and appear frequently in dreams.

Text 4, with its associations, possibly points to a Freudian theme of personal attack, but its most interesting feature is the opposed emotional reactions in the last sentence of the dream text and the last sentence of the associations. In the text the idea of the party is obviously attractive, but

## A WOMAN OF REMARKABLE INTELLECT

in the associations the emotion is the opposite. This again has interest from a Freudian viewpoint.

Text 6 shows a fine example of condensation of time. A thaw sets in and progresses so rapidly that the ski slide turns from snow to mud before W-68 reaches the bottom.

Text 7 shows the mechanism of a reversal, when compared with its associations. In the text the dress has to be made longer, but the association is to many instances in which a dress had to be made shorter.

Text 9 gives an excellent picture of a feeling of duality in childhood, which will be observed so often in the dream material throughout this book. In my earlier days of dream study I encountered this so frequently that I was inclined to think it must appear sooner or later in the dream life of everybody, but later I was to find that in dream histories taken over a period of two or three years there were some dreamers who gave no indication of the duality feeling. Not unnaturally it makes its appearance most frequently in those dreamers who have, or have had, vivid fantasy activity when awake.

Taken as a whole, the study of this person will show clearly why she is placed in the "unlike" group in the tabulation which appears under the head of "Summary and Conclusions" in our final chapter. It does not seem to me, however, that the dream life of W-68 can be set down as compensatory or wish fulfilling to any marked degree. Her sleeping psychology is radically different from her waking psychology, and seems to be chiefly a preoccupation with an unsettled sense of defeat, which during childhood produced major feelings of inferiority; and these feelings of inferiority were particularly obnoxious to a personality of such power and scope.

## DREAMS AND PERSONALITY

M-92

This man combined in a high degree versatility, charm, and applied ability. He was tall, with a slender, alert figure, hair of medium brown, blue eyes which had a rather sparkling expression, an aquiline nose, and a mouth which seemed always on the point of smiling and yet conveyed a subtle suggestion of reserve, with much going on behind the facial mask which no one on the outside was to be permitted to see. The man was always well groomed, meticulous about every detail of clothing and appearance. He made friends very readily with both sexes, but usually found that he got on more easily with women, although on the other hand many men liked him unusually well.

He was, as has been suggested, talented and capable in many directions, and might be said to have had several professions, since he was active in political and social reform organizations, and at the same time a lecturer and writer of some prominence. He had a feeling that, while the many occupations did not interfere with each other sufficiently to make it necessary to sacrifice one for the other, it might nevertheless lead to greater success if he could bring himself to sacrifice a part of his work. Actually, this would have been difficult for him to do because he expressed an important part of himself in each phase of his activities. It is also true that each of these phases had important human value for the community at large. With the ready facility of an actor, he could change from the setting of one occupation to that of another, appearing equally at home in the director's room, or in the executive office, on a lecture platform, or assisting in the management of athletic games. He could not tell which of the things he liked most to do, but was only sure that he wanted to be strikingly successful with each and every thing which he took up.

## A BRILLIANT LECTURER

His mind was as versatile as his occupations. At one time it seemed definitely to be the mind of a scholar, at another that of an evangelist, again that of a sportsman, a traveler, a critic of life, or just an all-around good fellow. It was a facile organ which had made wide and perceptive contacts with many interests. But in spite of its vivid preoccupation with many things it was not a happy mind, and its discontent was not merely that of the normal restlessness of a keen person whose dissatisfaction is the sign of a healthy, constructive growth. The feeling went deeper than that. Sometimes the writer felt that it grew out of an impatience with the slowness of the human group to accept the principles of applied ethics and fair-mindedness, which would inevitably lead to the solution of many social problems; at other times it seemed more probable that the trouble was inherent in the temperament, and that M-92 would cease to be as effective a person without it.

Going back to the ancestry, we at once find reasons for the versatility. On both sides M-92 came of brilliant intellectual stock. In both the father's and mother's family tree were branches which stood for leadership in politics, scholarship, military affairs, business, and the professions.

The father was what would have been called, in a preceding generation, a squire, and a man of parts. He was a country gentleman of the finest cultural tradition and attainment. His personality seems to have been peculiarly lovable and the relationship between him and M-92 was always close and satisfactory. The mother was a gentlewoman whose breeding and traditions were as fine as those of the father, and whose temperament was characterized by the most generous and affectionate impulses. She was, however, shy and always a bit impractical.

The first years of M-92, thus spent in ideal surroundings, were apparently quite happy, but two things happened to the father which radically changed the circumstances. There

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was a crippling accident which made him a helpless invalid, and this was followed shortly afterward by a financial disaster which wiped out his fortune. The mother met this emergency with calmness and courage, moving the family—there were four children, three little girls and M-92—from the country estate, which was sold, to one of the larger cities, and going into business. She had real ability, and they got along, but there were no longer many luxuries. The father was able to help the children with their education, and to guide and inspire them mentally in no small degree.

M-92's memory of his childhood was excellent, and we are thus able to get quite an extensive picture of it. He thought of himself as having had a strong tendency to dramatize himself and bring his surroundings into the drama as incidental parts of it. He contrasted himself with other children with the idea that nearly all of them were more active and aggressive than he. He was highly imaginative, with an extraordinarily active fantasy life and keen interest in stories told him by his father, his mother, his teachers, and some other older people who seemed to take a fancy to him.

It was his impression that he was afraid of most of the boys in the neighborhood, but close examination of the history of his play life does not bear this out. His partial withdrawal from them was not because he was afraid of them but because their types of play did not interest him and their roughness of behavior repelled him. He had something of a claustrophobic feeling when in large groups. Probably also he suffered somewhat from ridicule, because his type is neither understood nor entirely accepted by the average boy, and jeering of one sort or another is pretty sure to come into the picture. He must have been likable because he was always being taken up by some older boy who acted as a sort of buffer between him and the group.

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There was a great deal of quarreling between him and his three sisters, all of whom were very different from him in temperament.

It has been said that M-92 had an active fantasy life, and this turned toward the dramatization of himself. It also included quite extensively some phases of the claustrophobic feeling. So far as he could remember there was only one instance which could have served actively to start these fantasies of being shut in. This was being confined in a closet for a short time as a punishment—a common enough experience in child life, but apparently having quite an emotional reaction on this boy. The fantasies became, however, very active at times and quite varied. They included ideas of being shut in a dark room and strung up by the neck; of being buried in a deep pit; of hearing boys talk about these things; of being tied up in such a way that he could not get loose; and of being enclosed by thickly growing trees so that he could not find his way out of the grove. One particular fantasy which was often repeated was that of a house where one would have to go through a small, crude passageway to get out. This fantasy corresponded with a type of dream of the same nature. And the dream would always be followed the next day by the feeling that the experience had been gone through before; therefore, that he could surely get out of the house but that the way would be narrow and difficult, and there would be a sense of suffocation and cramping while making the passage. (Cf. later reference to this material in the dream texts.)

The school life of M-92 offered nothing out of the ordinary except that he was always more popular with his teachers than with the other pupils, and always felt himself not quite competent to hold his place on the playground and in athletics—this in spite of the fact that he was quick, agile, and strong. He prepared for college in

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somewhat less than the usual length of time, displaying a distinct flair for languages and achieving special honors in English.

His religious development was strongly influenced by his family background, and in some way seemed to get mixed up with his claustrophobic fantasies, although he never had any sense of suffocation in church, such as some children are troubled with. He had a vivid concept of hell, which seemed to him a real place actually peopled with wild and suffering spirits, although the fiery aspect of the place was not so clear in his imagination. Most of the influences were Presbyterian, strongly doctrinal and dogmatic, and in such questions he evidently found food for intellectual exercise as his precocious mind developed. Church services appealed to him. He liked them. This enjoyment did not extend to Sunday school, although he enjoyed the relationship with some of the teachers. God seemed to him a fatherly reality, although extremely remote. Jesus to him was a particularly dramatic and appealing personality, whom he regarded much as one might an adored older brother. Here there was no feeling of remoteness but rather of the possibility of contact which could be definite, even though not physical.

In his relationship to the other sex, M-92 all through his boyhood was only mildly interested in girls, but liked, and was liked by, adult women. He seemed to understand them and they him. And he found among his teachers many stimulating contacts, none of which were sentimentalized and hence all of which gave him something of unmixed value.

His reading was wide and varied. He progressed from jingles and topical ballads to lyric and epic poetry at an early age. He liked stories of adventure such as are supposed to be typically boys' books, and even dipped into biography before he was fifteen. Love stories attracted

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him least, although even in this direction he was far from indifferent.

At college M-92 made a creditable mark as a classical scholar, still continuing his ease in mastering languages and his record of honors in English. For various reasons it had been most convenient that he should attend a small denominational university in the Middle West, where the religious life was more organized than is the case at most higher institutions of learning, and it is probable that this had much to do with his choice of a life work after graduation. During his college years he brought to a head much of his intellectual consideration of religious doctrine and dogma through the application of philosophical criticism. Whatever of mysticism there had been in his response to the church faded far into the background and was replaced by very practical ideas of applied Christianity. He saw the modern church as an out-dated institution which had lost its grip because it had failed to keep pace with the needs of present day social and industrial life. It seemed to him increasingly important that comprehending minds should apply themselves to this problem. Hence he chose a work for which he was admirably fitted both in mind and temperament. He could inspire and lead without being one of the crowd. He could use his gift of language, both in writing and speaking. He could use his keen mind—imaginative, yet tempered with analysis and criticism—to further the growth of a spirit of intelligent coöperation and mutual helpfulness, as well as of an enlightened public conscience.

The waking mind of M-92 would show us, then, on any given day, a wide range of activities growing out of well-balanced faculties and for the most part constructive. We should see a temperament which was artistic, imaginative, curious, analytical, critical, creative, and constructive.



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### DREAM 1

*(Remembered fragments of childhood dreams)*

#### *Text*

(a) Trying to run away from something and feeling my muscles bound up so I could not run. Figures facing me, monstrous figures, threatening to surround me so I couldn't get away.

(b) Being on a high place by a door of a house at the exact edge of a cliff, with the feeling that the door was going to swing open and thrust me off—the narrowness of the edge giving that feeling of inability to escape.

(c) Being surrounded by heaps of earth which seemed circling and pressing in, and I couldn't dig my way through. This associates to ideas of hell—perpetual punishment.

(d) A house with many small crude passages which had to be traversed in order to get out. A sense that this was somehow familiar and I knew the way out but the whole thing was going to be difficult. A sense of suffocation and strangulation.

### DREAM 2

#### *Text*

I was driving in an automobile down a steep hill and had to pass another car which was on my right, with a steep precipice on my left. I just managed to get by. Then I had to go on down to a bridge with a sharp right turn beyond it and had great fear of meeting another car.

#### *Associations*

Of course this brings up many motor trips and all sorts of road emergencies which are encountered from time to time. I have seldom been in any particular danger in a car but once or twice have been in rather a tight place. It isn't when I am out on the road but only in dreams that these "tight places"

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occur, and it is also true that it is only in dreams that I feel any acute reaction. I have some aversion to high places but it isn't serious. My theory is that my imagination is vivid enough so that when I read of various accidents I must identify myself with them to such an extent that my mind reproduces the situations when I am asleep. But always the emotional sensation is one of tightness and compression rather than apprehension of death or injury.

### DREAM 3

#### *Text*

I was on the prow of a little ship at a wharf. I was lying face downward as far out as I could get. Behind me was a man reaching over with a boat hook and trying to fish up the anchor chain.

#### *Associations*

It seems all like an etching from an old book. The ship was like an old caravel and I seemed to imagine it heaving up and down as I lay there at the prow. This man behind me was a sailor, bearded, and with earrings and the costume of a pirate. He was sweeping a boat hook around in the air trying to reach that anchor chain. Funny! That brings up the typical emotion. I don't know whether I felt it in the dream or not but it seems now as if I must have—the fear that he would hook me instead of the anchor chain—the fear that I couldn't escape.

### DREAM 4

#### *Text*

I was in a dismal railroad station which seemed somehow foreign. There was a woman bundled up like a peasant. I went to get a ticket and found other people of her type in line, but most of them men. I asked for a ticket for the station before one arrives at Petrograd, beginning with "T."

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### *Associations*

It brings up two things. One is my work, and the other is the thing I should like to do a great deal of. The peasant type reminds me of many men I come in contact with at the "Y" and especially at workingmen's clubs. These men always interest me. Many of them are of a heavy, immigrant type, and it is always a challenge to one's intelligence to understand them. Also they bring to mind many strange countries which have for me a great lure.

The letter "T" makes me think of Tsarskoe Selo but in the dream it seems to me I do not give that name. I think now of Turkestan and Teheran—the far countries, you see! I do not feel strange, but a sense of brotherhood with these people, a feeling of understanding and sympathy.

### DREAM 5

#### *Text*

I was on the roof of a high observation tower to see the view. There were others with me and we were going to stand outside by resting our feet on the gutter and leaning back against the roof. Some one apparently brought up the question of whether the gutter was sound enough to hold us. I seemed to escape from this whole situation by going up into another high observation tower to show the way to many people.

#### *Associations*

The first is a recurrence of my typical dream situation, but the second part of the dream makes me feel as if perhaps my study of this thing might lead to a solution of the problem. In the second part it looks as if I entirely forgot my apprehension when I became sufficiently immersed in my job of trying to show people the way. And now I suddenly remember another little dream fragment which seems to have occurred later in the night.

In that I was with an older man whose fine, scholarly face suggests a school master. It was as if I had just said some-

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thing to him about this peculiar type of dream which I had, and he was replying. He said: "Isn't this a conflict between two parts of yourself, one of which wishes to concentrate on your own wishes and the other of which desires to help humanity?" I said: "Yes, I guess that's true."

### DREAM 6

#### *Text*

There were some old men fussing around a place like the board room of our organization and they seemed somehow hostile. Then I was aware of a spiral which rose through the ceiling and widened as it rose. A Mr. ——— was present and there seemed some understanding between him and me as I climbed along the mantelpiece to reach the spiral. Then it seemed as if I must immediately get at the job of packing up so as to catch a train which was going a long way and which I mustn't miss.

#### *Associations*

We have very few elderly men on our boards, and these in the dream suggest to me something symbolic as if they stood for the thing one has to contend with in my work—fussing over political formulas, methods, and narrow ideas, instead of keeping the emphasis on active, aggressive, eager, patriotic, human service. Mr. ——— is a young social worker, very vital, active, and a fine speaker. He is so likable that everybody forgets his appearance, which strongly suggests an intellectual monkey. I don't understand the part about my climbing on the mantelpiece, but the idea of packing up and catching a train to go somewhere brings to my mind the two words which we hear so much nowadays, and which express so well what I should like to say to some of the conservatives of our party—"Let's go!"

#### *Comment*

The associations suggest that this dream is a simple rebus, and that apparently explains it very well except that two points

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are left out: (1) The ascending spiral, a familiar symbol in certain religions and also in philosophy. It is the evolutionary theme. (2) As for the climbing on the mantelpiece, it seems to the writer that this is a simple symbol. Mr. ———, who is obviously admired by the dreamer and stands as a symbol for progressivism, has something about his appearance which suggests a monkey. M-92 is merely expressing his agreement and identification with Mr. ——— by himself behaving like a monkey in climbing a mantelpiece to get onto the spiral. If we accept these two symbolic interpretations, we then have in the dream a complete picture-thought as follows:

This work which I am in is hampered and held back by fussing over nonessentials. The thing for me to do is to pattern myself more on Mr. ———, become more aggressive, stick to modern principles of social evolution, and be on my way.

### DREAM 7

#### *Text*

There was a bare tree with naked curved branches like a spiral staircase. I was climbing up with a growing sense of light ahead which I wanted to reach and yet felt was dangerous. At the top the branches closed in tightly, and I had to step over a void to an apartment where there were some people. A man there seemed horrified at the depth, and I joined the others in helping to reassure him.

#### *Associations*

It was a tree, yet not a tree. I have definitely the feeling of a staircase. It brings to my mind that spiral in my dream the other night.

#### *Comment*

The associations to this dream were elaborate but were chiefly concerned with scenes of travel. The text is included here with the excerpts from the associations both because of their confirming the previous interpretation of the spiral symbol and also because they seemed to show how much M-92's

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inner mind is preoccupied with the desire to break away from the hindrances of bureaucracy and formulistic method, toward an aggressive humanitarianism. It is noteworthy, moreover, that although the setting of the dream presents the dual theme of having to get out of a closed-in place (the tight branches at the top) and the danger of being on a high place, he is nevertheless untroubled when actively helping somebody else who is registering fear.

### DREAM 8

#### *(Series of dreams of one night)*

##### *Text*

(a) I was leaving a big meeting of men, nearly all workmen of strong vital type with powerful voices. They were singing songs which I had written for them. I had a tremendous feeling of fellowship for them.

(b) I had bought a piece of property and started to build a house but I had had to go away and when I came back I found somebody else had finished it. Several people were present and we all got the notion of walking around the top of the fence. We came to a point where it was hard to get by. Some people had put rows of books along the top—musty old tomes. I jumped to the ground, indignantly swept the books off, and told the people firmly to proceed. There seemed to be an instant when I was momentarily awake and felt that I liked the decisive way in which I had acted.

(c) I was in an automobile with some one who drove into two cars at the curb. The cars started with nobody in them and ran around the corner. There was one more in our way, and I started to push it away from the curb. It vanished and in its place was an old mud-plastered Ford—a regular antique—which at my insistence got under way and left.

(d) I was walking in the country and came to a railroad where there was a small crossing gate. I could not get through this and started to go around, but encountered some old dogs who attacked me. Then I found myself up a tree with the dogs at the bottom. Then I seemed to be partly myself, and partly,

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some one whose problem I was considering. I said: "Well, the gate stopped you, but the dogs can't, even if they have to be roughly dealt with. It's time to be on your way."

### *Comment*

Although there were several pages of associations to these texts, they add nothing to the texts themselves, which tell a clear enough story of the train of thought out of which they must have grown. The progressive nature of M-92's dreams seems to the writer to be one of the most striking examples of the value of self-study at the dream level. Such examples were the rule rather than the exception throughout the course of these dream studies.

Reviewing the dreams of this man we shall be at once struck with the very familiar picture in Text "a" of Dream 1 which is interpreted by many dream analysts as showing the survival of racial memory, a reproduced shadow of arboreal days and nights when attack was imminent on all sides and escape seemed almost impossible in any direction. Personally I know of no reason to reject such an interpretation, but it seems to me that there is an equally likely explanation of this common dream image and sensation. To a little child all adults are large, and if they happen to be both tall and heavy they seem very large indeed. The child is often chased by adults as part of a game; also it is sometimes chased because it is running away and perhaps getting into a dangerous situation, or else merely being disobedient. The child from the ages of two to four finds its progress extremely slow, compared to the long striding adult, and there must be many impressions implanted in its mind of its relative helplessness and inability to escape. Such impressions would naturally enough be reproduced in the dream life in later years, particularly when something has happened during the day to stimulate the buried memory impression.

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Text "b" gives an image which in various forms I have found in the dream life of many people, usually established as a sort of formula, which is always repeated in about the same way, and it seems to occur in the dream life on an average of from six to ten times a year. This is an image of danger on a high place, and does not always come under the typical head of the fear of falling. In the dreams of one man this episode is always made up of himself on the top of a very high building which presents the extraordinary picture of seeming to slope inward toward the ground on all of the four sides, and yet at the same time to be steadily shrinking in size at the top. The dreamer feels acute anxiety, but is not aware afterward of having actually felt that he would fall.

Text "d" brings up a theory, which I believe was originally advanced by Doctor Otto Rank, to the effect that the actual physical experience of being born leaves a mental affect which in some people never entirely disappears. Among psychoanalysts the dream image of being in a house, or in any enclosed space from which it seems there is going to be difficulty in getting out, is thought to symbolize the idea of being within the body of the mother and the difficulty of getting born. Granting that this were true, it has never seemed to me necessary to assume that the mental impression was implanted at the time of birth. Most children, at one time or another, come in contact with the essential facts of birth, usually in connection with animals, and, as a natural sequence, in connection with human experience. Their curiosity is strongly aroused; which leads to talk, speculation, and fantasy. Is it not more logical to believe that the necessary impressions to produce later "enclosed" dreams get implanted in this manner, when the mind is unquestionably impressionable, rather than at the time of the actual birth experience?

The associations to Text 2 bring out how readily some



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people identify with others, both in daily life and in their reading.

Text 3 shows the same thing, but also brings in again the shadow of possible attack and difficulty of escape, which plays such a part in the sleeping mind of M-92.

In Text 4 we get our first glimpse of the compensation and wish fulfillment motivation in this man's dreams. He is in the act of going to a far country and is among strange people who have for him always a special interest.

The associations to Text 5 may well remind us of the text and associations of the "towel" dream given in the introduction to this book, not because there is any direct resemblance but because in both instances we can see the interest which the unconscious mind seems to take in the possibility that dream material will throw light on the personality problems. Every sentence of M-92's associations to the text mentioned confirms this view and is clearly constructive. The mind as a whole seems to fix upon the dream mechanism as what might properly be called a method of thinking, using symbols to express what are perfectly well recognized ideas. In the next text, 6, we get strong confirmation of such an interpretation, and the use of a special symbol, the spiral, which has for this mind probably both an evolutionary and inspirational meaning. There is no question but that it has a special significance for M-92, because it occurs again in the next text, 7. That it has evolutionary meaning is obvious, but certainly also it is inspirational because in both dreams it leads to the dreamer helping somebody else.

Turning now to Text 8, if we take this group as a whole, remembering that they are of one night, we find in a single sleeping thought-stream a striking recapitulation of the previous salients. For example, Text "a" corresponds with the theme of Text 4—the love of humanity, and service, and fellowship, as well as the desire to be going forward,

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progressing. Text "b" is at once reminiscent of Text 6; the spiral is missing, but the action is full of progress, leadership, and the gospel of going on. Texts "c" and "d" have the same theme, and in the last two sentences of "d" we have the sense of duality which we encountered with W-68.

Comparing now the dream life of M-92 with the typical activities of his waking mind, it would seem to be highly purposive in a sense of being a supplementary thought process. Apparently, too, it is an escape valve for considerable irritation occurring from hindrances in his day's work, but for the most part it is constructive. Self-warning, referred to in our introductory chapter, may also be seen running through these dreams and associations, but the emphasis seems to be much more on a self-urge than on self-warning. The sleeping mind of this dreamer is in a sense making use of positive autosuggestion. His dreams fit his waking personality quite logically, but as a supplement rather than an likeness.

## GROUP II

W-106, AN EMERGING NEUROTIC

M-27, AN EX-PHYSICIAN

W-106

THE first impression of W-106 was that of a young woman somewhat under middle height, of slight build, very thin, with a rather prominent nose, large hazel eyes, a sad mouth, a habit of looking downward most of the time, with a depressed, shy, withdrawn expression. She had very little color, in fact a rather muddy complexion and this, together with her expression, served most of the time to conceal a certain comeliness and charm, which appeared to flash out in her face when her attention was suddenly caught and withdrawn momentarily from herself. For such brief moments her eyes lighted up and she smiled delightfully, giving one a glimpse of the responsive possibilities of an extremely sensitive and deeply repressed inner self.

The surface impression of her mentality was that of a well-educated and mechanically trained mind which had a thorough book grasp of all of its subjects but whose personal viewpoints were almost wholly subjective. She believed that she thought actively about politics, history, sociology, religion, morals, and the theory of education—in which latter subject she had had special training. But actually all of her mental processes were egocentric and her eventual conclusions were always governed by her own emotional psychology. Moreover, these conclusions were determined and arbitrary to the point of stubbornness, and whenever any of them were put in question, either argumentatively or in the spirit of simple discussion, she

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defended them sharply, dictatorially, and often with impatience. Her reaction to most people was hostile and she had scarcely a half-dozen friends. It does not describe her, however, to say that she was reclusive, because she found little or no satisfaction in being by herself; and yet she was equally dissatisfied in making any effort toward a social existence.

The childhood of W-ro6 was spent in a small New England town. She was the eldest of four children, having one sister and two brothers, and poverty was the lot of the family throughout all of her early years. The father was a mechanic, a steady enough worker but personally of the helpless type which goes through life depending entirely upon circumstances or other people for its direction. He was kind enough but never demonstrative, always tired, and having nothing whatever to give his children except a meager support. The mother was a small, rather frail woman who literally worked herself to death, burdened and worn out by the cares of the household, the strain of bearing the four children in rapid succession, and the worries incidental to making both ends meet. She had a hasty and rather violent temper, which was undoubtedly made worse by the fact that her strongly emotional temperament was not only unsatisfied in the husband, but unbearably irritated by frequent and bitter quarrels. There is ample evidence available to show that this mother was filled with an active and conscious yearning for the cultural things of life, and given the opportunity would have developed a decided talent in music. The father had no taste in this direction but did appreciate and value mental achievement and was very anxious that his children should stand high in school and get the best education possible.

The play life of this family of four children need not be described in detail since it followed the ordinary pattern of a small rural village. The school was of the usual type.

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Attendance at a Protestant Sunday school and church were almost automatic, but the mother, of a strongly conventional and rather puritanical bent, was the directing force behind this, since the father had no particular interest in religion, for or against, and was not a churchgoer.

W-106 accepted, in general, the mother's religious attitude and maintained high grades in school. This last may have been because she soon found that thereby she won some special attention and approbation from her father. Her personal feeling of rivalry with the other children, as they came into the picture one after the other, was keen from the first and soon became highly emotionalized. She came to regard herself as an "ugly duckling" except that she had beautiful hair, of which her mother thought a great deal, dressing it with much care. Her younger sister was a strikingly pretty child and became the mother's favorite. The next brother, like the younger sister, was very attractive in appearance and seems to have been rather a general pet. W-106 felt herself at an increasing disadvantage from the time she was two years old. She adopted a competitive attitude, but was unsuccessful in holding anything like a satisfactory amount of attention or affection from either parent. Her response to this situation became classical. A homely, sensitive, and extremely tender-minded child, with the stage set inside herself to feel inferior on very slight provocation, she had an insatiable desire for affection and encouragement. She got extremely little of either and to her it seemed that the other children got a great deal of both. A contributing factor in this connection was that the other children had many illnesses, some mild, some serious, and the mother was always a devoted nurse.

W-106's reaction formations included the following:

1. Growing reclusiveness, moroseness, and shyness.
2. The development of a more and more active inner fantasy life, of which she naturally was the center.

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3. Concentration upon developing quickness and alertness of mind, with retentive memory, since this was the only route to a feeling of superiority and to getting special approbation from the father.

4. Inventing ways and means of trapping the other children in various transgressions and reporting these to the mother so as to get the other children punished if possible, thus making them appear for the time inferior.

5. Shamming illness, or eating indiscreetly so as to produce stomach symptoms and headaches, in the effort to get her mother's special attention as a nurse.

Throughout W-106's school life, up to about the age of sixteen, she was handicapped by fatness of figure and—beginning before adolescence—a disfiguring eruption, which, with poor complexion, made her unattractive to boys. This may or may not have been contributory to the fact that there was very little of the romance feeling and she had comparatively few satisfactory sweetheart-fantasies. There was a strong sexual taboo in the family and this extended even to extremely rigid notions of "proper" conduct between boys and girls even after they were grown up. W-106 was very severely criticized even for looking out of the window when boys of her age were passing the house, on the ground that she was showing an undignified and improper interest in them.

With college age came the opportunity to go to a nearby university and at about the same time certain medical treatment resulted in radical correction of the fatness, as well as disappearance of the disfiguring eruption. By this time, however, the girl had acquired a conviction that she was sexually inferior and could neither expect ever to interest boys nor to marry. Scholastically she made a success of her university course, specializing in pedagogics, with a post-graduate year, and became a teacher of children in the upper grades. It is worth noting that, although she had

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majoring in subjects which more naturally would have led her to teaching in high school or even in college, she voluntarily chose to teach younger children. Her explanation of this was quite clear. She felt that her own bringing up had been all wrong. She also felt that, although fond of children, there was no likelihood that she would ever marry and have any. Hence she chose the simplest route to the chance of compensating in both directions. She would help to give young children a better bringing up and in a way she could regard some of them almost as her own.

At this period appeared the long delayed romance- and sweetheart-fantasies in active form. The arrest of development in this particular was clearly manifested by the fact that these fantasies nearly always occupied themselves with certain boys who were her favorite pupils, usually aged from ten to twelve years. She felt a sharp sense of guilt and reproach against herself for having these fantasies, which of course squares with the fact that the whole subject had been strongly tabooed when she herself was at the age of ten or twelve. Her social life, while she was teaching, amounted to very little and she made only two or three friends. She had some romantic fantasies, occasionally erotic, in connection with men. These were nearly always men older than herself and of types which reminded her of her father.

She took an interest in the woman's suffrage movement, did some work for it, and also for a short time was quite stirred by the post-War agitation for exact equality of women with men in industry. Outside of fantasy, she had no conscious desire for the intimate friendship of men, but did very much want the close companionship of some older woman and recognized frankly that if she could achieve such a companionship, she would be insatiable in her desire for the other's attention and affection.

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She became more and more reclusive, was only partly successful as a teacher, and progressed steadily in the development of hypochondria. Her stomach, liver, and intestines were the focus of this tendency, and as might have been expected, they functioned less and less normally. She had no organic diseases but suffered from functional "liver attacks," constipation, and attendant depression of increasing depth and importance. Suicidal fantasies made their appearance and a frequently expressed wish for death. This became recognized by W-106 as a desire to be reunited with her mother, who had died some years before, but recognition of the mechanism did not modify its strength. More and more her mind became occupied with herself when she was not actually in the classroom, until the picture was one of complete egocentricity. Fantasies of insanity began to complicate matters, but in actual fact W-106's orientation never failed, and there was not the slightest sign of mental disintegration. She was merely concentrating more and more upon herself, which, after all, was a healthy thing to do since her salvation depended upon the solution of her inner conflict, before she could ever adjust to reality.

### DREAM I

#### *Text*

I was working as a domestic in some home where there was an insane woman. Thought I could conquer this woman by loving her. I looked at her very closely and lovingly and thought she was responding to it. She put her arms around me and seized me tightly, loving me but clinging, and I was at a loss how to get free from her.

#### *Associations*

The insane woman for some reason makes me think of myself when in my teens. I also am reminded of one of my type dreams in which I am on a witness stand saying that I'm



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not guilty. This brings up mother in childhood. Thinking I could win the woman by love is like an idea, or rather a firm belief, I've had that loving people will bring out the best in them.

I think I have a fear of insanity but also it's strangely interesting. I went through an asylum once and was fascinated by some of the young women who were sitting back in corners; the nurse said they sometimes didn't move for hours but just stayed lost in their own thoughts.

The woman seizing me seems to make things complicated. I think of it at first as a part of myself holding onto and holding down another part of me so that it can't escape and get out. And yet both myself and the woman were loving; only the woman seemed to show her love at a lower level. If she and I are identified, it would be me loving myself but bringing about my own downfall by holding back my growth. It's depressing to think of being a self-lover and I'm not sure but it would be better to escape life in an asylum if one had to be that.

### *Comment*

It is very probable that further association might have brought W-106's mother into the identification with the insane woman—not because the mother was ever in danger of being insane but because a description of the woman actually suggested the mother. Both the text and the associations tell their own story so clearly that comment would seem unnecessary. The condensation, however, is noteworthy.

### DREAM 2

#### *Text*

Some one told me how to do something with a tennis racquet and ball. No memory of any nets. It was a place where the ground sloped. Somehow the ball got down that hill but some one returned it. Then as I got ready to do some especially fine thing with the ball, the girls crowded around so closely that I didn't have room to swing the racquet. This irri-

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tated me greatly. The next thing I remember is feeling great hate toward a girl and saying to her: "You didn't make your brains, did you?" It seems she had been boasting about her mentality. I hated her so I wished to hit her, and it almost seems as if I did, with the tennis racquet.

### *Associations*

Learning to play tennis. Desire to amount to something the way the other girls did. Makes me think at times of a girl I was jealous of—she was beautiful and clever at almost everything. But I think the struggle against the girls reminds me most of a struggle against various parts of myself which hold me back and I keep wondering what parts of myself are in conflict with my wish to succeed.

It's funny but I think of myself so often as being very stout, the way I was in childhood.

My hate against that girl at the end of the dream was very intense and I now get images of a blonde girl, neither a decidedly feminine type nor a tomboy but something masculine about her, and I have a feeling that she was very friendly to me and that my hate reaction had something to do with this. Curiously enough, although she doesn't look like me, I keep thinking that she might represent some part of myself. Oh! I have it. There was a blonde girl at college whose name was the same as mine and she was friendly to me. But I didn't hate her; it makes it look as if I just used her in the dream to express a hate against part of myself.

### *Comment*

The point of special interest here, aside from observation of how closely the dream is concerned with phases of the self, is the strong probability of unconscious masculine striving which is disapproved of by the essentially feminine psyche of W-106.

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### DREAM 3

*(Two dreams of the same night)*

#### *Text*

(a) Only a fleeting idea is remembered. It was something about a wish that I might become able to understand the thought-stream behind my dreams.

(b) Some one was telling me about some story which was rather daring, contrary to the morals, or something of that sort, and asked me about naming it. I said emphatically that I would advise making the name fit the subject regardless of how shocking it were. The person said that in addition to the shocking part of the story, there was another part. Impression these two parts were united. I drew a diagram on the ground to represent unity and said the two parts should be united. It seems as if the shocking part had something to do with "necessary cruelty."

#### *Associations*

The word "*risqué*" occurred to me right after waking when I thought of this dream. Then I thought of lovers and husbands and thought there would be much more comfort in a husband than a lover because a husband would take care of one. Ideas come to me of calling a spade a spade, and I think all intelligent people ought to do exactly that. False modesty is unintelligent. I think of the title of an article I read, "Nothing Shocks Me."

But the other part of the story was the most vivid part of the dream. The diagram was a small circle inside a larger one, which makes me think of love sheltering and enfolding, more love than passion.

Now I think of Mrs. Grundy, which makes me think of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* and then it reminds me too of some play I've seen, something with a night-clothes scene in it—think people are bored with seeing things which have obviously been written with intent to shock because no one is shocked any more. And now I remember that "Mrs.

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Grundy" is an expression which we kids were taught to use in referring to the toilet.

### *Comment*

The last association telescopes past and present and lends force of contrast to W-106's adult sophistication.

### DREAM 4

#### *Text*

A loud noise awoke me suddenly from this dream and I feel much of it is forgotten. But when I awakened, a woman, whom I thought had wished intimate relations with me, had just finished bidding me farewell for I was leaving and had refused to accept her attentions. She had wished me to be two things, one of which was something about fellowship, but the other was to let her be my lover. In another part of the dream it seems as if there had been a colored woman who wished to be my lover but I had strongly rejected her. And it seems that I told a young girl, in her teens, that if I yielded to doing anything I shouldn't do, it would be because I hadn't the nerve to refuse people when they wished me to do something. I have the impression that this young girl thought I was not in danger of yielding.

#### *Associations*

All I think of is something which happened in the evening before I went to bed. I was looking over some pictures of myself, and had a sudden feeling of wishing to caress one of them. I hated to admit this to myself, felt a great deal of chagrin over it and had a flash of fear lest it might signify that I was homosexual. I did not think the picture attractive because it was very dark and now I remember that I thought it made me look almost like a mulatto. The emphasis with the first woman was on "fellowship." I wonder if women can love other women for their brains. I've always been proud of mine. Men never love women for their brains. I feel sort of depressed to-day.

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### *Comment*

In a long study of the dreams of W-106, who was always perfectly frank in discussing the matter, it eventually became certain that any homosexual imagery appearing in her dreams was invariably presenting either the picture of herself loving herself or of being loved by her mother. She invariably reacted against the passion phase of such episodes and had not in fact ever sought or permitted a homosexual experience of any kind.

### DREAM 5

#### *Text*

My little niece said she dreamed she had kissed her father. I wondered if her mother would understand this and how she would feel about it.

I have a faint impression that I was sitting in a pool of water.

#### *Associations*

My little niece is like my sister but is also chubby and stout the way I was when I was a child. I started these associations wrong though because I'm not saying the first or uppermost thing in my mind. The fact is that my first thought about this dream was that there was something about me that needed washing—and that this feeling of needing cleansing or washing had something to do with my relation to my father. Sitting in the pool of water is a childish act! But then the chubbiness of my niece is like I was as a child. Being in the water suggests taking cold. I remember another dream I had recently in which I was pretending to be ill. I can't now get back the feeling I had about that dream but I know that as a child I often pretended to be ill in order to get as much attention as the other children got.

### *Comment*

When associations to this dream no longer came readily, it was suggested to W-106 that the second sentence of the text was peculiar and striking in that it assumed the possibility of

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the mother fearing jealous rivalry toward her little child in its relation to the father. The dreamer agreed that this inference was unescapable and also thought it might have a good deal of significance when related to the idea of being cleansed from some guilt (baptismal idea?). Obviously the guilt feeling would have to arise from a fantasy relationship, and it is this which is so strongly suggested in the dream.

### DREAM 6

#### *Text*

Image of myself with my face against that of a blond young man whom I liked. He appeared to be nineteen or twenty.

#### *Associations*

This brings back a high school boy whom I danced with a number of times. We liked each other—at least I liked him—but I used to get so tied up and stilted with boys that they drew away as if they couldn't make out what I was like. The two or three young men I've got on with best all had something the matter with them. I mean either they weren't strong, or they were nervous, or they didn't like the rough contacts with life. None of them was aggressively masculine.

#### *Comment*

It is sufficient to remark that W-106 got on relatively well with introverted types, not only because of a sense of comradeship but also because she could with her strong mentality feel not only equal to, but superior to, most of the boys or very young men of that type whom she encountered.

### DREAM 7

#### *Text*

I was where a dinner was to be served—like a family dinner with some guests. Before or after dinner there appeared a red-haired boy of about three years, with thick red lips, charming, but he looked as if he had been too much indulged perhaps.

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At dinner the dishes from which the company helped themselves always reached me last and there was little or nothing left.

### *Associations*

A red-haired boy whose mother I was fond of comes to mind. I have always identified myself, even as a child, with people I was fond of. I have had fantasies of having a child, and it's true I would like it to be red-haired, but usually it is a little girl who appears in my fantasies. I think part of my failure to be more interested in life is due to rebellion against being a spinster. I was feeling lonely last night. I want some one to like me, some one that belongs to me, and that I can do something for. I think I'm two kinds of persons. Part of me wishes to love just one person, the other part wishes to love many. I guess the desire to love just one is a projection of the desire to have some one love me. It seems this would give me a sense of safety. Maybe it's that desire for a sense of safety which has made me like preachers. Often at various churches I fantasy myself in love with the minister and he with me. There was one once who I think was starting to court me. I didn't answer his letter—rude of me not to do so.

Why do I think I must be sexually inferior? Is it because I haven't seemed to attract men? I know that down underneath I really do have a great wish to be sexually potent, and powerful, and I know that it is not based on any strong organic sexual urge. I simply hate to think of being a spinster and not having anybody to like me especially.

### *Comment*

Although nothing in the elaborate associations to this dream give any direct reference to the father, it is not to be overlooked that the Freudian symbolism would insist that a father figure is but slightly concealed in the theme of loving and being loved by preachers and ministers. There is no doubt from the history and from other dream material that the longing for the protective and all-around close relationship of the father was of tremendous importance in W-106's psychology.

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### DREAM 8

#### *Text*

I was sitting in a tall chair which seemed as high as a baby's high chair. A blonde girl came and sat either with me or in a chair close by. Somewhere in the dream was Mrs. ——— who was going about lecturing.

#### *Associations*

I have a curious feeling as though I was both small and large in the dream. The high chair was like a baby's high chair, but it was also a full size adult's chair. The other girl makes me think of my sister. I have an impression she was friendly to me but I did not feel happy. In actual fact I loved my sister even as a child, but I also used to hate her because she was mother's favorite.

Aunt says that at another aunt's wedding I went about all the time pointing at my father and saying: "Pretty, pretty papa."

Just after I awoke I had a faint impression that the other girl in the dream had part of the time been actually sitting on my lap in the high chair.

I don't see any connection between this and Mrs. ——— because Mrs. ——— certainly is not a motherly figure. She is a leader in the National Woman's party. I was a member of that. I think them wise about some things, and about others I am uncertain. I don't favor anything which tends to cause the sexes to work at cross purposes. I think they should work together. Does woman's biological function, *i.e.*, to be mother of the race, make her mentally unfit to have a directing part in the government? Is it only women who are sexually inferior who are mentally superior?

#### *Comment*

A very interesting example of telescoping past and present. W-106 did not think of the woman in the scene as a mother figure, but it must be obvious that the woman does serve as an admirable point around which to gather a constellation of ideas,



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of which motherhood is the center. The writer would suggest that symbolically the dream as a rebus might read as follows:

W-106 believes that she herself is somewhat infantile but she is also an adult. She might possibly become a mother (holds the other little child in her lap), but is not sure she would be fit for it (is herself in a high chair). On the other hand, she might be a mental leader (like Mrs. ———). Is it possible to be both successfully, or must the mental leadership of woman entail biological loss? Such a train of thought would be characteristic of W-106 in a waking state. Does the dreaming brain sometimes carry on the same sort of debates as when awake, presenting the train of thought in a series of picture symbols?

### DREAM 9

#### *Text*

There was a landlady and her daughter. Some relation between this daughter and mother that I cannot remember. There is an impression of the daughter's lips being very full.

#### *Associations*

The daughter in the dream was a woman whom I formerly knew as a teacher. She was rather wrinkled and dried up, getting set in her ways and very fixed in her opinions. It's funny but all the letters in her name except one appear also in my name. Full lips make me think of myself and also of a friend of mine who is nervous and a sort of half invalid. She lives at home and is always quarreling with her parents. Just after the dream, when I woke up, I thought of that daughter and mother as being closely identified, sort of psychologically bound together, irritating and annoying each other, but unable to part.

Now two girls come to my mind whom I knew—one had a crush, was in love with the other and was intensely jealous.

#### *Comment*

Out of a simple text comes an association picture which would seem to say that W-106 knows in her deeper inner mind

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that she identifies herself very strongly with her mother (perhaps because of the desire to feel a stronger claim on her father). The failure of adjustment between herself and her mother could not destroy this identification, but could only result in conflict for many reasons. In the first place her mental development became very different from that of her mother. In the second place the bond was unsatisfactory because she did not feel loved. In the third place the psychic union with the mother fixed too much of an emotional feeling on a woman object (witness the association of homosexual love). In previous dreams of this series it has been strongly suggested that W-106 is both sensitive to homosexual feeling and yet sincerely resistant to it as a replacement for heterosexual love. It would be entirely reasonable to expect this if the homosexual feeling grows out of the mother-identification, because her affection-striving was never satisfied in the mother.

### DREAM 10

#### *Text*

I was putting my arms around a very slim little boy of about nine or ten. He had red hair. He did not seem to object to my caressing him but when I heard some other children coming, I quickly stopped for fear we should be seen.

#### *Associations*

My first thought about this is the fact that red-haired boys are constantly coming up in my dreams. I don't think them especially attractive but they somehow fascinate me. Red is an exciting color to me. I always look at red dresses in store windows but for some reason can never bring myself to buy and wear one.

Caressing the boy reminds me that I have often had fantasies of embracing and kissing little boys whom I saw. I don't know why I should have been afraid of being seen but it was more the idea that the little boy would not like to have the others know.

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### *Comment*

It would be a fair speculation to wonder whether this dream is not reproducing actual childhood memories, but nothing in the elaborated associations confirmed such an idea.

### DREAM II

#### *Text*

In a church a minister was presenting his text. He did this with pompous emphasis, then walked down from the platform into the audience as if he were going to say something tremendously important, but he went back without having applied the text in any way.

#### *Associations*

I believe I thought, right in the dream, "that is just like a man—making believe he is going to do something great and then stop without doing it." I have a strong reaction against men telling about their achievements.

#### *Comment*

This dream was rather briefly associated but is reproduced here because of its hint at W-106's strong criticism and rivalry directed toward the other sex, and also because it is negative to the idea that minister stands as a symbol for the father. W-106's father was the opposite of a boaster and physically was very different from this minister as shown in an identifying association not included above.

### DREAM 12

#### *Text*

The President of the United States and I were sitting with our backs against a grass covered bank. We were quite close together. He looked at me in a warmly friendly manner, smiling and understanding.

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### *Associations*

The manner of this man was in every way like my father but it seemed as if his comprehension and love of me was on a plane of mental companionship. I was very happy in the dream.

### *Comment*

The President referred to did not resemble W-106's father physically. The dream is presented as contributing more data on the subject of W-106's desire for a deeply understanding relationship with the father, as well as the question of whether figures of authority may usually be understood as symbols for father or mother.

### DREAM 13

#### *Text*

I felt as if I were on some sort of bed but it was rocking as does a boat on the water and I was very surprised. I saw that my paternal grandfather was sitting on top of me. It gave me a suffocated sensation and made me angry.

#### *Associations*

I liked this grandfather very much. He used to talk to me a great deal and especially told me all about my ancestors on both sides. It seems to me that mine was a family of haters. From what he told me, I gather there were incessant feuds between the various members and it seems to have been true on both sides of the family. The fact is that lots of my relatives seem to get satisfaction from hating. I can't; it makes me sick. I feel lots of resentment and great difficulty in forgiving people who I feel have injured me, but I don't get any pleasure out of hating.

That suffocated sensation in the dream was what made me angry. The weight of years. The burden of sin of past generations. The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children. That alone is enough to make religion seem contemptible.

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### *Comment*

This is an extraordinarily interesting dream picture of the influence of heredity. It might well serve as a warning both against impressing a child too strongly with the influence of heredity and particularly against the emphasis of any negative quality in the ancestral background; since a sensitive child may readily get the impression that to struggle against its own negative qualities is hopeless.

### DREAM 14

#### *Text*

I was lying in an aëroplane and my older brother was sitting on my left. I was terribly afraid of falling out. Other planes were in the air. In each was a man and woman. Then I was on the ground examining many aëroplanes to find one which would seem completely safe.

#### *Associations*

The fear wasn't so much that I would fall as about what it would be like if I did. The fear didn't stop my wish to go up again. I only wanted to get one which I thought would be safe. Curiously enough, there seems to have been a strong curiosity, connected with the fear. I felt that the plane I finally chose was somehow in charge of a much older man. What set my mind going on the subject of flying was a letter I got in the late afternoon from a man whom I think I could easily fall in love with, which mentioned Zeppelins. I've seen our Zeppelin and frankly admit that I've thought of its shape as being phallic.

The fear of falling—well—I think it has an obvious significance, in connection with a phallic symbol.

#### *Comment*

Both the associations and the special qualifications of the fear felt in this dream certainly point to an erotic motif.

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### DREAM 15

#### *Text*

I was near something which seems as if it might have been a staircase. There were two boys about ten years old. I had some curiosity about them which I thought was naughty. One of the boys had a small pistol which seemed to me nothing but a toy. Still I thought it might be loaded and protested when he pointed it at me. There are a lot of details forgotten here and I can't even remember whether he did fire at me. Nearby I saw some one operating a large cannon and saw the mechanism which sent the bullet out. It was something which was pulled out and put in again. Then I saw a ball go from the mouth of the cannon and land on a bank across a body of water. It rebounded and seems as if it might have stayed in the water. It seemed as if the operation of this cannon was taking place at some carnival or fair and I thought something about whether it could be operated whenever any one wished to see it. The next ball to come out was a girl made of filmy material like a soap bubble. She had on a hat and a dress which was rose-colored all over. Then it seemed as though I could see inside the cannon and people were in there preparing to come out of the mouth. Next I saw a girl who had come out of there but did not see how she got out. I stood beside this girl. She did not stay out long.

#### *Associations*

I think of many small boys, my own brothers and others in the neighborhood at school and their play. It was often rough, sometimes naughty, and I usually thought of them—in fact all boys—as a sort of threat to girls. This “threat” makes me think of always being warned by my mother and one or two aunts not to let little boys play with me intimately—in fact I was warned against them always and in all sorts of ways.

The people coming from the cannon make me think of people being born. The girl in the rose-colored dress makes me think of myself because I had such a dress once. The body of water reminds me of a lake where I met a man who

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reminded me very much of a picture of my father when I was young. I felt a good deal of emotion towards this man. The second girl, who came out, also makes me think of myself, but more as being regressive and fearful of life. I felt she definitely intended to go back into the cannon again.

### *Comment*

The complete associations to this dream amounted to fourteen pages of manuscript and covered almost the whole ground of the childhood relations of W-106 to the boy question—about half of this relationship consisting of fantasy. The dream is here presented because of its unusually vivid and excited symbolism.

Taken as a whole, the dreams of W-106 picture vividly an inner life of the mind which completely explains the development of the personality. The associations and comments are already perhaps amply explanatory, but certain points are worth special emphasis and attention. In Text 1 we get an immediate picture of the egocentricity as well as a sense of duality. This will be noted particularly in the second paragraph of the associations. The self-love is strong and clearly shown, as is also the identification with the mother.

In Text 2 the asocial attitude and the strong undercurrent of hate, which an examining psychologist will always find related, come to the front. The associations start with an externally directed idea but promptly give this up and follow the typical path of this psyche, turning inward. Since everything must eventually be related to herself, this dreamer even hates herself. The asocial attitude is somewhat expanded and explained in Text 3, division "b"; but only partly. Division "a" of this text brings in quite interestingly a matter referred to in connection with M-92, namely, the mind seizing upon the possibility of using its dream activity constructively. The associations to Text 4

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are frankly narcissistic. The dreamer at that point is clearly a self-lover, and there is no doubt that in the duality sense she is expressing a masculine as well as a feminine consciousness. Her masculine self is the lover. In other associations to W-106's dreams it was often made clear that "negro" meant "primitive." From this text and associations we see clearly enough that there is in the dream a concealed masculine striving, and from her other material we have seen that she does not approve of this.

In Text 10 is an open confirmation of the generally accepted idea that red, appearing in a dream, is a symbol of strong emotional excitement.

Turning to Text 14, we have a very good example of sex interest and curiosity neatly expressed in a flying dream. It is not a part of the theme of this book, and hence may not claim more than our passing attention here, to analyze and interpret dream symbols, but the text referred to is too valuable to pass without some study. A Freudian reading of the symbols would be that both the aëroplane and the dirigible are distinctly phallic, and that the flying sensation—or the idea of it—has erotic significance. Certainly this dream must be set down on the affirmative side of such interpretation, since the associations frankly state the case. No less interesting is the further development of this theme in the succeeding text, 15.

In such a deprived person as W-106 we might well expect to find the dreams preoccupied with either wish ful-fillments or compensation. Instead, we find them constantly digging at her maladjustment problem, determinedly seeking its roots in an effort to find a solution—an effort in which every reader of this record will be glad to know that she was eventually successful. Comparatively speaking, we must rate the sleeping and waking psychology of this mind as not only alike but quite remarkably so.



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### M-27

This man presented a psychological puzzle. Both physically and mentally, he gave the impression of being a big man. He stood well over six feet, with a heavy, powerfully built body and a notable record of athletic success in school and college. He had dark hair, a rather florid complexion, gray eyes of unusual brightness and keenness, rather bushy brows, a straight nose of heavy mold, and a full-lipped, slightly sensual mouth, with a firm lower jaw. His brow and general expression gave an impression of thoughtfulness and a high degree of intellectual activity. His meticulously careful dressing and fine manners completed a picture which could well have been that of an educator, a prominent professional man, a successful executive, or a well-bred gentleman of leisure.

The first impression given by his mind was that of a thoroughly educated, well-read man whose interests were wide and who had a notably easy facility of expression. Moreover, he not only was informed; he was a thinker, who habitually turned over in his mind what he had read and had a point of view which was distinctly his own. He could talk world politics, finance, philosophy, the latest scientific discovery, or yesterday's baseball game, with equal interest, information, and companionable attitude. He had an agreeable, well-modulated voice, and spoke his mother tongue with much more regard for the dignity and beauty of the English language than characterizes the average business man.

Of colonial stock, the ancestry of M-27 was English on both sides, and practically all of his forbears seemed to have been decidedly above the average level of intelligence. There had been two ministers, three lawyers, and two physicians in the three generations which preceded him. Born in a small rural city of New York State, he had grown

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up in a family consisting of only four. The father, besides being a man of independent means, was also the officiating minister of a Protestant church, with strong puritanical ideas of life which were shared by M-27's mother. There were two children, of whom M-27 was the older; the other, a girl, died at the age of fourteen.

Our subject's home life through his boyhood had been fairly satisfactory to him except that he seems to have rebelled quite frequently against the religious sternness and repressive attitude of his father. He was his mother's favorite, and although he very often rebelled against her, there is no doubt that he was very fond of her and the instances of rebellion may very easily have come from a certain unconscious gratification in the power this gave him to arouse and focus her specialized emotional attention on himself. Certainly he liked the feeling of being her favorite, and during his course of study of himself, he by no means rejected the idea that he had got pleasure from testing her forbearance just to find out how far it was possible to go without losing her love—thus demonstrating, as children often try to do, his power over her emotions. This is, of course, a childish activity which is familiar to the psychologist. Unconscious rivalry with the parent of the same sex leads the child to devise many schemes for testing its power with the other parent. M-27 got the result he wanted. His mother's intense concern for him not only lasted through childhood but far into his manhood; in fact, as long as she lived.

School years for M-27 were in every way easy. He learned all subjects readily, without need of any special application, and always maintained satisfactory grades. His relations with his teachers, particularly the women, were rather emotionalized. He was an especially good-looking boy and seems to have had a strong appeal for nearly all women with whom he came in contact. His men teachers

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he was always somewhat afraid of, and shrewdly took pains to give them the impression that his intentions were better than they actually were. On the sly he took part in many activities which, if discovered, would have got him into disciplinary trouble, but his sharp intelligence always served to keep him from being caught.

His romance feelings and behavior were precocious, and he had childish sweetheart affairs with two or three small girls of his neighborhood. His alert intelligence was sufficient to keep these relationships concealed from his father, whose disapproval he felt would be sure, and it is worthy of note in the attempt to understand this personality that in spite of this concealment, and in spite of the puritanical atmosphere of the home, there does not seem to have been any important accumulation of guilt feeling.

The play life was active and largely devoted either to active games or excursions into the surrounding countryside. The good physical equipment assured success in the games, and the aggressive mental curiosity is strongly suggested by the frequency of the roving trips into the country.

In the life of this boy there was necessarily an enforced observance of religious forms. He went to church and to Sunday school with no choice in the matter, and equally he was obliged to conform to the ritual of grace at the table and family prayers every morning. To all of this his inner response was negative, but not violently so. He appeared to have taken it all as a matter of course, being quite irked by it but having no strong emotional reaction either for or against. At no time in his life was there any such religious experience as is comprehended under the terms, "conviction" or "conversion."

With the completion of his secondary education, he entered the university and for the first time was definitely separated from the home background. For two years it was touch and go whether he would make a success of

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the new environment. His reaction to the sense of freedom was to seek and fall in with the more dissipated and less useful companions, and in a quiet way he became a freshman-sophomore sport—in a quiet way because his intelligence was still invoked to keep his escapades under cover, and avoid trouble with the authorities. His scholastic progress during these two years was barely sufficient to keep him in college.

The last two of his undergraduate years showed a decided change. He did better work and he wasted less of his energy. There were no serious love affairs during this period. He graduated with tolerable grades, and choosing medicine as a profession, went on into the postgraduate school. During this period, he seems to have been influenced considerably by much reading about student life in Europe, particularly in Germany. His habits during the four years of study for his professional degree were very closely modeled on those of the German university student of the early 1900's. He had previously won some place in the athletic life of the college but now surrendered that in favor of convivial pleasures, not neglecting, however, the importance of study and reading. Indeed, he achieved very satisfactory grades and read very widely, graduating not only with credit in his medical work but also with a much better cultural education than is usual.

His entrance into practice was in a large Pennsylvania city, and very soon after this he married a woman who had a very strong, if not actually determinative, influence upon the future course of his life. She was emotionally rather cold and unresponsive, but socially ambitious and mentally both dominating and determined. The insistent drive of her personality acted as a spur upon him, both professionally and socially, and in five years he had made such progress that already he was widely spoken of as one of the coming men in his profession. Undoubtedly he was a skill-

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ful physician and he seems to have been socially popular with men as well as with women.

Eventually, however, he began resuming the habits which had characterized his first two undergraduate years and his time in the medical school. His cleverness at concealment did not avail to ward off the inevitable, and eventually his marriage—fortunately childless—was broken up, and his practice began to suffer. It is an interesting and important question whether all this would have happened if M-27 had been emotionally fulfilled and happy at home. He was a man of two sides, each of which was too strong either to be ignored or suppressed. It would be easy to say that the emotional side of him was of low grade and sought low types of satisfaction, but there is no evidence whatever to suggest that it would have failed to respond with even greater force and satisfaction on a far higher level if given an opportunity. One thing seems certain, *i.e.*, that it had to have an outlet.

It is not necessary in the study of this personality to go into details of the adjustment failures which finally resulted in breaking up this marriage. What is important is to observe what happened as a sequence. For one thing he removed himself to a large city in the west, going almost as far as was conveniently possible from the scene of his troubles. For another thing he abandoned his profession and went into business, where his work was characterized by spurts of brilliancy, followed by periods of less productivity. For still another thing, he became a frequent drinker instead of one who went on occasional sprees. For yet another thing he became so careless with his money that in spite of receiving a comfortable salary, he was often pressed to meet his daily needs.

Paralleling these features of disintegration were equally striking points of fixed retention of intellectual idealism. Even when he had been drinking excessively, M-27 was

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agreeable and courteous in manner. His disposition was at nearly all times kindly and generous. He retained his habits of reading, and his taste for the best in literature and the highest intellectual interests never failed. He was scrupulously clean and immaculate in the care of his person, cherished a strong and eager ambition to find some way out of the vicious circle into which he had fallen, and retained a clear, well-oriented, and accurate critique on life. His own description of his difficulty was that there seemed to be a sort of cyclic rhythm which had a comparatively long up-curve and then a sharply dipping down-curve, and he felt powerless to resist the force and the implications of the down-curve.

### DREAM I

#### *Text*

I was in a railroad station just about to board a train when a couple of Polish immigrants came along, a man and a woman who couldn't speak a word of English. The man seemed to be a bishop. We were all standing ready to get on the train. A young porter, about twenty-five, came up to me with a piece of chalk in his hand and wrote on the left side of my coat, "The New Brunswick New Business Company, New Canada." Not a word was spoken but I got the idea that I was to lead these immigrants to that place.

#### *Associations*

The word "new" being repeated so many times with the idea of immigration and a new country makes me think of getting a new start in life. Bishop, of course, relates to religion. Funny that the address should be written on me, as if I, too, were ignorant and couldn't speak the language. That must mean I'm identifying in some way with this Polish bishop.

#### *Comment*

The associations speak for themselves as to the underlying wish current of the dream, which is obviously to make a new

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start. There is a hint that religion might play a part in getting this new start.

### DREAM 2

#### *Text*

Just a series of fleeting dream pictures of being in a boat and arriving at a delightful island where I would find myself in a field of poppies.

#### *Associations*

I always dream happily about being on the water in boats. About ten or twelve times a year I dream of being on a steamer in a harbor which is a peaceful lagoon entered by a canal. I always feel peaceful and wake up with a feeling that it has been a happy and wonderful night. Quite often on a boat I land in a field of poppies.

#### *Comment*

The Freudian interpretation of symbols would direct attention to this sort of dream as suggesting a desire to return to the peaceful security of the prenatal life.

### DREAM 3

#### *Text*

I was in an apartment where there was also an elderly woman, or rather she wasn't elderly but of an age that makes me think of my mother. I went out to the kitchen and reached for something on a shelf. Instantly I became a little kid wearing tiny brown shoes. I thought: "Am I really little like this?" I got what I wanted from the shelf and then became my present size again.

#### *Associations*

This apartment had only the living-room, and back of it a little passage leading to a kitchen. The place seemed rather crowded and it was curiously dark yet I had no feeling of not being able to see. The kitchen—well, I call it that but there

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was nothing in it that you find in a kitchen—just this white cupboard. I don't know what I was reaching for but it seems like some article of food, and just as I reached I became little. I thought: "This is very strange." I looked down and saw the little brown shoes. I don't think I got what I wanted but I almost did. The feeling of being little lasted only about ten seconds and during that time it seemed natural, not queer at all.

The little shoes remind me that I'm interested and particular about feet—like them to be rather small and well shaped—and I am repelled by unshapely shoes.

In taking the thing, whatever it was, I felt a little bit guilty, sort of as if I was stealing, and that reminds me that I often dream of being in prison, sentenced for a long term of years for something which I haven't done, or at any rate it doesn't deserve any such punishment.

### *Comment*

We have a striking example of telescoping, with the remarkable ability of the dreaming brain to dovetail past and present. M-27 flashes from man to child and back again, and the final association suggests that it is for the purpose of commenting upon the injustice of much of the punishment meted out to human beings, both as children and adults.

## DREAM 4

### *Text*

I was in some seaport town in England and ran across an old man who said he had been keeper of a lighthouse on the Island of Thanet but had got sick of the job and was trying to get the Prince of Wales to take it. Then I was in a brown wagon. A dozen kids tried to board it. I thought they were after money but found out they just wanted a ride.

### *Associations*

A very old-fashioned seaport town with small white houses having little red roofs. The old man doesn't remind me of



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any one in particular, but he was tall and sort of puritanical, quite severe in demeanor. The Island of Thanet is associated with Puritanism but I don't see where the Prince of Wales fits in. Maybe "Prince of Wales" means to me the former King Edward who, I gather, wasn't much of a Puritan. I always think of him as dressed in a white yachting suit but never in a military uniform. I'd like to have a yacht, be dressed that way, and feel the yacht was mine. That seems to identify me with King Edward in his early days—which isn't so bad because I'm not much of a Puritan. Then the old man trying to get me to go out to Thanet might be one of my ancestors trying to pull me back to the bleakness of rock-ribbed Puritanism.

### *Comment*

In this dream the thought-stream seems to include four ideas, of which three seem to be closely associated, and the fourth occurs only as a sort of side comment growing out of the others. The three most closely related ideas are history, ancestry, and religion. The dream setting—Island of Thanet—would scarcely occur except in an educated mind, well grounded in English history. The tall and puritanical old man is obviously ancestral, which fits with the Puritanism theme. The identification with King Edward, following immediately after the association of the yacht, is of a sort which one often finds in the dreams of people who have heard much of ancestry during their childhood. The "like to have a yacht" association has the directness and simplicity with which wishes are expressed in childhood dreams; remembering the man's frequent happy dreams of being in a boat on water, we may reasonably suspect that this is the repetition of a lifelong desire. The Freudian interpretation of the symbols would also emphasize that there is a strong effort toward identification with the father, since the figure of a king, emperor, governor, or other man in authority is regarded as a concealment for the father figure.

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### DREAM 5

#### *Text*

This is just a fragment. Under an overcast sky there was a runway with many oxen coming down toward me. I wondered how I was going to get out of the way.

#### *Associations*

I wasn't badly scared but it brings up one of my nightmares which is of being in a place where are bulls and cows and I can't get out. The cattle are always in their stalls but I'm afraid they'll get loose. I can't actually remember it, but it seems as if I was frightened in this way when I was very young.

### DREAM 6

#### *Text*

It was in France. I was trying to get to some place where there was a big celebration because the War was over. At first I didn't succeed. Then I was with some one like an ambassador and we got in. The place was something like a circus tent. Men came in on wonderful white horses and began to go around in a circle. Papa Joffre was there. I was greatly excited and pleased. The band struck up the Marseillaise, and the dream ended. The keynote was one of victory.

#### *Associations*

Well—the War has been going on two years and it seems as if it ought to be over! The dream makes me think of a kid trying to get into a circus by crawling under the tent—then he's with his dad and gets in all right. Of course those white horses in the circle are a circus. I always enjoyed those but wasn't taken very often. Papa Joffre—papa—the connection is obvious. But how does that hook up with the Marseillaise—oh, this is funny—Marseillaise makes me think of Marcella, the first name of a great opera singer—I saw her as a kid many times and was crazy about her—I always think of her as a queen. France uses the figure of a superb woman as one

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of the symbols of the Republic. I don't know where the victory theme comes in, but it is connected with the Marseillaise—Marcella—the queen.

### *Comment*

Here again are figures of authority—an ambassador, a general, two queenly women. We can scarcely escape the conclusion that in this instance the Freudian interpretation of symbol is correct because the ambassador gets M-27 into the celebration, which in turn is connected with the idea of being taken into a circus by the father. The queenly and inspiring figures must then logically stand for symbols of the mother.

### DREAM 7

#### *Text*

I was sitting on the steps of a hotel or club. A lot of men went in, tremendous in size, regular giants, not at all repulsive but very big. One of them had a huge jaw and seemed to be nine or ten feet high. One sat down beside me but I did not give ground and felt that I was perfectly able to cope with him.

#### *Comment*

For some reason, not recorded in the text, this dream was not associated. It is presented here because the comparative size of the dreamer and the gigantic men is strongly suggestive of the reproduction of many childhood impressions. To a little child all adults seem huge in size, and some of them of heavy features or forbidding expression must seem quite formidable. Refusing to give ground to the giant and not being afraid of him may be the reflection of a long-forgotten childhood wish.

### DREAM 8

#### *Text*

I was in the rotunda of a big house. A bull appeared and then a cow. The cow bellowed angrily in the bull's ear and

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then turned away. The bull meekly started to follow her. Then the cow turned into an old woman and the bull into a man of about my own age and this man drove the woman all the way up a circular staircase. He grew younger all the time he mounted the stairs. As he disappeared, I—having been delighted over the whole thing—had a half fear that he would come back as a bull and chase me, but he didn't do it.

### *Associations*

The rotunda makes me think of some kind of little outdoor theater. I don't know why; but I'm the only spectator—the show is all mine—just for me.

A bull and a cow brings up sex, and there wasn't any such emotion here. The cow was scolding the bull and the bull was standing for it meek as Moses. Damn scolding women any way! I think of a cheap pun—the bull was cowed! I guess I was pretty much dominated by my mother and also could be dominated still. But it isn't because a man is afraid of a woman. It's simply because he has enough chivalry so he'd rather do what she wants than give her hell. I had a grand time when the bull became a man and chased that woman clear out of sight up the staircase!

### *Comment*

The imagery is so simple and frank that this dream explains itself. It belongs to a type which the writer has come to call "dissolving symbols," since the symbols, either by condensation or quick change, reveal unmistakably what they stand for. The fact that the woman in the dream is apparently much older than the man certainly suggests a mother and son, and it is very likely that we have here again a recrudescent secret wish of childhood to turn on the administratress of discipline and reverse their positions. But substitute "dominating wife" for mother, and things become still clearer.

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### DREAM 9

*{Three dream fragments}*

#### *Text*

(a) Another cow dream last night. She jumped up onto a rail and then down into a pen. I thought: "Cavort around, old girl. You don't scare me!"

(b) A chow dog had hold of my hand. I suddenly knew that, if I didn't move, he wouldn't bite. It reminds me of animal nightmares, but this time I wasn't scared.

(c) A boy stood where a road branched three ways. He wanted to go to left or right to avoid something. I said to him: "Go straight ahead—and damn the dangers."

#### *Comment*

Three phases of conflict are presented here. They were not associated, but the wish element is clear, and strongly suggests determination, also. This is, perhaps, as good a point as any other to suggest that particular attention be paid to the great difference between the waking and sleeping currents of M-27's mind. The thing is striking and cannot but be suggestive that the innermost elements of the human psyche are concerned with the solution of problems which are exclusively emotional.

### DREAM 10

#### *Text*

I went to a picnic with two women. One said: "If you go up three hundred feet through the woods, you will then see the water fall two thousand feet below you." This seemed to me ridiculous. They said: "It's true, and if you go up another three hundred feet, you will be on a fine plateau, a very wonderful level." I was finally persuaded to do the first climb. It was quite steep. Next I was lying on my side on the grass within two feet of the edge of a sort of cliff with a two thousand foot drop right underneath onto a beach. I was hanging on to a little sapling an inch in diameter with

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one of my hands because I was lying on a sharp slope. Down below was a little bay of water, perfectly calm and still—it makes me shiver to think of the drop—and there were three three-masted schooners lying at anchor there, with sails down. Some woman was with me. There was no possibility of my ever getting up that bank again—somehow I knew that—and this sapling was all that held me. It was firm and I knew it wouldn't give way but I also knew I couldn't get back. I thought this was the end—might as well let go the sapling and roll over the edge and be through. Then I thought: "When I've had these dreams before I've always waked up, but this time it's the real thing and in a few seconds I'll be a shapeless mass on that beach." Well—I let go the sapling—and of course I woke up.

### *Associations*

All sorts of nice picnics in woods on shores of lakes. A little bay on Lake Ontario with a wooded headland above. The two women seem like mother and aunt. Impression of one as being dominating and the other very sweet. Once in childhood I really was in a very dangerous situation on a cliff with a tremendous drop below—in fact that happened more than once, now that I remember. And once I was lost in a forest for two days, but was found and taken out all right.

I think of all sorts of waterfalls, particularly those below glaciers. The idea in the dream seemed to be that these people were persuading me to go on and overcome some difficulty—if I would go on, I'd get over it and find a place where I should be on firm ground. Somehow my curiosity was being challenged also. Think I've a curiosity to know what it would be like to fall or jump a tremendous distance, but in any fantasy of it I always think of landing in water. The idea of marriage is something like that—taking a plunge. The figure two thousand just brings up my hatred of arithmetic or anything that has to do with numbers. In school I liked science—chemistry, physics, astronomy—liked especially the telescopic part of that.

A steep slope somehow seems safer than an abrupt edge,

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and the two feet means to me absolute safety—always has. Nothing could ever happen if I had “a two-foot margin.” The whole business of water brings up the pleasantest kind of ideas. I’m very fond of water and boats.

That sapling seems full of significance. In the first place it’s a baby tree with roots powerfully attached to the ground. That might be the assurance of a baby firmly attached to its mother—but why do I cling to the baby instead of to the mother?—I suppose because the earth is the mother symbol and I’d surely slip if I clung only to that. Curious! Speaking of baby makes me think of crying, and then of “whimper,” and that reminds me of a book on mountain climbing in Switzerland written by Edward Whimper. How extraordinary! He, too, fell from the Matterhorn, caught a bush and saved himself from a fall to a glacier thousands of feet below. I remember now that there was a picture of it in the book and it made a great impression on me. The diameter of the sapling makes me think of something phallic. Maybe I felt that in masculine virility was the greatest assurance of strength and safety, but that seems to clash with the idea of a boy and mother.

All that business of the ships at anchor brings thoughts of complete rest and peace. I don’t think of the words, “at anchor,” as meaning stationary, so much as anchoring one’s temperament, being at peace and sure of one’s self.

The woman with me gives me the impression of a mother figure. She was not alarmed in the least. Seemed to take it for granted that I was safe. In fact, showed absolutely no concern or fear about the situation. The idea of there being no possible way to get back reminds me that my mother used to say that if one did anything wrong there would be a black mark there which could never be erased or made as though it had never occurred. I have still a strong feeling that is sort of fatalistic, about the impossibility of undoing anything that is past—the impossibility of being myself in the position I was in before. My intelligence says that doesn’t mean anything and every morning brings a clean sheet if you want to write your story new. But I suppose the Puritan

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church plants that fatalistic notion of sin and its being ineradicable. They plant the notions of guilt so far down in that we can never dig them out.

### *Comment*

Taken together, the text and associations of this dream may fairly be said to outline the essentials of M-27's inner conflict. The picture might be sketched somewhat as follows:

The child is encouraged to go out into the world and climb the heights, being given assurance that even though dangerous situations may be encountered, there is complete safety at the top and the achievement is therefore altogether desirable. There is reluctance on the part of the child to leave its pleasant and sheltered relations but eventually it does so. In the case of M-27 it attains a considerable height but various causes finally bring it to an impasse. The child—now a man—feels an inherent capacity to escape any great catastrophe, but equally feels unable to get back on the original climbing path—perhaps of idealism, perhaps more of material success—and eventually feels the disappointment, if not the sense of self-condemnation, to such an extent as to have an impulse to give up the struggle and let go.

Many ideas seem to enter and to become highly condensed in the symbolism of the dream at this point. There is the image of the mother's continued companionship and confidence, the steady assurance of her attitude of fearless contemplation of the difficulty. There is the suggestion of unshaken confidence in manly virility as a factor of safety. There is the regressive suggestion of assurance to be found through the infantile clinging to the mother.

There is the self-assurance of a margin of safety which might be likened to the idea "after all, I haven't slipped very far yet; I'm pretty high up and can maintain myself securely here." There is a certain nostalgia for death in the act of letting go at the end. There is a figure of the desired maturing and firmness of character in the "anchoring of temperament."

But quite as important as all of these is an implied reflection on the possible cause of much of the feelings of troubled fear.



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This is found in the reference to the childhood teaching that mistakes and missteps can never be wholly corrected, or their blackness and shadow escaped. There is a moment which is very close to despair when in the dream M-27 reflects on the fact that this situation is no longer a dream but a reality, and cannot be escaped.

This record cannot be completed without remarking that the emotion which followed the dream was by no means that of depression or discouragement. Quite to the contrary, the whole dream was taken by M-27 as a valuable piece of reflection carried out by levels of his mind which were only free to express themselves readily in symbols during sleep. He took the dream as a stimulating and valuable reinforcement of his conscious thought.

In conclusion, it is worth noting that in not a single dream text recorded over a period of several months was there ever a reference to M-27's abandoned profession.

Turning backward, to get a summary, we encounter in the very first text of M-27's series the figure of the father, symbolized by the Polish bishop. It is difficult to guess why the dreamer should have presented his father as speaking a foreign language, unless the dream thought means to imply that the respective attitudes of his father and himself toward life are so far apart that it would be literally true that the two men no longer "speak the same language." The associations show that the dreamer clearly felt an identification with this father figure, even though it was so foreign to him; and the Polish woman, who must logically be the wife of the bishop, would then readily be accounted for by the desire to take the father's place with the mother, and supersede him in her affections. The mother, too, might fairly be said to have spoken a different language from M-27.

In the second text comes the water theme, which occurs frequently in the experience of this dreamer. This is a theme which has been widely discussed in the literature of

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dream psychology, and brings up many interesting speculations. There is, for example, the theory that here again racial memory plays a part; since all life evolved out of the water, so that element remains a dominant in the themes arising from the unconscious mind. There is another theory, that since water has always been used as a cleanser, this gave rise to the symbolic ceremonial of baptism. There is a further theory that coming up out of the water, or returning to water, may be interpreted as being born, or as wishing to return to the shelter of prenatal life. As against the various psychoanalytic interpretations of water dreams there is, of course, the simpler view that since water is attractive, both as a component of natural beauty and of play life, there is no necessity to search farther for a reason why it should appear so often in dreams. This text differs from most of M-27's dreams in being confined to imagery instead of expressing action.

Text 3 gives a peculiar and quite unusual picture in the incident of the dreamer's unconsciously changing from adult to little child and back again. Past and present—and even future—are constantly being telescoped together in dreams, but we seldom get such a striking illustration as this. The reference to feet as having a peculiar significance for the dreamer brings up the question of whether fetish tendencies appear very often in the sleeping mental experience. I have not found it so, but this may be because out of my two hundred most closely studied dreamers I did not happen to have many to whom fetishism had any special appeal.

Text 5 brings in one of M-27's chief anxiety pictures. Cattle had troubled his dreams, from time to time, ever since early childhood, which in my experience is very unusual for a man. Many women are afraid of cattle, even of the calmest and most peaceful-looking cows, and one is never surprised therefore at finding these animals appearing as an anxiety exciter in their dreams, but M-27 is the only

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man in my records who was ever troubled in this way. Children are sometimes afraid of cattle in their dreams, but the attacking animals are much more likely to be either large, wolflike dogs, or condensations of three or four animal types in one.

In Text 6 we have a neat reconstruction of childhood, in which, although no figure appears which can symbolize the mother, she is nevertheless clearly referred to—as the associations show—by the locale of the dream, France (which uses a heroic female figure as a symbol of *La République*—the mother-state), and the “clang” associations of the word “Marseillaise” to “Marcella,” a queen.

In Text 7 is a picture which I have come to believe gets fixed in the mind through a childish visual angle in relation to adults, as previously suggested. A great many of my dreamers have been able to remember distinctly that as small children they felt all adults to be very large, and if the adults were both tall and heavy, they seemed gigantic. This seems to me a likely enough explanation of the origin of the giant theme in fairy tales. I have come to believe that in all dreams where gigantic figures appear we are simply dealing with shadows of childhood memory, the child’s visual angle memory perhaps having been strongly reinforced by the fairy tales of giants and ogres.

Both the text and association of Dream 8 suggest very strongly that the cattle theme for this dreamer is simply a symbol for the parents. It must be remembered that he made many excursions into the country, and curiosity about birth may first have been satisfied by information picked up from farms, so that bull and cow could very easily become parent symbols.

My comment following the three dream fragments of Text 9 directs attention to the difference between the wak-  
ing and sleeping currents of this mind. It is true that there is a marked difference, and yet the dreams bear so directly

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on the dreamer's problem, particularly on its possible origins, that I feel he belongs in the "alike" group of the tabulation appearing in the final chapter.

The last dream, 10, both in text and associations, is a particularly representative "fantasy drama," a very fine dream study indeed. We should not overlook its variations on the "falling" theme, and its inclusion of nearly all of M-27's typical symbolism except the cattle. It is not only richly symbolic, but thoughtful and analytical, constructive and self-admonitory. Taken as a whole these qualities square almost perfectly with those of the same mind when awake.

### GROUP III

W-62, AN OPERATIC ARTISTE

M-54, A RESEARCH STUDENT

#### W-62

W-62 was of medium height, with the robust physique which goes with her profession, opera singing. She had strong features, an expression of dignified reserve, and spoke a slightly accented English, with a beautifully modulated voice. She was a thoughtful and intellectual musician, whose studies and interpretations of her rôles were strongly colored with mysticism. Oriental figurines, a small incense burner, and various related objects, gave her dressing-room some of the atmosphere of a tiny temple. Although a great star, she never permitted numbers of people to come to her room between acts or to see her after a performance. The writer was twice privileged to pay her a brief call during the long intermission of an opera in which her part was that of a goddess, and on both occasions, although she was courteously and pleasantly in touch on the surface, she was nevertheless as withdrawn inside as though she were, in fact, the mystical divinity which she was portraying. Away from the theater, she was an always interesting, always delightful woman, but of many moods. There would be days on which her smile had sadness and depression; days on which she was tremendously irritated or filled with the joy of life; days on which she wished to abandon her art and go into a convent; days when her splendidly educated and informed mind had an almost ravenous appetite for the discussion of world affairs; days when her pre-

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occupation was entirely with children and the growing things of out of doors; days when she cared only for physical activity, with a tireless capacity to ride, swim, sail, and play at the most violent outdoor sports. She had the well-rounded, intellectual orientation of German university background, supplemented by wide and well-chosen reading. She had little taste for politics, but was decidedly interested in the freedom and progress of modern woman; had a genuine love for poetry; was keenly interested in continental drama; and had a strongly emotional response to everything mystical in philosophy. This response to mysticism did not include dogmatic religion, which she rejected almost in its entirety. In her profession she naturally cared most for rôles of the superhuman, or mystical, or the priestess type, singing them with an extraordinarily impressive dignity and sense of their reality.

We have, then, in this woman the personality and temperament of an artist of strong passions, tempered with mysticism, and balanced by a keen intellect which has been developed through adequate higher education and the reading contacts with fine minds. Her childhood began in her native country but her parents came to America when she was only four years of age, settling in a southern city where their breeding and distinction soon won for them the best of social position.

The father, an industrial chemist of Leipzig, had married the daughter of an American under-secretary of legation. The marriage apparently was not a very successful mating, possibly because of differences in temperament, but more likely because of radically different bringing up. The father was certainly a brilliant scientist and very successful in his profession, so that he was able to provide a luxurious home background, but there was little personal community of spirit between himself and his American-bred wife. He was always kind in his relationships with his children, of whom

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there were three, but was so absorbed in his work that he saw comparatively little of them. The mother was a Puritan, decidedly religious in outward form at least, and rigidly conventional, both socially and in what passed for her philosophy of life. She was not, however, a strict disciplinarian with her children, which had certain distinct advantages for W-62, whose development needed much freedom. This lack of discipline was not so successful with two boys in the family, both of them active, high-spirited, and rather headstrong. W-62, who was the youngest of the family, showed the inherent strength of her personality by mastering boyish play forms, and eventually maintaining practically an equal status with the brothers; all of this without sacrificing the essentials of her very individual temperament. She could and did play as a boy, but remained inherently herself.

It must not be assumed from this that her adjustment was happy. She was merely making the best of an unsatisfactory situation. In reality her type and feelings were intensely feminine and she had a strong desire for affection, which desire remained partially unsatisfied throughout her entire childhood. As in others of the studies given in this book, this lack of satisfaction in her affection-need acted as a strong stimulus to the fantasy-forming tendencies, and at a comparatively early age her fantasy life became highly dramatized. Fortunately its dramatic forms were for the most part active and aggressive, with little or no recessive tendency. Her circumstances were unsatisfactory but emphatically she made the best of them, and at almost every turn her future development as an artist was being helped. The rough and tumble play life with boys was developing a strong body and robust health. The dramatic fantasy fitted a temperament which was later to be the interpreter of great rôles. The enforced struggle to maintain her own individuality, accepted aggressively as it was, could not help

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but stand her in good stead in the years when she was to fight for her place at the top of her profession.

In school W-62 was successful in all of the commonly recognized ways. Her very able mind found no difficulty in mastering whatever subject it attacked, so that she always stood well with her teachers. She had a natural capacity for leadership, which, stimulated by the life she led, made her magnetically a favorite in the organized activities of the other pupils. She was very attractive looking, possessed of almost inexhaustible energy, and her ability to excel in the sports of boys as well as girls made her always a favorite with the opposite sex.

Her romance life developed early, and during the years from ten to seventeen she had many sweetheart affairs, some of which were charged with quite a high emotional quality.

Her reaction to religion from about the age of eight to sixteen is quite interesting. In the Lutheran church of her father she was stimulated and moved by the drama of ritual and music and there seems to be no doubt that this set in motion her urge toward both music and acting. Certainly her demand for lessons on the piano, as well as the beginning of her singing, began very soon after she was first taken to church. Fortunately no objection was made to her devoting a certain amount of her time to music. She was appealed to from the first by the mystical elements in religion, but gradually, as her mind developed and she began to acquire a capacity for original thinking, she lost interest in dogma and seems to have doubted such things as the story of the Garden of Eden and the assertion of the virgin birth, even before she was fifteen, although she had not encountered any outside influence to arouse these doubts.

Her adolescence and maturity were early, and at fourteen she was a well-grown young woman. She came at this time considerably under the influence of a singing actor, who died a few years later, and who seems to have been



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a very unusual person. He was about ten years older than W-62 but treated her as an equal, never permitted himself to sentimentalize what became a close relationship and was a source of great artistic inspiration. Fortunately the mother does not seem to have been disturbed by the two being so much together, and W-62 was allowed to roam freely in the country with this person who became such an important influence. He stimulated her interest in fine plays, he urged her to construct scenes, and later entire dramas, of her own, which he acted with her. He pressed her to develop every phase of her great natural talents and he kept a strong emphasis on the intellectual side of art. As often as he was at home this relationship continued for several years.

Eventually W-62 went to a large western university and the history of her four years there has two salient points. One is that she became perhaps the most brilliant organizer and leader of girls' activities who had appeared there in a decade. The other is that she devoted herself almost entirely to these activities and took little or no interest in young men except as occasional dancing partners.

Succeeding this, her studies in Europe were marked by extraordinary energy and a determination to master all the phases of her art. Her progress was somewhat hampered for a time by an unhappy love affair with a man whose continental casualness was in contrast to the intensity and depth of W-62's feeling. The unhappiness of the two years of this affair's duration undoubtedly played some part in W-62's later choice of rôles which were both intensely tragic and humanly unreal.

The slow movement toward success of the career of this singer was further delayed by marriage, which seems to have occurred partly as a result of the recoil from the previous love affair. Certainly there was no community of interest between W-62 and the foreigner whom she mar-

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ried, but the birth of a child somewhat compensated for this, and in any event her devotion to her art filled up her life sufficiently so that she was able to go on and maintain a reasonably strong front.

The opening paragraphs of this study describe this woman as she appeared to all who knew her. The succeeding paragraphs have endeavored to present the data necessary to suggest the depth of the inner aspects of this artist's personality.

The dream life is very informing and suggestive.

### DREAM I

#### *Text*

I dreamed I was giving a costume party but everybody came in ordinary clothes. Also some people came who were not invited. They all sat around in a perfectly hopeless circle. I was very irritated and sent them all upstairs to put on costumes. Then I found myself making frantic efforts to change my own clothes, substituting a Bacchante costume for the one I had on. I was picking ivy from a vine by my window and getting it all tangled up as I tried to arrange it in my hair.

#### *Associations*

All through the first part of the dream I was full of a sense of irritation and anger at the stupidity of these people who couldn't enter into the spirit of play. The fact of its being a costume party, as well as my trying to change from one costume to another, brings sharply to my mind a feeling of divided personality. It seems to me I have always had that. I have always dramatized things—assumed rôles from hour to hour through the day and carried them through. Of course I've always been aware of it and eventually came to the point where I could laugh at it. At the end of the dream I was full of a feeling of haste and disappointment and it now seems to me that dashing into a Bacchante costume was a sort of

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frantic effort to shake these people out of their stolidity and stampede them into feeling some life.

### DREAM 2

#### *Text*

I had had a previous dream which vanished. Then I remember busily rearranging things in bureau drawers.

#### *Associations*

I woke up immediately after this dream and tried to recall it but all I could get back was a feeling of strong emotion of some sort. The next thing which came to me was the pleasure of being alone and quiet. That rearranging things reminds me of how much I value a home. It is so receptive and soothing, almost "caressing." I feel the same sort of gratitude for it that I do for true friends who never make demands but give one a feeling of security.

### DREAM 3

#### *Text*

I was going somewhere on a steamship and there were several others along for whom all the responsibility was on me. The boat slid down backwards off the dock with a wonderful motion, and went tearing around a small harbor, just escaping several collisions, then tied up at its pier to wait for sailing time. I felt that the party was idiotic because it would have only one day to see all France and Italy. I was terribly fussed with the idea of arranging about trains, restaurants, meeting people, seeing sights, and financing everything.

#### *Associations*

The whole thing sounds like a burlesque on my reaction against a lot of things. One is the rush and hurry of my life, another is the feeling I always have when obliged to travel, another is the exasperating fact that because my brains work quickly and efficiently, I'm always loaded with the responsibility of arranging for everybody else. It's the tragedy of a

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feminine spirit which wants to be taken care of but instead has forever to be taking care of others.

### DREAM 4

#### *Text*

I went to an empty hall to select a seat for a concert. I had a feeling that I was closely connected with this concert in some way and that it was going to bring great satisfaction. Then the scene changed to after the concert, and I was having supper with the violinist who had played. It was at a little table in a sidewalk café. The violinist was very nice and gentle and kind. He was telling me a long story which had to do with me. Other people kept interrupting us to shake hands with him. I very much wanted him to go on with the story. The association with him made me feel honored and very happy.

#### *Associations*

I think of a very large auditorium with an orchestra and a soloist. Music so often brings me a wonderful feeling of exaltation, of nourishment, of expanded consciousness. If the artist is a really big person, I always identify with him or her completely. At orchestra concerts I often shut my eyes and feel the spirit of the music taking possession of me until I am actually in scenes which are being depicted. I can see moonlight coming down through trees, shadows on a lawn, boats sailing, sun sparkling on water, mystical things, pantheism, trees, clouds, sky, warm rocks, sunshine, all nature as something which I am related to and a part of. The violinist in the dream, with whom I was having supper afterwards, reminds me of my father, and the episode brought to me just the things one wants to feel from a father, kindness, tenderness, close interest. The story he was telling seems to have been an allegory which was a picture of my life and career and the possibilities ahead, provided I kept moving always toward beauty and achievement. He didn't get to the end of the story and that brings up a very complex emotional feeling. I terribly wanted

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him to come to the end because I felt it would be perfection, and yet I knew even while he was telling it that he could not possibly bring it to completion. That is the tragedy of every artist. We must be forever dissatisfied because we can never achieve the inner vision which forever draws us and leaves us no peace.

### DREAM 5

#### *Text*

I was walking alone around the upper end of a large city, through slummy, muddy streets lined with hard little houses. I did not know where I was, but liked the exploring. I chose one street which was terribly muddy and led across what must have been an open sewer. I followed along between rows of shanties and then discovered a little river flowing between me and some high, firm ground where was a paved street. This was a nice, perfectly clear river, flowing over grass. I could see the grass moving under the water. There was no way to cross, so I went to a little house and asked for a boat. A man there said of course he could help me cross. He brought out a small wooden box which he put on the edge of the river and I saw at once that with this box I could easily jump across. I knew all danger was over and wanted to reward the man richly.

#### *Associations*

I think of the messy spots one often sees on the outside edge of a large city, very squalid and poverty-stricken. In thinking of this dream I have a distinct feeling that I did not have to go where I was at all but could have chosen a comfortable walk along paved streets. I had gone to the squalid and muddy district because I preferred adventure, and, having begun, I had to go on. I wasn't enjoying it and there was a grim fear that I should get into the mud up to my knees, but the idea of exploring has always had a tremendous thrill for me. It isn't that I care so much for exploring places as people's personalities. I want to get through the outside shells and understand what their inner selves are like—men chiefly, but women too. I want to know all about their re-

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ligion, their philosophy of life. When I think of how persistently I kept going straight ahead in the dream, it seems as though I must have known there was something fine ahead, like that lovely, grassy river and the secure, high, paved road beyond. Thinking of it in those terms, it is like a determination to be born—or rather to be born again—in a sort of spiritual sense. Perhaps some of us have to go through dark and devious ways before we can find the river of peace or the high road to the soul's destination.

### *Comment*

It is interesting that W-62 interprets the symbolism of this dream as having something to do with birth, but thinks of mental and spiritual birth rather than physical. The Freudian interpretation would frankly place the emphasis upon the physical; pointing to the muddy streets in general, and the sewer in particular, as suggesting a cloacal theory of birth on the part of W-62 when a young child. As a matter of fact considerable evidence appeared from time to time in W-62's dreams which would support such an interpretation. The mysticism of her, however, was so essentially of the very fiber of her personality, that her mind tended to move from the earth to the air, from the physical to the psychic, from the material to the spiritual.

## DREAM 6

*(Three excerpts from dreams of the same night)*

### *Text*

(a) I had to get a bottle ready for a baby and it seemed that all of the nipples in the cupboard were unwashed, dirty. I knew they should be boiled. I was having to substitute for somebody else who should have attended to the details of the baby's care. I wasn't particularly disturbed, but was bored by all these details which somebody else had neglected.

(b) My mother and I were traveling somewhere to get to a boat which would bring us back to my home. It seemed

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a very long way to get to the boat and I had a frantic feeling that there wasn't going to be time to get back to my child before night. Then when we arrived there wasn't any boat but instead was a huge truck with two horses. Mother had changed to a man and this man said he couldn't drive. I knew instantly that I should have to do it and was exasperated and bored with the idea. However, I got on top of a huge load in the front of the truck, took up the reins and we started down an incline. The wheels went into a deep ditch, which there was no way to avoid, but I was aware of a desperate determination to go on and get back to my child.

(c) I had stopped at a kind of school-hotel by the edge of the sea. They were giving a program of dances outdoors. I belonged at this school but didn't want to take part. I felt I must stay there for awhile through a feeling of loyalty. I watched the girls in long lines dancing out on a rocky beach, but they didn't follow the music very well. Then there was a grand ensemble; the husbands of all these girls came and joined in the dance. They did it very poorly. It seemed so silly; these men in black derbies and overcoats dancing. They were great "friends of the school." I was glad that the school had so many friends but wished they had sense enough to stay in their place and not insist on messing into artistic endeavors.

### *Comment*

Although these dreams were not associated, it seems fairly clear that W-62 must have had a trying day, in which her artist self had been nagged at and annoyed by the details of life, as well as (Cf. Text "c") the ineptness of some directorial boards which do not always limit their activities to caring for the finances of artistic groups.

### DREAM 7

#### *Text*

I was at some kind of great secret-society meeting. It was a big theater with a stage raised very high like a balcony.

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I did not belong to it, but I was allowed to be present. There were men in priestly and royal robes coming from the left, across the balcony, and disappearing at the right as if going into a private meeting hall. Two men with beards came in, and these two had on shining white robes. Then a whole line passed through with locked arms. They wore red and white costumes. One in the middle seemed blind—then it seemed that he wasn't blind but had the tragedy of Pagliacci marked on his face. I felt that all these actors were symbolic. Between the acts people tried to make us buy things such as bunches of artificial flowers or knots of pale blue ribbon. I think I was a child in this part of the dream, very interested and excited, and I had a sense of there being great power behind these men. Then in another part of the dream there was something about a boy baby which had got very cold. It was a foundling. I was bathing it and had to wrap it up in a blanket and cuddle it to get it warm. I found myself loving it even though it was a foundling, and realized how hard it would be for a woman not to get devoted to a baby which looked to her for care. Then the dream changed again and I was busy and happy about a rehearsal in which it seemed I had at last mastered certain technical difficulties, and this gave me a feeling of great power and joy. I knew I still had to work over this part, but that many people were helping me and that I should get "up over" every difficulty and do it to my satisfaction.

### *Associations*

The first part seems to be full of a star and crescent idea, and I think at once of something like a gathering of Shriners, but the thing which comes strongest to my mind is a feeling I've often had about men's secret societies that they were in reality childish and ridiculous, with their trumpery costumes and sham pomp. Perhaps that "childishness" idea in connection with secret societies goes back to preparatory school days and the fact that I thought the sorority initiation ritual was absurd. The theater itself, in the dream, makes me think of a Turkish mosque, and it seemed as if these people crossing



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the balcony were simply presenting themselves to public view a moment before going into a holy of holies.

The person completely blind makes me think of complete disillusionment. The last two parts of the dream seemed somehow very much alike in my mind. The baby part makes me think at once of the tremendous thrill of actually giving birth to a baby—a living human being. There is a perfectly tremendous feeling of potentiality about it, of giving vent to new life. Well—a new rôle, in fact any really artistic creation is like that, only on a smaller scale.

### *Comment*

Several rather striking points must occur to the reader, in connection with this text and associations. One would say at first thought that the artistic part of the dream is merely a reproduction of W-62's daily life, but in the elaborate associations, from which the foregoing are excerpted, there was no mention whatever of such scenes or ideas. The comment on the childishness of secret society ceremonials may perhaps be a touch of satirical comment on the unreality and real unimportance of theatrical things in general. The progression from the baby scene of the "creating a rôle" scene is quite typical, since it shows W-62's mind moving from material to symbolic, rather than the other way around.

In conclusion the writer would suggest that this reflects a probably dominant mood of the day quite as much as does the preceding group. The artistic temperament is mercurial. The prevailing mood of the preceding dreams is depressed. The mood of this present group is distinctly exalted. The rising and falling curves of the feeling tones of such a temperament seem to be as clearly marked during sleep as during the waking hours.

### DREAM 8

#### *Text*

There was a very long table at which a party of us were to eat. The setting and costumes were medieval. I was to have a leading rôle at the head of the table beside some man

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who was already in his place there. It seemed as though the part I was to play was so important that it almost made me feel solemn. I knew a great deal was expected of me and had a feeling that I was going to create something beautiful and artistic which no one else could do. I understood the seriousness of this undertaking and felt everything within me braced to meet the requirements of the occasion. It seemed as though everybody there wanted me to make good, but there was a feeling of a great multitude of people on the outside who were looking on with a sort of cynical curiosity, as if after all this was nothing but a "stunt."

### *Associations*

Nothing could more perfectly express the feeling, which often comes to the artist, of the difference between the attitude of the company in a rehearsal and that of many an audience!

## DREAM 9

### *Text*

A wedding had been arranged for me and I was being shown the house where I was to live. I did not seem emotionally involved about the wedding at all but was very interested in this house. It was a high villa with an iron grill around it, and there were many large colored statues which I felt had to do with religion. I had a very mixed feeling about this. Then I was in a huge theater which was very strangely arranged and was watching the revival of a sort of minstrel show. There was something about an African king and a horse which changed into the form of a man. It seemed a very silly scene.

### *Comment*

Attention is called to the prevalent mysticism in this mind which sets religious statues even in the scene of a future home. There is a "mixed" feeling about this which seems to correspond with W-62's actual religious feelings. They were compounded of mysticism, transcendental philosophy, and rejection

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of formulistic Christianity. The dream was not associated, and we have, therefore, no key to the underlying train of thought which is symbolized by the old-fashioned minstrel show and the horse changing to a man. There is, however, the possibility that this is a satirical comment on the fact that religious statues are supposed by ignorant devotees somehow to embody the reality of a deity or a saint.

### DREAM IO

#### *Text*

There was a mysterious house and a Chinese man had been left there. Some one had been telling me of a former experience when this man had set fire to some draperies but the fire had run lightly over everything without hurting anything—some sort of magic.

#### *Associations*

There is a feeling of fear and yet fascination—something weird and oriental and strange. The interior of the house seems oriental, with dim lights and thick carpets and strange furnishings. There is something eerie and strange and magical about it all. I feel this man is in control of secret elemental forces which bring a sense of terror and yet intense interest. As impassive, sphinxlike, hiding unknowable things in his brain, touched with great wisdom—how strange! Of course, it has somehow to do with the magic fire scene, Brunhilde on her rock, and my putting the oriental touch into it brings sharply to my mind the fact that I've never been wholly satisfied with the way the Wagner things are done—it's always like children playing at being gods. They never seem to catch the spirit of mysticism, of actual superhuman gods, which would bring the Ring operas to life and make them simply tremendous.

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### DREAM II

#### (*A group of texts*)

##### *Text*

(a) I had a box of tiny chickens and when I opened it, they all hopped out and fluttered around. Then they turned into very cunning, charming, little black dogs tumbling around in play, very friendly to us. It seemed that I could choose the one I wanted and I took one with an amusingly droopy ear. Then they all changed to kittens, very small and just at the most delightful age. It was difficult to catch them and I hated to feel that they had to be all put back in the box again.

(b) I was watching a play, and in the scene a street car came and went at the back of the stage. A fine, rough, workingman was the hero. I left before the piece ended and then found myself in a casino on a pier in a very select party, the other women all being gowned in white. Then this dissolved into another party still larger and at a different place. There was a great glass barrel of cocktails, and a fat, silly man was drinking out of the bunghole. I decided that this was not my sort of party and went back to the first one. Then the troop of actors came from a little theater in this casino and I felt that after all this was where I belonged.

(c) It was a very exciting voyage on a huge sailing vessel. I had thought it would be fun, and had taken a suitcase full of good clothes and shoes. I found that it was a great gray catboat with no cabin. I was changing my clothes and putting on something of blue muslin, when suddenly the weather hit us. The boat rolled over and seas began to come in. I hastily packed up my things. It was all I could do to stand up and I almost lost the suitcase. I saw that we were dashing around very madly, some of the time close to shore, once tearing past a town, again rounding jutting headlands with sickening lurches, taking chances in every direction. At one moment we came about suddenly and went ashore, but the next wave took us off without damage. Then we went dashing through shoals and clusters of huge rocks, always just

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avoiding them, never hitting them. Suddenly I was aware of a man who was steering us, and he seemed to be saying, "Don't rock the boat," just as we were pointing out into a terrific gale. Then there was a large amphitheater with a row of boxes at the top, full of women. Membership lists were being made out. I was in the arena looking these over.

### *Associations*

Fluffy, downy chickens, dogs, kittens—they all say pets to me, and I don't know how I could get on in a world without pets. Of course my child comes first, and perhaps the dream means that I wish I had a whole lot of children.

In that play I get a picture of a street car made all of glass, in which everybody stood up. I can see the figure of a woman standing, looking like a sort of portent. It makes me think of a Greek figure of Fate, and as if the car symbolized a passage to another world. It brings up a fairy tale which made a very strong impression on me. It was the story of a wicked queen, a little girl, and eleven dwarfs who put the little girl in a glass coffin to save her. The wicked queen had a magic mirror which told her that her daughter was more beautiful than she. She sent the daughter away, giving her bits of poisoned apple, and the girl seemed to die, but the dwarfs put the girl in a glass coffin. The poisoned apple jolted out of her mouth as she was being carried, and she came to life without the wicked queen ever knowing it. The workingman seems like a type with qualities of genuineness, dependability, and sweetness. He seems a fatherly figure. It's curious that glass should figure so strongly in this dream. First the street car, then the glass coffin, and then the glass barrel of cocktails. That last item makes it look as if I was spoofing both the play and the fairy tale. Those women being dressed in white again makes me think of Greek things. Perhaps I'm just commenting on the fact that drama has to run the gamut from tragedy to low comedy—and all is acting.

The scene careering around in the boat reminds me that I've often dreamed that sort of thing. Sometimes I'm steering and sometimes I'm just a passenger. The motion is more like

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an automobile than a boat, especially the lurching around corners. It's very exciting but I don't feel particularly frightened. The boat reminds me of ridiculous boat scenes and train scenes in old-fashioned melodramas—of *Loki* and the Rhine maidens—and of scenes in "*Lohengrin*." I suppose reality and unreality are so mixed in the mind of an actor that it is impossible to separate them or tell them apart.

### *Comment*

In my opinion this group supplies a cross section as representative as it is fascinating. The desire for many children pictures the conflict which must be one of the fundamentals in the psychology of thousands of woman artists who must largely renounce the biological urge if they would succeed. The mysticism of W-62 comes sharply to the fore in the second text and its associations, which—with the father and mother figures and the fairy tale of mother and daughter—surely deal with the past as well as the present.

The phantasmagoria of the third text follow the outline of a type dream, always somewhat charged with anxiety, and in the end we come back again to the ever-recurrent theme of theater or opera house, where W-62 is contemplating something about the behavior of an audience.

Waking or sleeping, the mind of this woman is worthy of the most careful study, and to the student of dream psychology there is something revealing and important to be found in every text.

We encounter at once in Text 1 the typical form and structure of this dreamer, which is nearly always dramatic, or using the symbols of drama. The duality theme is suggested in the associations in the sense of a divided personality. This offers a variation worthy of note. Usually, as will be seen in many instances throughout this book, the feeling of duality is not associated with any sense of division in the psyche. W-62, however, does feel this sense of division, a lack of unity behind the duality. The second text

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shows us a highly sublimated level of the "retreat" motif, which has come to be called "womb seeking" in psycho-analytic parlance. Everybody has some tendency to retreat from life, and to long, consciously or unconsciously, occasionally at least, for the sheltered existence of infancy. In most people this tendency is lost sight of to such an extent that it appears only in the dreams, if at all; but it is present, nevertheless, and will show itself under sufficient pressure either of illness, weariness, or discouragement. At its worst it results in typical regression and neurotic withdrawal from reality. At its best it is expressed, as in this dream text, in a compelling urge for a home.

Text 5 with its associations is a beautifully poetic, thoughtful, philosophical construction, with a strongly mystical trend.

In Text 6 "*b*" we cannot but be struck by the high courage and spirit of the dreamer, but in "*c*" we find a probable explanation of her occasional exasperation with life which has been expressed in "*b*." She is obviously disappointed in men—some of them at least. They do not measure up to what she wants them to be, and this raises the question of whether such a disappointment does not go back to the early childhood for its origin. Is it not certain that the preoccupation of many fathers with their profession or business results in sharp disappointment to the children who are constantly looking for, and hoping for, a closer companionship with this parent? And may not this give rise to a later lack of confidence in men in general, even a conviction that it is useless ever to expect the companionship with them, or the reinforcement from them, which is so much desired?

Text 7 gives us a rather unusual and instructive incident of a dreamer actually thinking, during the course of a dream, of things as symbols.

Text 8 shows the true level of mystical sublimation. Nar-

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cissism—self-love, or self-adulation, or self-esteem—on an exhibitionistic basis, is certainly the primitive root of acting, but the great artist raises this sublimation to so high a level that it becomes a social factor of great importance.

In Text 10 it seems to me that we have a condensation of a dramatic scene which has been frequently experienced by the artist, with some oriental melodramatic stories which have been read and have made a strong impression.

Text 11 is a very remarkable dream construction. It is made out of the whole cloth of this woman's experiences and thoughts, and is extraordinary for its scope, facility, condensation, rapid play of emotions, vitality, and activity.

In a different way, but no less definitely, W-62's sleeping and waking psychology are as alike as W-106's. We do not see quite all of her intellectual interests in her dreams, but we do see many of them; and we see nearly all of her emotional picture. It is fair to say that from a study of her dream life, knowing otherwise nothing about her, one could make a quite accurate construction of this personality.

### M-54

This man was a baffling personality in whom various people thought they saw various qualities—and were usually wrong. Actually he was a scholarly student with a strong bent for research and a keen interest in philosophy. Physically he was of medium height, with brown hair, blue eyes, and the withdrawn, abstracted expression of one who is chiefly occupied with his own thoughts. He spoke slowly, with a slightly perceptible drawl, but this habit, instead of reflecting the rate at which his mind worked, was really only a defense against letting his mind be seen too easily. For his mental processes were as rapid as they were inclusive and profound. The depth of his mind was only matched by its fearlessness and the clarity of its percep-



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tive power. No train of thought was too involved for him to follow, and at the end he could always go a stride farther as well as often suggesting new angles of approach. Comparative philosophy and comparative religion were two subjects in which he was especially informed and concerning which he had done much original thinking. He had no interest in politics and but little in either the theory or machinery of government. Science, either abstract or applied, could capture his attention briefly but not for long. Sociology concerned him to just the extent that it supplied material for his two major subjects. He liked outdoor sport and could distract himself to some extent with dancing, but for the most part was exceedingly bored by the average social party. He could make friends readily, both among men and women, and apparently was equally popular with both, but was so selective as to keep his circle comparatively limited.

He had excellent taste both in music and pictures but cared only a little for either. On the other hand, his library was extensive and choice, collected not for the specimen rarity of the books but for the genuine importance of their contents. History and language were important to him as indispensable tools of a well-equipped intellect. He had a scientist's desire for accuracy of expression and for this reason cultivated style both in speech and writing. Probably this, quite as much as the use of defense mechanism, accounted for his slowness of speech, since it may have originally been prompted by search for the right words.

M-54's ancestry was partly Scotch and partly French, a combination which might suggest that family environment would have played no small part in determining his special interest in religion and philosophy. The fact is, however, that this interest had not developed until toward the close of his university career. His father was a successful business man of the hard-headed type. His mother was a ro-

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manticist, living very much in fantasy but devoted to her children, of whom there were three. The environment was that of a large city in the far west, the life of the children being spent partly there and partly at camp in the mountains. There was plenty of money, which was freely spent, so that all the comforts and most of the luxuries of life were the commonplace of M-54's background. Relationships within the family were somewhat unusual. The father seems not to have been close to any of the children and this is true also of the mother, although both M-54's brother and sister idealized her considerably. M-54 explained the relationship of the mother to the children by saying that the mother's disposition was as if it sprang from a sense of duty rather than being the expression of direct emotion. He thought that her emotion had been centered largely on herself, secondly on her church, and only thirdly on her children. He doubted if there had been any strong emotional relationship between his father and mother for more than a brief period after their marriage.

M-54 was educated in private schools and during the first ten years of his experience with them he could not have been considered either adjusted or successful, since he found little satisfaction in the social companionships, and his grades were not good. At one time or another he had to be bolstered by private tutoring and it would have been a wild guess which foresaw that at a later period he would be an unusually brilliant student.

His play life can best be described as spasmodic. Periods of almost lethargic activity would be followed by times of active participation in any or all of the outdoor sports, but the inactive periods were much more frequent and of greater duration than the active ones. His play was almost entirely with boys, and girls did not begin to interest him until he was sixteen. Even from his earliest schoolboy days he was very selective and preferred the constant companion-

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ship of one or two boys to the broad generalized relationship of the playground.

His early religious life was perfunctory. He went to church because he had no choice in the matter and was confirmed for the same reason. He got some slight emotional pleasure from such of the music and ritual as appealed to his innate sense of beauty, but he had very little respect for the officiating ministers and seems never to have regarded them as sincere. He did not seem to have acquired any fears from the church but secretly rebelled against it from the first.

At about the age of sixteen M-54 began to take some active interest in girls; but looking back upon the habits of those years, he felt that they had been for the most part imitative. He had gone through the motions because older boys did it, rather than because of any strong romance feeling within himself.

After entering the university his social life broadened out, suddenly becoming exceedingly active, gay, and very much to his taste. This is, of course, a normal experience, but to M-54 it came with a sense of surprise. He did, however, enjoy the night parties thoroughly and they did not appear to impinge on his scholastic work enough to interfere with his maintaining the necessary grades. Some mild escapades came to the ear of his father who seems to have become quite unnecessarily incensed and some unpleasant scenes resulted. The emotional gap between father and son grew progressively wider until eventually M-54 ceased to care whether it were ever bridged or not. Superficially their relationship had the working aspect which might be expected between two well-bred men, and at this status it remained.

Whether from some internal development or from some special college influence, it is certain that M-54's intellect came quite suddenly awake early in his junior year, and his

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progress as a student from that time was rapid. He graduated creditably, having majored in philosophy, started postgraduate work, married, and settled down to the career of research student with the assured opportunity of later becoming a professor in the university if he chose. Like many others of philosophical tendency, he wrote well, and had a definite ambition to make some serious and significant contributions to literature.

Having directed his mind to analytical and constructive thinking, with literary composition as a collateral aim, he had achieved a practical goal for his fantasy-forming activity and power. His abstract fantasy life, therefore, might be expected to appear chiefly in his dreams, as it does. They are rich in detail and in drama.

### DREAM I

#### *(Varied dream fragments)*

##### *Text*

(a) Walking through a clearing in the woods through a great quantity of snakes. I couldn't avoid stepping on them and had a feeling of being bitten, but it doesn't seem to have stopped my progress.

(b) Another dream of snakes with a great deal of shooting going on. Rather more repugnance in this dream than I actually have toward snakes. As a schoolboy I liked to play with them.

(c) Motoring actively through mountainous country. Then walking rapidly through difficult country—shrubby, ravines, brooks. Then a party at a cottage hotel for the night. Dinner and much conversation. Then another shift of scenery and driving down Van Ness Avenue in a closed car with a fashionable theater party. It was an imported car. Then a large theater and a private dining-room, with an elaborate meal.

(d) A big dance and a feeling of being bored by so much activity.

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(e) A large, ruddy, burly Westerner threatening me with a gun. Many vague figures appearing in this dream. I seem to be dealing with everything rather flippantly.

(f) Waiting outside a theater for some star actress who was to join me after finishing her performance. Impression I had dressed rather hurriedly and wasn't at all sure that I had made a good job of it.

(g) A motor trip followed by a foursome at tennis which suddenly became squash instead. This mixture of the games annoyed me. It seemed neither one nor the other, and I was disgruntled over the lack of organization.

(h) A night full of dreams of financial disasters which sometimes affected me and sometimes didn't. There was worry about missing trains, and then a shift to an aëroplane which I got into. The wind wrecked it. I wasn't in any way hurt, but was annoyed and had a feeling of frustration over the delay.

### *Comment*

The long and varied associations to the foregoing bits of dream text simply show the breadth and range of M-54's brain activity during sleep. The associations always formed rapidly and shifted with kaleidoscopic effect. They would range over many details of the life, shifting back and forth from childhood to the present and touching at all ages between. They would also bring in much new imaginative material, with reflective and philosophic comments. The texts are presented here in the hope that their variety may suggest something of the liveliness and vitality of this type of brain even when its directing consciousness is at rest.

### DREAM 2

#### *Text*

A lake in Canada about ten miles long, and a man and I were going along its most attractive stretch in a small boat. To my consternation and disgust I suddenly saw great numbers of apartment houses built on one side of it. There were

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a lot of children screaming and yelling through the woods. All this made me very angry. It was such a desecration of a beautiful spot. The shape of the lake was like a human eye.

### *Associations*

Would rather be on the shores of such a lake in wild woods than anywhere else I know of. It was in such surroundings during my first summer vacation from college that my brain seemed to come awake. The most striking thing about the dream now doesn't seem to be what I was angry at but the shape of the lake, which brings up the fascination I find in studying eyes. I have the idea that they are the great index of personality—have devoted much study to trying to describe them adequately in writing. I am especially interested in the Mona Lisa and Buddha types of eyes. Contemplative, penetrating, comprehending all things through deep intuition, old and yet inexhaustibly young.

## DREAM 3

### *Text*

I was lecturing on prohibition to an audience of one man. At first the lecture did not seem to make any impression but at the end the man became enthusiastic.

### *Associations*

It strikes me as very funny to be lecturing on this subject. My only feeling about the man is that I was studying him to think how I should describe him if I put him into a book, or how his face could be done in a cartoon. I felt rather hostile to him. But it used to be characteristic of me to be critical of almost any one on first sight. It seems I grew out of this through developing the impulse to study people, collected impressions of them and eventually dramatized them.

### *Comment*

This dream has certain characteristics which the writer has frequently encountered in the dreams of creative writers.

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### DREAM 4

#### *Text*

On the deck of a large boat a couple of men were struggling, half-wrestling, half-fighting. They faded out and there is a pair of men in the water really fighting. They are slugging and trying to drown one another. A part of the time the fighting men had on crested Roman helmets. I was very interested in the outcome, felt identified with the men.

#### *Associations*

The boat seems connected with the navy, or at any rate it's a fighting ship of some sort, perhaps piratical. The men are powerful, with big figures. One is a handsome roughneck, not burly but strong. One of the men in the water reminds me of a type I've seen, with florid complexion, dark hair, oily skin—quite a piratical sort. I have a feeling that in the dream I was trying to identify myself with each of the four men so as to feel what he was feeling.

#### *Comment*

This seems to picture adventure-drama with a writer's effort to identify with the characters—something which he must do if he is to make them live when writing about them.

### DREAM 5

#### *Text*

Two women, another man, and myself, are reclining among cushions on a floor before a huge fire. The others think I am asleep. One of the women asks the man about my writing. He criticizes it severely, jumps on it very hard. I feel great resentment and anger over their criticism, feeling that he is judging the whole thing by merely superficial standards.

#### *Comment*

The associations dealt with earlier memories of resentment and hurt—the feeling of hurt predominating—over the sort

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of criticism which had greeted the early products of M-54's pen.

### DREAM 6

#### *Text*

I was with a woman friend who told me of a new theatrical production at a Market Street theater. She said it was outrageously expensive but had heard that the seats were going to be reduced. I saw Frank ——— and asked him about his work. There was a good deal of conversation.

#### *Associations*

Frank has extraordinary charm and a great passion for language. He loves words for their own sake, is fascinated by the sound and color and feeling of them. Writers ought to band together more than they do, and find their chief friendships among themselves.

### DREAM 7

#### *Text*

I was standing watching a woman a few feet away who had a gun in her hand, aimed up from her waist at an angle of forty-five degrees and was shooting it off in a haphazard manner. There were plenty of birds in the sky but none came down. I asked her what this was all about.

#### *Associations*

I felt this woman must have a strong masculine identification and striving, and assumed that this would also mean that she had an inferiority complex. Her holding her gun at her waist strikes me as rather neat phallic symbolism, and the fact that no birds come down is a sufficient comment on my opinion of the futility of the masculine striving in women. It seems to me that when I asked her what it was all about, I was very interested to hear what she would have to say.



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### *Comment*

The associations suggest again that the sleeping brain was busy with character analysis, which would be one of its chief preoccupations when awake.

### DREAM 8

#### *Text*

At first I and another man were in a boat near a boathouse which had a porch. The boat was moving. We put the loop of a rope over a post and the boat stopped with a jerk. Then I was reading about it and was no longer an actor in the scene. On the boat out at sea the rudder had been injured. A man was sent over the bow to work at it but was eaten by a shark. The next man sent over was blind and it was explained that sharks often don't take to blind men. A shark circled around this man but didn't bite. The man fixed the rudder and returned. Then I became conscious that the book I was reading was one by Ruskin about Gothic architecture and I turned to the table of contents to see if it was all on that subject. And I read a footnote to the effect that the sections about Cæsar were complete except one. Then I was on the deck of a boat and the captain came up and asked after the man who had been eaten. We told him what had happened. Our horror was great but it was partly over having to tell him. The rest of the talk was praise of the blind man, his having done his duty and so forth. Then I went into a field through a green gate to look at a new, tall house which had been built there. It had a high chimney from which came much black smoke. Just below was a small birch wood, the white trees specked and blackened. One of the tallest broke off and fell. This hit another which fell in turn. The friction started a fire in two places. I heard a sound as if the fire were burning inside a tree and started to hack the tree open.

#### *Comment*

This dream was not associated, but is presented here as an extraordinarily vivid example of the condensation and dream-

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reproduction of the countless ideas and activities, associated and unassociated, in M-54's type of mind. The dream picture reveals almost as little of the inner personality as the surface impressions which one got in the waking life. "A deep mind," one of his scholastic associates was wont to call this dreamer. We might add, a mind which successfully conceals most of the attributes of a highly complex personality.

Because of this careful inner guardianship it is not possible to bring much of the hidden thought-stream to the surface, even though we analyze this man's dreams assiduously. There are, however, some points in them which may be elaborated with profit. The first series of textual fragments, as remarked in the comment which follows it, is an excellent and representative cross section of M-54's sleeping mind.

In Text 2 we have what at first appears to be merely the compound reaction of offense at the desecration of a beautiful spot and annoyance at disturbing noises in what the dreamer feels should be a quiet retreat. But when we turn to the associations we find that the next little sentence of the text, apparently merely an unimportant addendum, was in reality the most significant bit of the dream, and the only part which revealed anything of the inner personality. It seems to me probable that the reference here is unconsciously to the eye of the mother, and I should therefore interpret the idea as follows:

As a child M-54 wished for a much closer relationship to, and understanding with, the mother than he ever had. A part of the missing wish may have sought fulfillment in speculation and fantasy about her, and it is probable that her eyes—which may have been her most striking feature—became the focal point and symbol for the child's wonderment and yearning. This would fully account for his later special interest in eyes as windows of the mind and spirit. As a matter of fact it very often happens that a single sen-

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tence, sometimes a single phrase, when fully associated, will prove to be all of a dream which is really important, even though it may be quite an extended text with much incident and change of scene.

Text 3 is apparently a scene constructed for the purpose of making a character study of a type. This dreamer had no strong interest in the subject of Puritanism, one way or the other, although he disapproved of it as he did of all laws interfering with what he deemed to be inherent personal rights. Yet he is lecturing on prohibition, and to an audience of only one. It would seem, therefore, that his lecturing is intended to be provocative, so that he may study the man's emotion.

This practice of a sort of analytical craftsmanship for the purposes of creative writing is still more vividly illustrated in Text 4, and in Text 5 we have the writing theme brought completely to the surface, with a free expression of emotion in connection with it.

Text 7 may be said to follow the same general path, but brings out much more of the deeper personal psychology of the dreamer. He is, in this dream and its associations, not merely interested in the analysis of the character but is at last giving a clear indication of a part of his own estimation of woman's behavior. It was unfortunate that the woman did not become identified through the associations. Psychoanalytically it is a common practice to endeavor to force such identification by insisting that the dreamer think first of the person in the dream, and then at once name the first person coming to mind thereafter. I have often asked dreamers to do this, and rather more than half of them have found that the first person coming to mind had some significant features of identification with the figure in the dream; but on the other hand I have very often been unable to establish any sound evidence of actual identification, and have come to the conclusion that the mind of the dreamer when pressed

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in associating may—unconsciously but effectively—defeat the end that is being sought for, by naming some one who has no relationship whatever to the dream figure.

The last text, 8, is probably reproducing scenes and incidents which have appeared in the dreamer's reading. It is a curious fact that the most elaborate dream structures, with the greatest multiplicity of scenes and action, are likely to be the ones which reveal least of the inner mind when associated. Most of these elaborate dreams seem to be reproducing material which is near the surface, and the associations correspondingly remain near the surface of the mind. From long experience in associating dreams one can at last acquire a sort of sixth sense which tells with a fair degree of sureness when one of these elaborate texts is, or is not, worth associating in detail.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is perfectly true to say that the picture of M-54's dream life is at once revealing and obscuring. His dream life is consistent, and although its pattern is extremely varying, it tends, nevertheless, to follow a certain method. At the same time, it obscures and guards the inner personality. In this respect, alone, it is like the observable activities of his mind when awake. Otherwise, his waking and sleeping psychology are quite different.

## GROUP IV

W-35, A TEACHER

M-19, A FARMER

### W-35

W-35 was a rather tall, dark woman, of fine figure, but having always the bearing of a person in feeble health. She was prepossessing in appearance, with strongly marked brows, large gray-green eyes, a firm nose, and full-lipped, sensitive mouth, from which lines of suffering and sadness were never absent even when she smiled. Her voice was low-pitched, soft, and agreeably modulated, but here, too, in its inflection, was a constant suggestion of sadness.

For reasons which will appear throughout this study, her mind was chiefly preoccupied with herself. This, however, was not for lack of outside interests, but because of certain personal handicaps which had long stood in the way of her following these interests, and which still made her outer attachment to life rather difficult. She was by profession a teacher of painting, and her talents, both as painter and teacher, were of high order. Her taste was eclectic. She painted both in water colors and in oils, and seemed to care almost equally for figures, still life, and landscapes. She never did portraits or marines. She read a great deal of poetry, was passionately fond of music, and always responded with interest to any discussion of philosophy, particularly if it had a mystical cast. This latter interest did not correspond to her religious life, which was largely specialized in Sunday school work, with much more interest in the minds of the children than in their moral and spiritual

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aspects. She was well educated, but cared little for such subjects as politics, international relations, sociological work, history, or the developments of science. She cared for reading, but oddly enough did not read very much, even in her leisure time, preferring to be at her piano. She was devoted to a few special friends, but had no taste for society in the group. She liked men much better than women, but seemed to be rather afraid of them unless they were older than herself, and had always found herself handicapped in her relations with them by this fear, for which she could not account. In spite of her great fondness for music, she enjoyed the theater quite as much as she did concerts. In music, she preferred piano or violin to orchestra or voice.

Curiously enough, although devoted to her profession, she did not find it much of an emotional outlet. Her interpretation of her almost continual feeling of sadness—which emphatically was not depression—was that she had never in her life felt sufficiently loved. She did not regard this as rationally true, being sincerely convinced that she had been loved by both of her parents and by her brother and sister, as well as by her husband (she was forty at the time of this study and had been married eleven years) and by quite a number of her close friends. But no one of these people ever satisfied some emotional craving which she felt was the key to herself. Apparently, for one thing, none of them had ever been of the more demonstrative type. But this alone was not the heart of the matter; she felt that somewhere in the world there was a hero figure who could bring fulfillment to her, and she felt that only through the contact with that person could she ever know complete happiness or peace.

W-35 must not be thought of as giving people an impression of dolefulness. She took pains to be pleasant and agreeable in her contacts, was well liked by her pupils, and was more likely to be seen smiling than not, but the atmos-

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phere of sadness was always present and the impression unescapable.

Her childhood was spent in a western industrial metropolis where her father was a successful consulting engineer. He was a devoted husband, and for the most part an indulgent father, but, as is the case with so many men of large affairs, his contacts with his children were all too limited because of lack of time. W-35's mother was a woman of unusual beauty, sweetness of disposition, and fine character. Her education and reading had been somewhat limited, and she was fixedly conventional in all her views. She seems to have been quite devoted to her children, gave them excellent care, and saw that they had every educational advantage. Of the children there were three, of which W-35 was the youngest, with a gap of seven years between her age and that of the next oldest, a sister. The eldest, a brother, had come into the world two years earlier than the sister. This made a natural community of interest and playmate relationship on the part of the two older children, with W-35 occupying a position distinctly apart. She was at times a pet, and always a part of the assumed responsibilities of the older two. For some reason, she did not seem to have traded upon this relationship, but strongly resented the controls which it implied and what she felt to have been the domination which resulted from it.

She believed firmly that she had been most fond of her mother, and that her father and the other two children had never meant so much to her as she did to them. Careful observation of her history, not only during childhood but in later life, convinced the writer that she was mistaken about this. He is convinced that the father was the most wished for love object, and that this clearly foreshadowed the later belief in the existence of a hero figure somewhere who could, if only he could be found and the contact established, satisfy her unfulfilled desire for some special type of affection.

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Certainly these data are significant: The mother was devoted; so was the sister; and the brother was as kind and affectionate as may be expected of the average brother; yet there was a persistent feeling, even from the earliest years, of something lacking. Moreover, in the history there appeared on the part of W-35 frequent outbursts of resentment and violent anger against both the brother and sister, which certainly suggests jealousy, and this becomes highly significant in view of W-35's feeling that the sister was the father's favorite. The companionship between the father and two older children would certainly be very different from that between him and a child many years younger, and the younger child could scarcely help observing this and putting its own interpretation on the matter.

W-35 played very much alone, rather than with the other children of the neighborhood. She had two or three special friends with whom she played happily enough, but she was never at a loss to amuse herself when they were not available, and at such times preferred to play indoors rather than outdoors, although the play was active. She would, as she expressed it, run for hours all over the house, doing nothing in particular except to sing to herself, or to invent scraps of stories which she told herself as she ran about, playing first with one thing, then another. There were no particular toys which she cherished above others, and she was not particularly keen about playing with dolls.

In school her adjustment was not any too good, but she got on reasonably well, having no particular trouble with the tool subjects, or with the teachers, or with the other children. She still remained highly selective, and found herself decidedly repelled by the behavior of some of the small boys, whose exhibitionistic habits and roughness revolted her.

She went to church regularly with the rest of the family and in her memory of this she always expressed it as "going



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with mother." Her recollections of the services were quite clear, even back to her sixth year. She was interested in the history of the Christ Child and rather liked to go to Sunday school. In later years she was to become a member of an orthodox Protestant denomination, and throughout her life was always loyal to the church, although there was no evidence of any deeply religious experience, and she by no means accepted as valid either the dogmas of the church or the puritanical scheme of social conduct.

Her artistic talent showed itself early and she got much satisfaction from the admiration which her drawings won for her. She was reading a great deal by the time she was eleven, and chose almost exclusively books of romance. By the time she was thirteen she had added poetry to her reading, and here also became devoted to the romantic school. Two authors for whom she cared particularly were Tennyson and Scott. She had quite a sweetheart affair at the age of eleven, which lasted through the next three years. She seriously believed herself in love with this boy, but either from her mother or some other source she had acquired extremely prim ideas of conduct, and for many months before the affair was over there was a constant struggle and disagreement over the question of whether kissing was permissible. The boy insisted that it was a proper part of their relationship, but W-35 felt that it was in some way undignified and wrong. Her view, steadily maintained, prevailed to the end and the affair finally lost interest for both.

Two years were spent away from home at a preparatory school, and almost at the beginning of residence at the school a "crush" occurred between W-35 and a very masculine type of girl, who was not at all good-looking but made up in aggression what she lacked in appearance. This developed into a strong friendship which lasted throughout the school experience, and so filled the social needs of both that it rather ruled out other friendships.

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After the preparatory school, W-35 was able to arrange a combination of educational effort so that she had certain subjects in college while attending art school. She maintained excellent grades in the subjects but became absorbed in her art study. In this she was perhaps somewhat stimulated by a serious love affair with one of the teachers of drawing, who proposed marriage to her and was accepted. There was an engagement extending over a period of two years, but the marriage never came off. After graduation W-35 remained for a time at home, then took up teaching. She married a man many years older than herself, who was very kind to her but never satisfied or fulfilled her emotional needs and demands. Her feeling of sadness, which had seemed to play something of a part in her life even from childhood, became steadily stronger as the years passed. She gave up teaching for a period of several years after her marriage, but eventually resumed it again, having had no children to absorb her attention otherwise.

In the dreams of W-35 will be found one which, although it was neither a type dream nor repetitive, may nevertheless be called the key fantasy of her life.

### DREAM I

#### *Text*

I went home to my father's house; found some potatoes and a piece of meat, and thought I would make some hash. My aunt said she was going to have Parker House rolls for lunch. I expostulated, but it made no difference, and it seemed that all the older people were against me. I tried to build a fire so I could cook, but found that somebody else had built it and everything I tried to do seemed to run into something which made my efforts seem futile.

#### *Associations*

I seemed always in contact with older people and feel somehow that I am most comfortable that way, yet they always

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make me feel ineffectual. I have a guilty sense that somehow I have always been inefficient and shall always be so. This seems allied to a feeling that I have never entirely grown up.

*Comment*

Remembering that W-35 was a teacher—and a successful one—the foregoing text and associations are provocative of thought. Certainly a teacher's contacts are not principally with older, but with younger people, and she cannot be a success if these contacts are ineffectual. Yet the feeling tone of the dream is clearly that of a child making futile efforts to establish a feeling of equality and significance with its elders. This suggests a division in the psyche of the dreamer which might be expressed in the following terms:

The emotional development may have been arrested at a point where its principal objectives were still the parents; while the intellectual psyche moved forward normally to a complete adult plane.

## DREAM 2

*(A dream not entirely remembered)*

*Text*

I had a sick headache when I went to sleep, but can't think that that had anything to do with the lines of verse which seemed composing themselves at great speed for quite awhile before I woke up. All that I can remember of them now are these:

Love hath fled and in his place  
There sits a spirit with downcast eyes  
(or solemn face?)  
Gone are the days which would (forgotten)  
The hand that we have clasped in faith.  
Love exists in other hearts,  
We denied him to ourselves.  
(Some lines forgotten)  
Love is the end and aim of life.

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### *Comment*

The dreamer declined to associate these lines on the ground that they were nothing but doggerel. They would seem, however, very significant in their emotional tone.

### DREAM 3

#### *Text*

There doesn't seem to be much to this dream except a scene. There was an old house with many rooms—the emphasis seems to be on the rooms; and there was something or other about a grave, but I don't know what.

#### *Associations*

I think of many old houses. Old-fashioned things fascinate me. Even as a child I used to wonder when I passed an old house on the road, what had happened in its rooms. I would think of brides getting ready to be married, of weddings and funerals, and often of births. My childhood thoughts were mostly about brides and births, less about funerals, and yet I have a vivid memory of Memorial Day exercises and I know that I used to picture the dissolution going on inside the graves. As a matter of fact I often dreamed of being a corpse, but I have never told anybody of these dreams or of my thoughts about them. In one dream I think I reproduced some story that had been told me, because it was about myself being buried alive with some precious jewels, and then a robber came and got me out and I went away in safety.

### DREAM 4

#### *Text*

I was at a house where people were eating cherry pie and they invited me to have some. There was something said about how the boys were busy tinkering with electricity and making a statue of the Madonna.

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### *Associations*

For some reason this dream makes me think that it was really divided into two parts, only I do not remember the division. The reference to cherries reminds me of the beauty of cherry trees in the spring, and then I think of canning, which is something I don't like to do. One of my women friends is very good at it and her husband takes great delight in showing people the cellar in the autumn filled, as he jokingly says, with the fruits of his wife's industry. But all this is a far cry from what comes next in my mind. I think of the story of a pageant, "The Miracle." As I remember it, the story is about a nun in a convent attached to a cathedral. She falls in love, casts off her vows, goes out into the world and becomes a mother. A statue of the Madonna in the cathedral comes to life and takes up her work, doing it at night. Finally the nun returns for refuge and the Madonna receives her back. For some reason or other I feel somehow identified with the nun.

### *Comment*

The symbolism of the associations to this dream will be found particularly interesting when related to, and contrasted with, the symbolism of a text to appear later which is headed "The Key Fantasy."

### DREAM 5

#### *Text*

I was passing a big stone church and something about it made me feel that it had been built by farmers. Then I was trying to get somebody on the telephone and every time I took the receiver off the hook I would hear the voice of an elderly Sunday school woman reproving me. I wasn't particularly annoyed, but rather felt like laughing. Then I was somewhere with another old lady who had something to do with a church, and I was trying to buy some fish. I wanted salmon but the old lady steadily pointed to another kind of fish, insisting that I get that and saying: "My dear, that is the good old Puritan

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codfish." I answered that it might be good but it looked tough and dry. Then I was in another church and there were Sunday school leaflets in racks on a sort of gate. I stepped onto the gate and started swinging.

### *Associations*

I think of many churches and of how very few of them are really beautiful, either outside or in. I may not be much of an artist but I can't help revolting against the lack of beauty in the Puritan religion. Many of the old ladies connected with the church work are really very fine, and I have been fond of some of them, but nearly all of them give me the impression of something left out, something that has been lacking in their lives. Sunday schools in childhood make me think of pennies, and how I have always detested the penny attitude in the churches. As for codfish, that always gives me indigestion! I wonder if swinging on a gate expresses what I really felt about Sunday school.

## DREAM 6

### *Text*

I seemed to be out driving in a car with some one, I don't know who. We stopped and climbed a tower from which there was a wonderful view. Then we went on, met some other people, and advised them to go to the tower. We went on farther and saw another fine tower. Some young girls there were discussing whether it was better to read the Bible or Shakespeare. I told them I thought the Bible because that contributed moral culture while Shakespeare contributed only æsthetic culture.

### *Associations*

The tower reminds me of two glorious views which I saw last summer. We stopped at one of these, and the others went up onto a sort of pinnacle. I was tired and remained lower down on the edge of the woods. There I heard a hermit thrush singing. It was the only sound, and was so beautiful

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that I have never forgotten and can hear it still. Farther on, when we turned a corner of the mountain, there was a magnificent panorama, and right there almost perched on rocks was a little farmhouse. I thought this very strange and was even more surprised when in talking with the woman who lived there, I learned that she and her husband had built this place far above their grazing pastures because they so loved the beauty. Why should my mind have put such a queer epilogue to that dream, when in fact I think æsthetic culture quite as important as moral culture?

### DREAM 7

*(The key fantasy)*

#### *Text*

Outside our old house in which it seemed father and mother were still living, I noticed a big urn filled with beautiful daisies and porch flowers. I went in by a side way and found everybody at table. Father was transferring duck or goose from platter to plates, and was so busy that he didn't even notice when I kissed him. Some one came in, in hunting clothes, and asked what had been done with a chicken he had sent home. Then I found somewhere a picture of a Madonna which had been torn up. I called to some one, who it seemed had acted the part of this Madonna, or else resembled her, and yet had torn up the picture. She said that she had no right to keep the likeness because she had destroyed the Madonna's image in her life and had stolen the honor of somebody.

#### *Associations*

It takes me back at once to remembered and cherished things and scenes in my old home. There were always boxes of flowers on the balcony and at the windows, and it seems to me I can see now my mother sitting on one of these balconies waiting for my father to come home. The love between them never failed, and it was so strong that very often, even though I hung around, I felt that I was in the way—shut out. My

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father being too busy to pay attention, even when I kissed him, doesn't seem strange at all because he was a tremendously busy man and I had always the feeling that I was too insignificant for him to notice except in the ordinary routine of meals and so on.

That episode of the hunter and the chicken reminds me of a queer dream I've often had in which an old hen ate all the food away from a chicken, so that the latter appeared half starved.

That reference to the Madonna has started things going in my mind which have been active ever since I woke this morning. This activity hasn't so much in the way of ordered thoughts as scattered pictures. It brings back first that play I spoke of once before, "The Miracle." The knight came and took the nun away from her job, then in the outside world she was beset. The knight was killed and she was taken by a robber. One thing led to another, and eventually she was captured by a mad emperor.

The Madonna attitude is always one of sympathy and understanding. When the nun was finally lying prone with her child, she saw visions of the various men who had taken her. The knight was the only one who appealed to her. The knight brings up a story which I only dimly recall, in which I think the knight's name was Prosper. It seems to me that a girl who was desired by a monk had a wound at her breast which never healed—at any rate it wasn't healed until she gained the love of the knight. This girl's mother had become infatuated with the same knight. She was, of course, older, but had magically retained her youthful appearance. It seems that the girl had to conceal herself and dressed as a boy. Then the girls in the household made love to her and she didn't respond because her heart was with Prosper. Her mother accused her of being Prosper's mistress and sent her out into the woods strapped to the back of a beast. Prosper learned of this, left the countess and found the girl. She had been commonly called "the desiring one." Prosper called her "the desired." Everything was all right after Prosper found her. The countess received her as a daughter and all was well.

I haven't the slightest idea of what it is all about—what it



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signifies to something in me—but I know that I am strongly identified with the girl in this story as well as the nun in the miracle play. What I mean by this is that it seems to me I can feel everything which they felt, and feel it from beginning to end. When I think deeply about it, I have to admit that throughout my life there has been the fantasy of the person whose love would unlock every door for me and make life a completely fulfilling experience, and I can't help wondering if this fantasy is deep down in the inner mind of a great many women, and if it perhaps starts with the fairy tale of the prince who comes to the sleeping princess. That bit at the end of the dream about stealing somebody's honor is a complete blank to me, but the rest of it is all very vivid.

### *Comment*

The foregoing is what has previously been referred to as the key fantasy in the psychic life of W-35. Since the dreamer clearly identifies herself with both the nun and the young daughter, in the Prosper fantasy, there can be no question about the symbolic significance both of the Madonna and of the countess. It must be remembered that nearly all children have two reactions to the parents, one favorable and the other unfavorable. The countess in the Prosper fantasy undoubtedly stands for the deeply repressed resentment felt by W-35, as a child, against her mother's ability to claim all the attention of the father, who must therefore supply a part of the significance of the figure of Prosper, whose love would make the child feel complete and fulfilled. This simple outline of course does not exhaust the symbolism of this extraordinarily rich fantasy.

Just how such a key fantasy becomes established will not appear even from a careful review of W-35's dreams. But it is possible to get some additional light on her personality, since her sleeping and waking psychology are so much alike. The last paragraph in the comment following the association to Text 1 deals with the most likely clew to understanding this personality. A division in the psyche

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would allow the life of the person to go on at two levels, which not only were not in agreement but which were so far out of adjustment, the one to the other, that they could maintain almost separate entities. Certainly there are all degrees of splitting of the psyche, from the simple scenes of duality expressed in the minds of most children, to the complete division expressed in the occasional cases of absolute dual personality.

Following Text 2 it is a great pity that the dreamer should not have associated the text of the verse composed in her dream, but since she did not we can only speculate on the identity of the "spirit with downcast eyes," to whom probably belongs the hand that had been "clasped in faith." There is, of course, the possibility that this "spirit" stands for the dreamer herself, and considering the "downcast eyes" and "solemn face," this seems quite likely, in which case the theme is simply one of emotional brooding. The application of the masculine pronoun to love seems to me to connect this verse with the key fantasy, and if so, would identify the figure of "love" as Prosper. But what experience of W-35's life could square with this? She had not denied Prosper to herself, but in her deep unconscious had always been waiting for his appearance.

Text 3 is a valuable picture of the inner mind during childhood, and I am reminded that several of my dreamers have had distinct recollections of speculating about death, funerals, heaven, hell, and other allied subjects, one man even having gone so far in his childhood as to play at dying, being buried, and going to heaven. He distinctly remembered that he went through all of the motions as far as he knew them or could imagine them. He lay on a sofa and imagined that he died. He constructed a hearse out of two chairs and a black cloak, and lay in it, imagining himself the central figure of a funeral procession on the way to the cemetery. He then got out of the hearse and selected

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some part of the room which was to serve as heaven, and imagined himself having arrived there. In his case there did not seem to have been anything morbid about this play; but W-35's many death fantasies evidently acquired, eventually, a fixed place in the unconscious mind.

### M-19

Thinking of the tragic maladjustment and biological waste of square pegs in round holes, one could not help wishing for M-19 that there were such a thing as the profession of country gentleman. He would have fitted such a position admirably, would have been thoroughly happy, and would have made a real social contribution. He was of medium height, dark, very good-looking, with an intelligent brow, sensitive, friendly eyes, and a rather brooding expression, as though puzzled and baffled by certain complexities of life which he could neither understand nor master. He was thirty-eight, and from the commercial point of view a failure, since he had acquired neither property nor any assured position. He was an educated, cultured person, well read in three languages, with the manners and bearing of a gentleman. His voice, like his temperament, was gentle. One could not imagine him saying or doing a harsh or unkind thing. Although neither exactly shy nor reserved, he was rather retiring and decidedly hesitant about making new social contacts. Given the right kind of work to do, he was competent, faithful and thorough. He talked intelligently, thoroughly enjoyed conversation with one or two friends at a time, but dreaded being forced to associate with large groups, and under such conditions would become monosyllabic or silent altogether.

His life had been singularly clean and he had literally no vices. He longed for the out of doors, greatly preferred it to city life, and yet had spent at least half of his years

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in cities and had done perfectly satisfactory work as a clerical employee, both when working under the direction of others and when working independently. He was scrupulously honest in word and deed and could be trusted, so far as honesty and integrity were concerned, to any extent. He had married at the age of thirty-four, had two children, was devoted to his wife and intensely so to the children. His expression of sadness seemed to arise altogether from a conviction that he was a failure and that there was no likelihood of his ever having an opportunity to live the sort of life in which he could be a success. He had been educated in a cultural way, but trained for nothing in particular, apparently on the theory that because of his family's social position and influence, he would automatically go into either a broker's office or a mercantile establishment and follow the more or less typical route upward. M-19 had actually tried all kinds of work in all parts of the country, had usually done his job well and satisfactorily, but he had never progressed, never got into the line of promotion. A brief analysis of the various positions held, convinced the writer that this had been largely determined by circumstances. He simply had been unfortunate, as, for example, in one instance where he had been several years with a certain concern and would most surely have become a partner in it, if it had not suddenly run into financial difficulties and gone bankrupt. M-19 agreed that the analysis pointed to such a conclusion but this did not restore his courage or confidence in himself.

In the ancestry of this man were some very distinguished minds of Scotch and German stock, and M-19's parents were decidedly above the ordinary in mind and character. They were cultured people, their means were sufficient, their social position was of the best and their associations were with the keenest minds in an eastern university city. There were three children in the family, of whom two were

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girls. The father was by way of being a small capitalist. His fortune was not large, but through his association with many business men he was able to employ it actively in the development of new enterprises and was reasonably successful in thus maintaining a scheme of life independent of the cares of any single business, until misfortune overtook him, after M-19 was grown up. The family home was comfortable to the point of considerable luxury, and was ably presided over by a mother who was schooled alike in social matters and the management of servants.

The personality of both the father and mother are worth a briefly detailed examination. The father was of a type seen much in Germany a generation ago. He was highly educated, able, having the kindest and worthiest of intentions, but a disciplinary martinet, firm in the conviction that the head of the house should be incessantly critical of the acts of his children and insist upon instant, unquestioning obedience. A cross section of his contacts with them shows alternating indulgence and an impatient harshness. His health was not good, and this undoubtedly contributed to an irritability which steadily increased as the years passed. He seems to have been somewhat more gentle with the two girls than he was with M-19, but all three of the children looked upon him with a sort of combined awe, fear, and resentment. On the other hand they admired the mother almost to the point of adoration. To M-19, at least, she seemed almost like an angelic personality, so greatly did he admire her firmness and stability of character, her lofty, if somewhat puritanical, ideals, and her courageously maintained poise under any and all circumstances, however difficult or distressing.

M-19's play life was active enough, but from earliest childhood he showed one of the characteristics which was to be maintained through life, that of having one or two special friends rather than playing around with a large

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group. These special friends were never emotionalized and did not even seem to have the quality of permanence. Apparently M-19 was simply too sensitive to enjoy the rough and tumble of the group or else wished to keep more of his consciousness concentrated on himself than was possible in the midst of the rapid and mixed exchange necessary to maintain an easy relationship with the many.

The school life was unsatisfactory from the beginning. M-19 dreaded the sound of the school bell in the morning, braced himself to meet it when it came, and always found that he was relieved after hearing it because he felt then that the plunge of the day had been taken and it was at least leading to the moment of release in the afternoon. Apparently none of this dread of school came from a dislike for study but rather from the unpleasantness of the forced contact with teachers and a large group of children. He was always intensely affected by the humiliation of censure, and this reaction to school might perhaps be considered the direct result of the relationship to the father at home whose criticism and censure was as trying as it was frequent. Nearly all the subjects of study were absorbed easily enough and the range of interest was fairly even throughout the entire curriculum. The school history was unusually varied because it included a total of three years abroad, two being spent in a French pension school and one in a similar institution in northern Switzerland. These two experiences abroad seemed to have had some interest for the boy, and of course contributed a knowledge of both French and German, but he was not any happier in either environment than in the home schools to which he returned.

His early reading throws considerable light on his type of mind. His favorite book was a volume which seems to have been a sort of forerunner of the present day children's books of knowledge. It was a sort of encyclopedia answering all sorts of questions and giving brief informa-

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tion on a great variety of subjects. M-19 found his interest in this book unflagging for several years, and loved to create original problems out of many of the questions and answers. He had a definite gift for statistics, not only caring about them for their own sake, but being able to graph them so that they became useful. This does not mean that he was a mathematician, for he showed no special bent in the direction of figures, although he stood well in the subjects of arithmetic, algebra, and geometry. His further reading showed a decided preference for books dealing with history and facts rather than romance or wild adventure. Curiously enough he was not a nature student, although later it was to appear that the out of doors was his only happy environment.

The religious history of this boy offers nothing of any significance. It follows a simple conventional pattern of compulsory attendance at church, which ceased from mere lack of interest after M-19 grew up. At the time of this dream study he was relatively indifferent to the subject of religion, not having worked out any organized views, but rejecting as antiquated and absurd the greater proportion of standard Protestant dogma. In this connection it would be fair to say that he had no philosophy of life.

The romance life of M-19 is interesting mainly because of his vague suspicion that it perhaps had played some part in what he considered his general failure. He had from earliest childhood been taught a reverence for women, and had also acquired strong sexual taboos. In these respects his behavior remained consistent. He was never interested in or occupied with the subject of sex in any form until well into his preparatory school years, and as soon as he came in contact with it at that period he reacted against it strongly as unclean to the point of wickedness, unseemly, and impossible for decently bred people. This attitude, we may repeat, was steadily maintained up to the time of his

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marriage. He was a chaste man, through what he believed to be conviction. Yet when he came to review the matter at the time of this study, he made some comments on it which were both striking and illuminating. The first was that all those boys and girls, whom he remembered he had despised for what he called their "looseness," had grown up to be substantial, respected, and successful people, while he, who had held himself apart and above them, was a failure. The second was that he began to suspect that possibly his earlier lofty attitude had been merely a rationalization for an inherent lack of aggressiveness. It is not the function of this study to inquire whether his suspicion had foundation, but there is at least one important datum; his marital life was satisfactory and happy, a well-rounded and apparently complete companionship.

There remains to be reviewed M-19's relation to the problem of making a living. His father's financial reverses interfered with and interrupted M-19's college career, and he went to work in a brokerage office. He believed that if he had remained there he might eventually have reached a position of considerable responsibility, but he was not satisfied with the confinement, found no interest in the business itself, and after two or three years yielded to a wanderlust. We find him next working in southern orange orchards, thoroughly content and happy. He becomes foreman and would like to settle down and make this his life. Unfortunately there were bad seasons, the orchards did not pay, and he suddenly found himself out of a position. Still fending for himself, he joins a surveying gang and from this is landed in the sawmill and lumbering business in Tennessee, where his steadiness and reliability so impress the owner that he rises to a trusted and fairly well paid position. Again, however, fate plays a hand in the matter. The owner gets into financial difficulties ending in bankruptcy, and again M-19 is without a position.



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He returns to the family home in Massachusetts and does little or nothing for the next year. With the call to arms in 1917, he volunteers, is given a clerical position, and his ability to handle this work well keeps him in America until he is mustered out. For some reason he makes no effort to get outdoor work but takes a clerical position in civilian life where he is the chief employee of a very small insurance business which eventually is left almost entirely to his management. He marries, and for three or four years is reasonably contented with his work. There comes a time, however, when he is dissatisfied with it, and eventually a day when it does not seem possible for him to go on with it any longer. He resigns with nothing else immediately in view, and again is faced with the question of what to do with his life. At last the conviction comes home to him that he can never be satisfied with indoor work, but must find a place where he is out of doors and is actually making things grow. It is here, on the farm, that he finds the road to content. Such further light as his sleeping psychology can shed on his interesting personality will be seen in what follows:

### DREAM I

#### *Text*

I had dropped some letters in a mail chute, then thought of them as sticking in the chute and never arriving. In the dream it seems as if there was a projection of the future—that the letters did stick and never got out.

#### *Associations*

I think of two things; first of what I fancy is something about me that is quite true—futility, frustration. The letters being stuck in the chute is like being stuck in some position where you don't want to stay. I hate the city. Outdoors you feel you're creating. You have freedom. It's as if there were an unlimited possibility of goals and reaching them. Being

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stuck inside there, makes me think also of a feeling I used to have sometimes at home, when I was a boy, of being penned in by the family. I didn't dislike them or resent them—quite the contrary—but I had a feeling of being sat on. School gave me much the same feeling—I dreaded it frightfully. It gives me the blues just to think of it.

### DREAM 2

#### *Text*

I was in a woods, inside of a house which was surrounded by pestiferous monkeys. It seemed there were people with me who looked to me to get them out of the fix but I was waiting for relief from some one who would bring a sort of parasite which would breed rapidly and kill off the monkeys.

#### *Associations*

I haven't any impression about these people who were in the house with me, but it seemed to me that their minds and mine worked entirely different. They wanted me to take some head-long aggressive action, but I seemed to know that that wasn't the way to deal with the situation. It had to be figured out and handled with brains. What seems to have started the dream was my reading a story in the evening about some bears who were supposed to be tame but ran amuck. I didn't actually fear these monkeys in the dream, and yet it was obvious that they had to be got rid of. The parasite takes me right to farming and the fact that you have to rely on science to save agriculture to-day.

#### *Comment*

It would seem that in one part of the text, as in one part of the associations, there is a strong hint that M-19 feels that he is not understood, and resents it. The others in the house feel that he should take some precipitate action; go out and fight. He feels that his problem must be met in a different way, applying specialized intelligence in getting help from outside.

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### DREAM 3

#### *Text*

The location of this dream seemed to be the waiting station of a bus line or street car line. I was waiting for a bus but somebody told me they wouldn't stop there and let me get on. There were some other men waiting. I thought the matter over and then walked down the line some distance so as to jump on before the bus got to the station. I did that and found a seat. Then as we passed the station the other men jumped on, but had to stand up.

#### *Associations*

It looks to me as if my brain had figured out something while I was asleep. The secret of success in modern life is to be ahead of the other fellow and do it first! That certainly doesn't fit my temperament.

### DREAM 4

#### *Text*

I was with some man who seemed like a wise teacher. He helped me on with my coat and asked if I'd like to drive a car. I said I couldn't. He said: "I'll teach you." After I'd gone I wondered why I had been so foolish as to say I couldn't drive when actually I can. Now I think of it, there was a sort of "vision" dream which preceded. It seemed that I was looking down a long passage which had a light at the end. This light would come and go and I was happy when I saw it come. I thought of it as a star of hope.

#### *Associations*

It seems to me that the last dream ought to come first, anyhow it's a proper prelude to the one about driving the car. I've always felt that if I got right down to the bottom of my brain and figured things straight through, I'd see a clear light. As a matter of fact I know that's so. And now thinking of the dream where I say I can't drive when actually I can, it strikes

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me that a lot of my trouble has been the habit of saying "no" to life and saying "no" to myself.

### DREAM 5

#### *Text*

This is a funny dream because I can remember only one thing out of it and yet that tells a whole story. All I can recall is that some one said my shoes didn't fit!

### DREAM 6

#### *Text*

There was a crude hall with a stage and an opera was to be given by amateurs. I was going to sing some part—when actually I can't sing a note. All were on the stage ready to begin. Somebody had already sung and it was then my turn. I didn't know what to sing but there was a musical score on the floor so I picked it up. It struck me at once that the whole thing was ridiculous because I couldn't sing anyway, but I stepped out on the stage behind the curtain; then I explained to the leader that I couldn't sing. He said: "Go ahead. Of course you can do it. You have to anyway because you were paid to." I got angry and stepped down onto the main floor. The leader repeated what he had said and then snarled at me to get out. I doubled my fist and was going to swing on him when I woke up.

#### *Associations*

It's like being misfitted wherever you find yourself in life. People seem to think that a man ought to be able to tackle any sort of job whether he's trained for it or not. They talk about having gumption to bluff your way through. I don't want to bluff my way through anything. It seems to me shameful and dishonorable to take money for doing something when you don't really know your job.

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### DREAM 7

#### *Text*

I was waiting for my discharge in an army camp. The delay was getting everybody's "goat" and I had an impulse to go anyhow but was afraid to try it. Another fellow said: "I'll go with you and show you how to run the guard." It looked very difficult to me.

#### *Associations*

This chap did all the suggesting, took the initiative, was a natural leader. Somehow he made me feel that he knew how to do it, but when I recall the situation I guess the only advantage he had was his aggressiveness. I did not feel that he had ever done it before, but simply that he wasn't afraid to take a chance. He looked just like a young fellow I knew who started exactly where I did on a certain job but got away ahead while I stayed where I was. I remember a story he told me about having got in bad with his family and then getting kicked out of college, but putting up a bluff and getting a job in a business he knew absolutely nothing about. The scene of the dream and the business of taking a dangerous chance and running the guard reminds me of adventure books I used to read as a boy. They never interested me as much as compilations of general information. Those fascinated me. I loved to construct problems about them, such as finding out how much a cent would amount to if interest on it were compounded for one hundred years; or how many shoes could be made from the tannin which is drunk in tea. I liked to extend such a problem as the shoes backward, going from shoes to hides, cows, farms, and even the grass. Every kind of statistics always interests me; in fact, figures are fascinating.

#### *Comment*

In this dream, as in the preceding text, it will be noted that there is a thought-stream connected with the reasons why some succeed and others do not. In the latter part of the associa-

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tions appears something which is perhaps a constructive idea of the sleeping mind, suggesting the direction in which M-19 would be successful—he was perhaps a born statistician.

### DREAM 8

#### *Text*

This is an absurd dream. I was at the back of a lecture hall which was crowded in front. The lecturer said: "The trouble with people is that they put so much poor food into a good container. This is like buying an expensive toilet set at a jeweler's and filling it with cheap perfume." I thought to myself: Why does he talk about buying a toilet set at a jeweler's instead of getting bottles at a druggist's—but perhaps if one must have expensive ones, it's necessary to get them at a jeweler's. Then my thought continued: How absurd—why not use a decent simile and draw some real comparison—but maybe that's the kind of illustration that I myself would make if lecturing—something just as foolish as that.

#### *Associations*

I don't recollect any lecture just like it, but do think of all sorts of lectures; especially, for some reason, lectures on literature. I did not see the man but just heard him. I wonder if when there is somebody in a dream whom you can't see it is really a person who stands for yourself? That would mean that there were two men, one lecturing to the other, and the other snapping back mentally but not audibly. The lecturer also makes me think of my doctor insisting that I ought to eat meat at least twice a day.

#### *Comment*

Here again we have the sleeping mind of M-19 showing its conflicting tendencies, the one of which urges the other forward and the latter holds back.

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### DREAM 9

#### *Text*

A dream in which I do not appear! There was a railroad yard and an old switchman had done something to avoid a wreck. The scene was in the superintendent's office. He has a telegram over which there is some question. He has sent for this old switchman and an old woman. They arrive. The old woman is angry and disputes about the telegram. The old man doesn't say anything. The old woman is accusing him of something. At this point the working of the superintendent's mind comes to me perfectly in the dream as if I could see inside it. He understands the old man perfectly, understands the mix-up, but calls the old man down in order to see their reaction. The old man doesn't get angry or question his authority. Then I see into the old man's mind just as if I knew the words of his thought forming there. These are: I don't know what they're talking about because I've had nothing to do with this; but I've certainly done nothing wrong. The record of my life is clear and I'm not going to worry about it.

#### *Associations*

There isn't the slightest thing in this dream which seems to have any connection with me. (!) I wasn't there—and yet I knew all about it. The old man was honorable, honest, trustworthy, and loyal. He was just about my build and coloring. The superintendent was an honest young man who had worked himself up through the ranks and had warm sympathy for the other men in the various jobs. Come to think of it, he, too, was just my height and coloring. I could see what he would be thinking—just as if I were thinking it myself. But I had exactly the same experience with the old man—I could see what he was thinking.

#### *Comment*

It is very striking that the dreamer so carefully tries to rule himself out of this dream, when in fact there can be no pos-

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sible question but that he is identified with both the male figures. He even emphasizes the point that without even being present, he knows what both men are thinking. Two phases of himself are obviously presented and it seems very likely that the dream-thought process is looking both backward and forward. The young and successful superintendent is the "I might have been." The old switchman is the "I'd better be careful or I may end up as this." The identity of the two men as one is shown in the similarity of their temperaments and their perfect understanding of each other. It is regrettable that none of the associations to this text identify the woman. She may stand for women in general criticizing men without understanding them; or she may be used to emphasize the thought that the two sexes can never understand each other; or she may symbolize yet another phase of the dreamer.

## DREAM 10

### *Text*

I was in a zoo, and at the door of a cage stood a sick looking horse with a cat hanging from its jaw which I thought was supposed to be sucking blood. The horse just stood there and did not seem to mind. The cat also seemed curiously unconcerned. I tried to scare it off but it didn't pay any attention. So then I called a keeper and he explained matters. He said that some scientist thought he had discovered that many animals lost vitality because they weren't fed on blood. When they were fed on blood, they became strong and ferocious and very aggressive. He said the scientist was going to publish a book about it.

### *Associations*

The whole thing reminds me of one of those queer serio-comic cartoons of the Alice-in-Wonderland sort. The cat wasn't concerned about me, or the horse about the cat. All that sucking blood business reminds me of the instructions given me to take more protein. I think it's rather a joke to think you can make a man successful by changing his diet.



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### *Comment*

This dream is typical of many in which the dreaming mind constructs a joke or broad satire in connection with something which affects his waking life. The dreamer is certainly lampooning his doctor!

### DREAM 11

#### *Text*

I was seated at a dinner table, full grown and yet exactly as when a boy with all of the family at the table. I felt distinctly a sense of being surrounded, sort of crowded in. I had just finished telling something, and as I was finishing, some older person interrupted and said: "Let me tell you exactly how you said that," and held up a hand enumerating my mistakes. I replied: "I don't want to hear it, but I'll say it all over again and try to say it right." I felt my face flush and thought of going upstairs because it didn't seem that I could possibly go on eating.

#### *Comment*

This dream was not associated but tells a rather vivid story of childhood reactions which probably had an important bearing on the later life.

### DREAM 12

#### *Text*

This was somewhere in the country. There was a nice new house and an orchard. I was walking by a wagon with a machine on it, and there were two men who worked for me. We stopped by apple trees and I examined the apples critically.

#### *Associations*

I have a feeling the house is mine. I felt proud of it and very pleased about it. The machine on the wagon was like a sprayer. I guess the whole thing is something I always wanted to have come true.

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Although this dreamer belongs in a group whose waking and sleeping psychology are unlike, there is, nevertheless, one characteristic of likeness, namely, simple and direct sincerity. His dreams are not elaborately constructed but generally present a single scene with only one theme, and the symbolism is not at all difficult to interpret. The associations generally go directly to the thought current which underlies the dream, and deal with it frankly, as though this mind welcomed the possibilities of the dream process as a means of expressing its problems, which in fact it really did. Text 1, for example, states M-19's whole case neatly, frankly, and as completely as he could at that time state it. It does not go far in uncovering the origins of his difficulties, but does hint at them in the middle of the associations, and reveals an emotion which exactly fits the circumstances.

Text 2, although not occurring in that numerical order in M-19's dream record, is an ideal second chapter in his drama, because its emotion, as well as its action, amplifies the material of the previous text and associations. This dreamer is not only troubled and oppressed by a feeling of frustration and futility, but he is becoming aggravated and resentful over the fact that people around him, although they can shed no light on his problem, are obviously critical, unsympathetic, and, as he sees it, unjust. He seems clearly aware that there is some fundamental trouble at the bottom of his failures and maladjustment, and says quite rightly that it has to be "figured out and handled with brains." Moreover, he adds that the relief must come from outside, and from an expert source.

In Text 3, although not yet dealing with childhood conditions, which must have inhibited him and checked whatever aggressive tendencies he had, he is, nevertheless, reaching the conclusion that he must establish for himself a different philosophy of life. This dream also illustrates a

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certain dream mechanism which I have come to interpret as positively self-suggestive. I have not found the mechanism in the dream life of very many people, but whenever I have encountered it the outlines were clear and unmistakable. If such a dream were remembered the next day it could not but have some effect, however slight, upon the conduct of the dreamer, and even if it were not remembered, I think it likely that its effect as suggestion would be working below the surface. The last sentence of the association shows, however, that the dreamer has a strong resistance against this positive and aggressive suggestion, and is reluctant to follow it.

Text 4 carries on the story so progressively that we now begin to see how very important the dream life can be. M-19 is gradually getting his whole deeply buried problem up to the surface, dealing with it constructively, and accepting step by step the necessary adjustment efforts which he will have to make. That he is still unwilling to make these radical adjustments and changes in himself, or at least is in conflict over it, is apparently brought out in Text 5, where, with a very simple symbol, he again states that the circumstances of life do not fit his temperament.

Text 6, however, strikes a new chord. The dreamer is now becoming aggressive, and his aggressiveness is first, very properly, turned toward the stupidity of trying to achieve success in a misfit job, as well as of a sincere and drastically honest person like himself trying to bluff his way through. He is getting used to a fighting mood and is beginning to show this pugnacity by striking back defiantly at the unfortunate fate which has pursued him in connection with several of his occupations.

Text 7 again touches on the theme of bluffing, but leads us to far more important material. It brings up associations which in my opinion point directly to a career in which this mind would have been satisfied and successful.

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Again the simple directness of this dreamer is striking. In his waking life he had no idea—in fact the thought had never occurred to him—that he would make a good statistician, but this dream text reminds him that his mind turned in that direction even when he was a child.

The most interesting point connected with Text 8 is in the associations where the dreamer himself suggests that any person in a dream of *whom one is aware, but whom one cannot see*, stands in reality for the dreamer's self, or a phase of that self. In my records there is such multiplicity of evidence on this point, all tending in the same direction, that I long since became convinced of the correctness of this dreamer's idea. The theory has been advanced—I believe by Stekel—that *every* figure in a dream stands for some phase of the dreamer's self. My own evidence only occasionally confirms this. For the most part I have not found the theory supported by facts drawn from association. But wherever there have been adequate associations to a figure who is sensed, *but whose face is not seen*, I have almost invariably found that these associations pointed to the dreamer. This seems to me quite natural. We may be aware of ourselves, or of, successively, several phases of ourselves, but unless there is a convenient mirror we cannot see ourselves. That the self plays two or more parts in a great many dreams is beyond any question whatever, and throughout this book will be found enough texts to establish the fact.

In this connection note Text 9, in which M-19 is playing two parts, if not three, and yet is not aware of it, and seems to be seeing the whole drama objectively. Unquestionably both past and future are being referred to, and the self-warning is clear to the point of being emphatic.

Text 10 was included for its oddities as well as for the fact that in construction and symbolism it is out of the usual line of M-19's dream work. Its humor is grim and

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biting; not at all like the gentle and courteous man as he was in his waking life.

Text 11 gets down at last to certain conditions of the early childhood life which were probably the origins of M-19's inhibitions and lack of aggressiveness. It contrasts interestingly with the next and final text, which projects a scene of real and substantial satisfaction.

The sort of person who would be pictured from the reading of these dreams is as unlike M-19, whom I have tried to describe in the beginning of this study, as a Swede or Esthonian is unlike an English poet.

## GROUP V

W-46, A SOCIETY WOMAN

W-41, A GIRL FROM THE SUBMERGED TENTH

W-46

At the time of this study W-46 was in the late thirties. She was a rather short, sturdily built blonde, decidedly prepossessing in appearance, with a countenance and bearing which suggested good breeding, as well as excellent social and cultural background. Her eyes, of a light blue-gray, were bright, alert, and responsive. She had slightly aquiline features, with a mobile and sensitive mouth which smiled readily and often. Her muscular coördination was good but tense, with nervous activity of rather slender tapering hands. She listened well to every one around her, and seldom interrupted, but was never at a loss for speech, and always spoke rapidly in a voice which was agreeable and well-modulated in spite of the effect of tenseness. There was a ready humor which even gave the suggestion of gayety, but when the face was in repose there were well-etched lines of inner conflict and discontent.

Mentally W-46 gave the impression of a many-faceted personality. There was scarcely a subject which would come up in any representative social gathering which she could not discuss with some information, and an interest which was either real or very well simulated. In rather extensive travel, particularly through the Orient, she had used all of her faculties of observation, which were aided by vivid imagination and excellent memory. She did not care for politics, but was a keen student of sociological

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problems and had a strong, even if somewhat dormant, altruistic tendency for service. In financial matters she had a quick and accurate sense of values but did not care to concern herself with the machinery of business. She cared little for dress or personal ornament but had a fine eye for the arrangement and decoration of a home, and a real gift for the management of servants and all household matters. As an amateur of painting and music, she rated high. Socially she was popular, and almost equally with men and women.

Her ancestry was English and Scotch, with the English predominating. Her childhood was spent near the Canadian border where, with a brother as her principal playmate, she lived on a large ranch and grew up out of doors. Both her father and mother were strongly individual types and apparently had not got on well together at all. Their attitude might be described as one of armed neutrality. And from the history it would seem that W-46 had alternately sympathized with each, but tried to identify chiefly with the father. This had not led to the development of any marked masculine characteristics, but undoubtedly proved one of the main reasons why this woman did not later go through the usual romance history which might have been expected from her easy relationship to men and attraction for them.

The father combined the ability of a capable farmer and ranch executive with the physique of an athlete and the mind of a student of world affairs. He seems to have been a rather repressed personality with very limited emotional expression. The mother also was an emotionally shut-in type whose marital experience seemed to have resulted in her withdrawing more and more into herself.

W-46 unquestionably suffered from a lack of expressed affection and this lack seemed to have been felt from the very earliest recollected periods. The child, however, had a very active mind, and with her vivid imagination built up

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a fantasy life which became more and more lively within herself as the years went on. Partly her identification with her father and partly her strong and highly vitalized body led to her taking the keenest interest in every form of outdoor play which the ranch permitted. She ran, dug, rode, swam, climbed, and walked untiringly. One might have expected that all of this would lead to a compelling love for country life; and the fact that the opposite proved true is sufficient evidence that this great muscular activity was really only a search after some compensation for the lack of expressed affection.

The brother was older, and although he was apparently as considerate as might reasonably be expected, he did not fully supply the companionship needs. These needs were, in fact, only partly met when the school life began, and none of the playmates ever became as important as the inner fantasy life. With her vivid imagination W-46 was able to create a sort of companionship inside her own mind. This creation of a partially satisfactory world of her own must also have had an important bearing on the lack of an active romance life later on. For school and church life one found in her background what might have been expected. The homestead was within easy reach of a small town, and school life began at the age of seven. There was good enough application on the child's part to secure advancement through the grades at ordinary speed, and nothing in the early educational history was in any way noteworthy. There was little response on the religious side, except that music made a rather strong appeal and the child enjoyed singing both in Sunday school and church.

The chief ambition interests appear to have been exhibitionistic, since there was quite a strong wish to be either an actress or an opera singer. It is not clear why neither of these wishes became dominant in directing the life, but very likely the vividness and scope of the fantasy-forming



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activity may have split up and dissipated W-46's wish energy to such an extent that the ambition could not become sharply focused upon one thing. The education was continued in seminary and college, where the history of the mental activity in the lower school was duplicated. There was sufficient interest in a diversity of subjects to get adequate marks, but no tendency toward specialization except in vocal music, and stage technique.

W-46 was popular in college both with girls and boys and had a very active social life, with many parties and much dancing. Young men energetically tried to make love to her but her interest in this was never strongly awakened and she actively resented their attempts at familiarity, seeming, nevertheless, not to lose any of her attraction for them.

After college she traveled for a time but eventually went on the stage and became a singing actress. It soon appeared, however, that she could not stand this work because it seemed to take too much out of her and produced a sort of nervous exhaustion. She would retire from it, rest for a time, try again, and again have to give it up. She next turned to teaching in a school for the theater and seemed to find much inspiration in working with young people; but in this occupation, also, there proved to be too much of a strain. As she herself expressed it, she could not do anything unless she put herself entirely into it, and after a short time there was nothing left; she was drained.

Inheriting a considerable fortune through the death of her parents, she was able to live as she chose, and abandoned all attempts at regular occupation. For ten years prior to the study, she had been traveling and living in various countries, which included China, India, England, Austria, Italy, and Spain. Wherever she had gone she had lived a very active social life, being almost constantly on the go and apparently popular with all of the various groups.

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In summary, then, we see in W-46 a woman approaching middle age, who gives a surface appearance of a many-sided interest in life with a superficial facility for handling almost any aspect of it easily. Yet it is apparent that the major problems either have not yet been fully met or have not yet been solved. No answer has been found for the occupational question, and the entire energies of this personality are being devoted to social distractions which are an insufficient substitute for the inner poise that would come from a directed and progressive life. The tenseness is the picture of an insistent drive wrongly applied. An active, aggressive, and naturally rather brilliant mind is feeding itself on a diet of stimulation instead of sound nourishment.

If we were to make a series of cross sections of the waking activity of this woman, we should find most of them composed of the thought-stream—if such it may be called—of small talk and social chatter, with here and there a thin vein of religion, philosophy, sociology, art, or literature. Only when there are lulls or blank spaces in the social program should we find traces of reflection on placement and direction of the brain power. As often as we did find such bits of reflection, we should find also that there was a quickly rising mood of depression, so sharp as to be followed by a defensive reaction in the form of immediate recourse to social distraction again.

Let us now contrast some cross sections of the dream life of this interesting woman and see what the suppressed wish energy of the inner life was actually occupied with.

### DREAM I

#### *Text*

I was at a woman's convention, some big club, and went with the crowd down cement underground passages to where there was a great group of men. They didn't want us, looked at us

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contemptuously. We came back. I had an altercation with some of the women, a passion of sarcasm. I then walked past some elderly women who looked at me with approval. I felt alone, shut out by the men and in turn shut out from the women by myself. But I felt a sense of satisfaction and triumph, a superiority to the situation—in respect to the women but not to the men. I burned with righteous indignation toward these women but when I got it out of my system, I felt better. The men looked at us with cruel indifference and antipathy, as if they didn't need us and didn't want us. My mood and feeling were highly emotionalized, more distinct than the dream details.

### *Associations*

Women's conventions mean futility. Of course they have done some things but not much. I think of big, fat women, middle-aged and dissatisfied, all trying to get the job of president. Club makes me think of force—rules the world—wonder if it always will—I cling to mysticism—women haven't force—they cling to spiritual power as compensation.

Underground passages—long, bare, severe, chill, hard—led to where the men were. I was curiously reluctant to go there—felt confusion, timidity, and fear. I felt we didn't belong there, were getting into men's province. Felt men justified looking at us the way they did—antagonism in their eyes—cold contempt—superior—busy. We made no more impression than clucking hens. It gave me a sense of misfit inferiority, shame, and humiliation. I took it out on the other women and felt I, alone, understood the situation. I think of my going off by myself, alone, and in an exalted frame of mind. The elderly women were mellowed, nice, motherly souls, warm and human. Thinking of the men again, I felt they were fully occupied with their own busy, interesting lives. They didn't want us—we were shut out. I felt repulsed and angry. It's very curious, now I think of it, but I turned around and looked at the women just as the men had looked at us, with the same kind of burning rejection.

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### *Comment*

Both the text and the associations of this dream give us the picture of a severe conflict. W-46 is allied with the women by force of circumstances but has a secret contempt for them and at the same time a feeling of inferiority because she is one of them. She wishes to be received by the men but is rejected along with the others on an equal companionship basis because she is a woman. At the same time she sides with the men, thus tacitly admitting that their point of view is right. From the nature of the scene, it would seem that the men's rejection of the women is because the latter are demanding recognition from the men on the basis of special activities. (Cf. the first sentence of the associations.) The reaction to the feeling of inferiority is notable. W-46 promptly takes the men's side and behaves like them. Eventually she "goes off alone" (the typical childhood resort to fantasy) and achieves a feeling of exalted superiority.

### DREAM 2

#### *Text*

Just a fleeting dream picture. A high mountain peak. I was dragging behind me a thin, long wire which was strung with interminable electric lights.

#### *Associations*

Childhood—thin air—purity and cleanness—translucent, as I occasionally feel and would like always to feel inside. Erectness—strength of the earth that can erect a mountain to the sky. Exaltation—passion to get up there—power—achievement—mounting the very last peak. Then a sense of peace—no other sensation so wonderful. Think I was born to be a pantheist. Fascinating religion! To feel there was a life, a God in everything!

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### DREAM 3

#### *Text*

Just a fleeting impression of faded chrysanthemums in a room which seems quite homey.

#### *Associations*

Travel has been my passion for years but lately I've wanted a home more than anything else. The trouble is that no place can seem home unless it has love for a center. I'm comfortable enough in hotels but feel as if I should like to go into the business of collecting apartments and houses.

### DREAM 4

#### *Text*

In the forward drawing-room of a ship, well up in front, alone in this huge room which seemed all glass everywhere, with big windows looking on the deck. It was night and there was chaos in the elements outside. The sky came down and mingled with the sea as if the ship left the sea and went up into the clouds. The elements seemed to mingle so I could not tell on the top of what I was riding. I was frightened, also exhilarated. I went to a door, opened it, and went sort of halfway out. This seemed to take great courage but I steeled myself to do it. With the opening of the door and my going out, the whole thing seemed to calm down and instead of terrible blackness, there was light, and I felt we'd weather it. Then some man came and took me back to a safer part of the ship. His coming seemed to justify the sense of safety which I had got by seeing that the storm had abated.

It's very strange, but I saw strange symbolic colors and designs, slimy but very beautiful when you came to examine the design closely.

#### *Associations*

(These were very extensive and dealt principally with episodes, or fantasied episodes, of travel and adventure. Two

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interesting points came out, one connected with the drama, "Outward Bound"—a play dealing with a shipload of people who had died but were carrying on in spirit form—and the other likening the beauty of the symbolic colors and design to the fascination in the study of biology.)

### *Comment*

The liveliness and adventurous quality of W-46's fantasy life is strikingly illustrated here. Even death is hinted at as possibly an exciting adventure. It is not surprising then to find the reference to biology, which perhaps had a special birth significance for the dreamer.

### DREAM 5

#### *Text*

There was a mountain camp and a shadowy impression of a campfire supper. Then there was a break in the dream and we were in a house some distance away. I remembered or discovered that there was a huge barrel of gunpowder as a center, around which were arranged dishes with something rare and precious in them. I must save these treasures, whatever they were. The campfire must have been transferred to the house because it was getting nearer to the barrel and there seemed no way of removing the treasures. Then I said, "We will remove the gunpowder." I thought it a dangerous chance to take, and they all contemplated running down the hill in front of the house, wondering how far the explosion would reach. It seemed to me that I must go alone and remove the barrel, but whether I did it or ran away, I don't know, for I awoke then.

#### *Associations*

Camping has been almost a passion with me. It seems as if I had camped out most of my life, because in the years I've spent traveling I've never had a home. But that doesn't cover it. I mean I've had actual camps and camped in the open in all kinds of country and have always liked it. I love wilderness. Life in the open makes me feel gay, free of all care.

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The gunpowder makes me think of myself. I feel as if I were simply full of it, always bursting with a kind of pent-up energy that was likely to explode. The rare and precious treasures seemed connected with ceremonial—all sorts of ceremonial worships and dances come to my mind—Chinese, Japanese, Javanese, East Indian, our own Indians—games of children dancing around a Maypole. I've seen some interesting, wild ceremonials, sometimes under dangerous conditions. Gunpowder brings up the idea of love affairs too. They have always seemed dangerous. At the end I did not know whether to run away or go back and get the gunpowder,

### *Comment*

The adventurous spirit is still in evidence, but we have here also a focused relation of danger and the emotion of love, with a conflict clearly expressed in the uncertainty whether to go to the center of the danger or to run away. It is interesting to observe in the text the perfect example of condensation shown by the transference of the campfire to the house,

### DREAM 6

#### *Text*

I saw myself perched up, balancing with great strain, on the top of a slender pole. I was so tired and so lonely and wanted to fall down into the arms of a man I saw down there who was looking up with great tenderness and kindness. I did fall into them and for a moment had great peace. Then he went off to somebody else. I thought: "I'm mistaken. He doesn't belong to me or I to him, or he wouldn't want some one else." Then I thought: "Well, I'll have to go up on the pole again." So I did because I knew I should never be able to release myself to that man again as I did at the first contact. So I balanced there again with the same strain and fatigue. The pole carried me all around the earth and I kept falling off into the arms of men but always going back up the pole again with this same strain and fatigue, there to balance on top and fall off again into the arms of some man. I was

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always seeking for repose, this peace. Then at the end I perceived that they were all alike—they didn't want, and couldn't take, all I had to give, because they wanted something else from somebody else. Therefore I couldn't give it, and yet had to in order to release myself or free myself. Then I began to lose consciousness and was going to fall. I cried out: "There are only two places left to fall—to the devil or God!" I wondered which it was going to be. Then I perceived I couldn't fall into the devil's arms because he was on earth with mankind and I wasn't going to fall there any more. Then I saw only outer darkness and God to fall to. I held on to consciousness with a deathly grip because, if I lost it, I might fall on earth to the devil; and by this time I had determined to keep what I had to give. I was fighting to keep it and yet losing my balance all the time. The struggle woke me up.

### *Associations*

The pole makes me think of savage dances, but also of Maypole dances. And then of lone trees—naked trees from a burned forest, something stripped and bare—totem poles, inexplicable emblems stretching up—mysteries—mysticism. I'm very small and childish at the top of that pole—curled up and quite little. I feel pity for myself up there. The man's face is kind and alight with love and tenderness—fatherly, I guess, describes it. Sense of being alone, repulsed, denied, or at least being given only part of what I wanted. The man went to others, too, and I wanted the warmth of his arms and comfort all for myself. I wanted to surrender myself but feel safe in doing it, which perhaps means I wanted to feel he was utterly and solely mine. Why must one live in strain and struggle? Why can't one get back to the state one knew just after being born—complete comfort, protection, and safety? With man after man through the dream it was always the same—there was something I could not give him and he could not give me—something lacking in us for each other—at first a wonderful feeling, then disappointment and sense of lack—always trying to give but always something which prevented it



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between us. This something wasn't physical. It was psychic, imperceptible, couldn't be understood.

### *Comment*

It is difficult to escape the conclusion that the symbolism here is that of a child's desire for an extremely close relationship between itself and its father which shall be permanent, enduring, and highly exclusive. With this as a point of departure, we can see that the failure to achieve satisfaction in that relationship becomes a fixed assumption that no relationship with a man can be satisfying or permanent—that there will always be some psychic barrier which will frustrate it. At the end of the dream text—although it does not appear in the associations—the theme is given a mystical turn, as well as related to some crude religio-moral concepts of childhood. Both the text and the associations give us a view of a brilliantly creative and sensitive imagination with great depth of feeling behind it. The charm and lovable qualities of this personality were as evident in the dreams as in waking life.

### DREAM 7

#### *Text*

There was a large room with a huge double bed. I undressed and got into the bed and was rather surprised to find there a young, attractive woman in the middle and on the other side a very stout, big woman. I was very glad to see the young woman, laid my cheek on her hand and playfully kissed it. To my horror she seized me in a grip strong as iron and would not let go. I did finally get away and ran out of the room but now seemed to be half-dressed.

There was a long, elegant corridor with mahogany wainscoting, and rooms opening off. The doors were all open as I went by them trying to find my own room. It was like a house party entirely of girls. The rooms were lovely and very feminine, with fancy toilet articles. I turned quite a few corners and came to a square end like a box cañon with no way out.

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### *Associations*

I've always hated small spaces, small rooms, and mean atmosphere. I like a home to be fully furnished and organized. I love the elegance of the dream house with its feminine, extravagant things. Funny! I could have all such things I want and yet I never have had any. Every room I have is bare like a camp. I like all those things but feel as if I didn't belong to the feminine and frilly side of life. Just lately I've begun having strong feelings of femininity which it seems I've never had before.

Putting my cheek on somebody's hand reminds me of father. I know now why I like having dogs around—it is because I seldom felt loved, had great need of caressing and never got it. Dogs are not ashamed to love and are always responsive. The strength of the woman's grip reminds me of an early fear I had about men, and being in love—that I would be gripped, and feel desperately that there was no escape.

Hunting for my own room reminds me I've never in my life had a place or found a place which seemed home. As a child I used to wonder if I were a changeling, adopted. Instead of playing with dolls, I used stones, built houses, palaces, and so forth. As for a house party of girls, that's a scream! There's nothing I hate more than a "woman's atmosphere"—strongly dislike most of them, although of course I don't show it on the surface, and get on well with most of them. Sometimes I hate everything about some kinds of women's love. It's like log chains dragging on the thing it attaches to. That business of trying to get out of a labyrinth and coming to a dead end is merely an expression of the inner meaning of my life up to date.

### *Comment*

Various aspects and phases of W-46's inner conflict are so clearly presented in the text and the associations that no special emphasis need be applied by way of interpretations. It is interesting, however, to observe in this instance, as in the

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"woman's convention" dream, that there is nothing in the associations to suggest that either the corridors or underground passages were symbols for being within the mother's body or the effort to get born. Both of these dreams were associated and reassociated elaborately, under ideal conditions, during periods of two hours at a time, and nothing appeared to substantiate the Freudian interpretation of these symbols. Naturally this does not prove anything; in scores of other instances the writer has seen the opposite result; but such data bring up the question of whether any dream symbol can be considered completely classical or typical.

### DREAM 8

#### *Text*

I was coming down a steep, long, barren, rocky mountain-side with some women. I was more or less responsible for their safe descent and felt worried, anxious. I got far ahead of them and reached a chasm—hard to get across. I stepped or leaped over it with the aid of the support of a round, high, smooth, rock pillar that stood upright yet seemed to bridge the chasm by coming up and through the middle of it. I put my arms around it and moved myself over to the other side onto a flat rock which reached out like a lip. This was flat, very smooth, and slippery, shaped like a long tongue. I slipped and clung to the tall stalactite kind of pillar. I felt I must go back and help the other women cross. Looking up the mountain, I saw a solitary man coming down. I feared him—I was at his mercy. He came on, and at times I saw him above me, looking down from the top of this round rock column. He spoke to me in a strange language that sounded primitive, but at the same time he seemed rather helpless and a little lost and frightened himself, but wild and uncouth.

The scene changed and I was in a cabin with this man and an older woman. He was her husband but he was also mine. She was the central figure. I felt out of place.

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### *Associations*

Many mountainsides I've been on, one in particular on a climbing trip with an older woman I was fond of and a man who seemed to think he was in love with both of us, but he admired the older woman most and seemed to be always criticizing me about something. He had the same complexion and eyes as my father, in fact looked very much like him. The man in the dream reminds me of several who have frightened me at one time and another. And yet, except for one instance I've never felt at any man's mercy, and when I understood that man better I ceased to be afraid of him. Some men's eyes frighten me—seem to have a dominating power—make me think of them as being enormously large but give me a sense of thrill.

Primitive makes me think of Indians and Chinese and some wild, fascinating ceremonial dances I've seen—they always give you the feeling that there is sex connected with them, or that it is their main meaning. I wonder if I haven't always been attracted by the primitive in men. Primitive things fascinate me, archaic statues, Egyptian art.

In the cabin the woman clearly dominated the situation—I felt out of it—the man was more her husband than mine. Back there on the mountain I was anxious and worried about the other women but not about myself. That pillar gave me a great sense of safety over the chasm. I used to have a mania for getting on the edge of things, and never feared falling. I don't think I want to go too far in associating this dream because it suddenly strikes me that the whole thing, with its emphasis on the primitive, might be amusingly erotic!

### *Comment*

W-46's suspicion that this primitive dream might be erotic is probably well founded, for the symbols are multiplied until the conclusion is unescapable. The text, however, has a far deeper significance. It points directly to the Electra complex as unmistakably the origin of W-46's conflict, and is scientific-

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cally of unsurpassable value, both for this reason and because its symbolism is so clearly readable.

Very notable are the mystical attributes centered around the sexual and genital symbols. The pillar in the chasm, with the approach of a primitive man, the mingled emotions of danger, excitement, thrill, the feeling of safety in clinging to the phallic symbol—bringing in the association of religio-sexual dances—might be translated from rites of Egypt and early Greece.

### DREAM 9

*(Two dreams of the same night)*

#### *Text*

(a) There was a house, ancient and beautiful, looking as if it had grown up or built itself out from a mountainside. There were other houses in sight but this one was unique. There were no others like it, so beautiful, and rich, and old, and romantic. At first it did not seem to be mine, and it was with a feeling of envy of the people who were so lucky as to have it that I went in. Then there was a blank—no impression of the interior—and then finding myself out on its terrace, the place seemed suddenly to belong to me; at least I began to extend and widen the terrace. I wanted to create the feeling that it flung itself farther out into the free space against the sky

(b) I was in the luxurious but homelike living-room of an English inn. There was lovely old furniture, an atmosphere of refinement, everything congenial. I felt deeply contented as if I had found surroundings that fitted me. I found myself talking to a charming woman who was seated at a fine old desk and was warmly friendly to me. She seemed a royal princess—and the rest of her party, a gay, well-dressed, well-bred crowd, were descending from a carriage at the open door. We heard their laughter and their nice voices. The princess spoke to me naturally, without reserve or grand manners, just simply well-bred and with a distinct interest in me. I thought to myself "this is *noblesse oblige*—an aristocracy which has the

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graciousness to presuppose that others are of the same distinction." I felt at home as if I were indeed an equal and did belong on the same plane—and that there was only the real nobility of the earth with whom one could feel that sense of fine equality, the thing of character rather than of anything else.

### *Comment*

These two dreams were not associated since the dreamer felt that they were clear and simple expressions of her wish to arrive at a settled life in which her human relationships, as well as her surroundings, would satisfy her mental and spiritual aspirations. It may well be remarked again, in passing, that the dreams of W-46 were frequently marked by an imaginative beauty that is striking and unusual.

Turning back to consider these dreams of W-46 as a whole, it will be felt that while her language is simple, the style is unusually vivid, brilliant, and vital, with a peculiarly telling choice of words. We observe this at once in Text 1, and in all of the associations we get an example of a thought-stream which runs with great rapidity and sharply suggests both the surface brilliancy and the depth of this mind. This first text is strongly emotionalized, but gives rise to associations which are at the same time very thoughtful. There is an obvious feeling of sex conflict, on a broad scale, with an unconscious masculine striving apparently based on the Adlerian foundation of inferiority feelings. The withdrawal into the self shows at once that a deeply hidden fantasy life must have been the early recourse of this dreamer.

Text 2 is notable for the exaltation of its associations and for the brilliancy of the symbolism. Text 3, on the other hand, sounds a note which is recurrent throughout the series, of a buried longing for a home, a refuge, a place of retreat—with which, it must be remembered, W-46 could have provided herself if she had chosen.

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Text 4 returns to the extraordinarily varied and vivid symbolism, and is alive with the spirit of adventure. In two sentences it brings in the theme of a man figure as a possible symbol for safety. Farther on in the series we find this symbol, however, pictured as anything but a factor of safety. Let us see how this is dealt with in Text 6:

Here the man has the look of tenderness and kindness, but is unstable and refuses to be exclusively possessed, going off to some one else. All around the earth, as the dreamer expresses it, this experience is repeated, and always with the same conclusion. Man after man either does not want or cannot take all that the dreamer has to give, because each wants something else from somebody else. Analysis of this way of putting it makes it obvious that the dreamer is getting the cart before the horse. Unconsciously she wants more of any man than he can possibly give without such an exclusive devotion to her that all other interests and people would have to pass out of his life and be henceforth completely ignored. Only in the case of such a complete and exclusive devotion, says the dreamer, will she give, and since she cannot find the person she wants, she is not going to give anything. The withdrawal of her libido into the self, with the resulting inner conflict and struggle, is perfectly pictured in the last two sentences of the dream text. All of this may seem to be a speculative interpretation, but the last part of the associations certainly confirms it, and if we then return to the words, "Why can't one get back to the state one knew just after being born—complete comfort, protection, and safety?" we have an explanation of this desire for exclusive and absolute possession of a love object. It is that the love object shall be a reproduction of a parent. With this explanation the entire dream text becomes clear, and the emotion fits the text throughout.

The whole theme is brought back in Text 7, and the

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associations raise quite a question as to whether the unconsciously most desired parent figure is that of father or mother.

The succeeding text, 8, is so fully associated and commented upon that no further interpretation would seem to be needed, but if this text and associations are contrasted with the two texts given under 9, we have rather a good picture of the actual contrast between W-46's dream self and actual self. Text 9, with its two divisions, is a wish fulfillment quite near the surface level, and would fit the personality of W-46 as most of her friends knew her, but Text 8 reveals something so very different that it would be absolutely impossible to construct from it anything like the woman as she appeared to her friends from day to day.

### W-41

The first meeting with W-41 was after a lecture in a classroom. It was a sultry May afternoon in a city of the middle western plain, and she came to the speaker's desk flushed, perspiring slightly, and obviously under considerable emotional strain. The lecture had been on the subject of reconstructional psychology, and a part of the subject matter had gone home to her with peculiarly personal application. She was of medium height, with a fine sturdy figure, and a look of rugged physical health. Her complexion was dark. Her eyes were a warm brown, and she had unusually thick black hair of rather coarse texture. Her expression was troubled, wistful, and appealing. From voice, manner, and gesture, it was apparent that she was excited and deeply stirred.

Once she began to talk, it was like the opening of flood gates; and for more than half an hour she scarcely paused for breath. The amount of material produced during that period gave almost a complete personality picture, which



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was very little altered and to which very little could be added in many conversations and studies carried on during succeeding months. Her mind was a seething mass of struggle, conflicts, guilt feelings, ambitions, seasoned with odds and ends of occultism, superstition, and pseudo-psychology. Her age was twenty-two, but her mind was that of turbulent adolescence; and yet there was in her a tremendous urge for growth and an extraordinary will to fight her way out of the confusion which was her constant mental state.

Her background is very interesting, revealing as it does a parallelism with certain kinds of plants whose vitality will make them survive and force their way upward even in the most hopelessly smothering environment. Her maternal grandparents were German immigrants, who had settled on the outskirts of this town in a dwelling place which was not much more than a hovel. They were old world peasants, ignorant but sturdy, with an elemental capacity to survive hardships. To them had been born three children, two boys and a girl. This girl grew up in the mills and married W-41's father at the age of nineteen. The grandparents, by this time, had been able to buy a small piece of ground and build a cottage. Here the entire family, consisting of the grandparents, as well as W-41's parents and her two uncles, lived together. W-41 was born in the first year of the marriage, and less than two years after a boy was born. Shortly after that the father and mother separated, the mother continuing to live where she was and the father taking a room in another part of the town. This separation was the outcome of a consistently and violently quarrelsome life, greatly aggravated by the father's drinking. As the father, mother, and two infant children lived in practically one room of the cottage, it is easy to imagine the effect of such a life on W-41.

The grandfather died, but the grandmother held the

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home together, her three children—the two sons and W-41's mother—being its support.

As in the case of her father, so with W-41's two uncles, drinking became the order of the day, and it must be borne in mind that this was an important circumstance of her life up to the time when she reached the age of seventeen and—having become self-supporting—left the home. Her childhood, then, was spent in conditions of poverty and under the influence of first, the grandmother, who was a typical old German peasant; second, the mother, whose temperament seems to have been affectionate but who was hag-ridden with care, overwork, and the problem of fending for her children in the quarrelsome and drunken atmosphere created by her two brothers; third, the two uncles, who seem to have been morose when sober and dangerously irresponsible when intoxicated—this last condition being the regular thing from Saturday night to Monday morning. Neither of the two uncles married.

The play life was confined to the neighboring backyards and presents no unusual features. The family was Roman Catholic in religion and W-41 attended parochial school. In this connection she acquired from one source or another exaggerated feelings of superstition. In reviewing her history, she was not clear whether this came principally from certain nuns who had a strong influence over her, or from her grandmother, or from both sources. At all events it became one of the dominant forces in her mind to such an extent that organized superstitions became the working formula of her religious ideas. As the grip of all superstitions originates in elemental fears, and as every childish peccadillo was given the significance of a minor or major sin, thus attaching the possibility of fearful punishments in the hereafter, we can see that this childish mind became literally a tissue of guilts and terrors. Especially during adolescence there seemed to have been a constantly re-

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curing preoccupation with expiation, ways and means to placate the dread powers of heaven which sat in daily judgment upon the acts of children and adults alike, ready to pounce and punish unless each sin was wiped out by some prescribed payment and penitence. The adjustment in school was far from satisfactory and the sum of the educational acquirements was small. W-41 learned to read, write, and cipher, but many things stood in the way of her learning much of anything else. The language of her home was peasant German and this made it doubly difficult for her to speak and write good English. She learned little or nothing of history and nothing at all of science.

Her father died when the girl was twelve. She had been allowed to see him at intervals all through her childhood, but not very often, and only for two or three hours at a time. He seems to have cared very little about his children, and equally W-41 seemed to have cared very little about him. She remembered that he had often abused her mother, and that she had been rather glad when the separation occurred, because her environment had been slightly less disturbed than before.

At the age of fourteen she was well grown and was put to work in a small department store where she wrapped bundles and did errands. Later she learned to type, and gradually progressed in the business world until at the age of seventeen she was completely self-supporting.

Her mother had died some years before this and she now left the grandmother's home for a period of about a year. The grandmother incessantly complained about this and eventually prevailed upon W-41 to return, insisting that she was needed in the home and that she had no right to go away.

By turning back two or three years we shall see why W-41 had gotten away from the grandmother and the two uncles as soon as she could. It has previously been said

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that the two uncles drank heavily, also that when they were intoxicated their behavior was dangerously irresponsible. Actually, after W-41 was fourteen or fifteen years of age there were many occasions when their irresponsible behavior was a menace to the safety both of the grandmother and of W-41 herself. In several instances the grandmother was brutally treated, and on one occasion was rather severely injured when struck by some flying missile. This was bad enough, but not the worst of it. W-41 was often threatened with actual assault by one of the uncles, and eventually took to barricading the door of her room with the furniture and keeping a rope there so that she could escape out of the window if necessary. That she said nothing to the neighbors and made no effort to escape from the situation during a period of more than two years might or might not have some significance from a Freudian viewpoint. It must be observed that she returned to the same environment after an absence of a year, but the reason she gave for this was that she felt it was her duty not only to her grandmother but also to her brother, who seems to have lacked W-41's elemental capacity for survival.

Up to this point we have seen a struggle of endurance marked by only one effort at emergence—the getting away for a year. At the age of eighteen W-41's mind began to show the active search for a solution of her problems; a search which was not to cease until she had solved them. She happened to come across some pamphlets of the Unity movement. Her interest was aroused and she became convinced that in some way a mind could become captain of itself and a molder of circumstances. Unfortunately, instead of leading her into serious study, this led her into the field of pseudo-psychology and charlatanism, so that she wasted much time and money during the vogue of the fly-by-night teachers of "royal roads to health, happiness, and riches." It was from such sources that she picked up her

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smattering of occultism, superficial bits of East Indian mysticism, hazy notions that by thinking money one attracted it, and so on. The only discernible constructive value which came to W-41 from this trash was stimulation to a dormant mental radicalism, which aroused in her the impulse to action and to think things out for herself.

The temperament of this young woman was affectionate, loyal, generous, and passionate. She was a hard worker, conscientious and tireless. In spite of her highly organized superstitious fears, she was nevertheless unafraid of life itself, and as later events proved, she could adventure with it as courageously as had her immigrant ancestors. Her balked and starved affection striving had resulted in the growth of intense hates which were most specialized against the uncles, but also at times included the grandmother, certain employers, and overseers whom she felt had been unfair, and also some of her early teachers whom she blamed for having, as she expressed it, "planted" in her a group of religious terrors which had no foundation in truth. In the periods when her hostile feelings were strongest, she was also intensely stubborn and at such times she would react against even the people whom she most trusted.

While her future development has no particular bearing on this comparative study of her waking and sleeping psychology, it may, nevertheless, be of interest. Circumstances so shaped themselves that it was possible to give her an opportunity to escape permanently from the plight of her home environment, to undertake sound lines of study, and also to fit herself by special training for a higher place in the business world. Within three years from that time she was a successful private secretary, and by a tremendous faculty of application had cleared her mind of its confused rubbish and acquired a sound educational orientation. She went through a period of active, even aggressive, experimentation in love affairs, and eventually found a man who

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was permanently satisfactory, married him, and has been for several years leading a happy, contented, and progressive life.

### DREAM I

#### *Text*

I dreamed my aunt went away to some other city and I felt terribly deserted because she was the only one who understood me or ever helped me. Then I went to see some man teacher and there I walked the floor. He told me to sit down, then to stand on my own feet, then offered to feed me, then offered to give me some present. I felt all confused, then got angry and furious, then went away.

#### *Associations*

I think of going away when I was seventeen, because they all drank so and were unkind and kept me scared to death. I went to the home of a cousin and her husband. She was a gushing type who palavered and made you feel you were great. It was all to get lots of work out of you. At home they'd been very unkind about an injury I got where I worked. The doctor said I had sprained an ovary. He didn't do anything for me, and I hated to pay him, but then I've always been rather stingy.

When I had my tonsils taken out, the doctor said they were the largest on record. So if my mind turns out to be the worst mess you ever saw you can lay it to my always having things worst.

I had thought I was just going to this cousin's for a rest but I started working because I didn't want to feel as if I was "sponging." Soon the cousin played sick and I worked harder than if I had stayed at home. I was a strict Catholic and wanted to go to church but my cousin sneered and called me a church fanatic. She flattered me a lot though, and I fell for it and did all the work. Her old father made love to me. He tried to tell me he had the wrong wife. I thought he was a disgusting old devil. They never gave me a dollar for my work and I couldn't think of any way to escape. I've cer-

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tainly developed since then because now I am never afraid to be left penniless—can always go out and get a job in an hour. One thing to do if you want to get jobs is to look well. I always keep my hair curled and my clothes clean.

For some reason my mind wanders off to a picnic and a girl there who had a dog. I used to say if I had a home, I'd have a dog, a horse, and a piano. I remember a fellow taking my picture at that picnic, then the first thing I knew we were off in a woods somewhere. He climbed to get flowers for me and I was grateful. He was about the only fellow who came near me in those years who did not try to get me physically.

### *Comment*

The text and associations of this dream are given because they reveal at the outset something of the state of W-41's mind, and also because they illustrate a tendency, which showed itself frequently in its association work, to wander off into many by-paths and to switch abruptly from one subject to another. No other person with whom the writer ever worked had this characteristic to such a striking degree.

## DREAM 2

### *Text*

I met the divorced wife of Mr. ———. He had divorced her for wrongdoing. I thought "I had no idea you were so tall, splendid and fine." At times she seemed sad and yet not as if repentant.

Next I saw a fine-looking woman sitting on the lap of a monkey. I dropped my eyes. Then I thought: "I'm not going to condemn you. I think there's a great deal which needs to be understood about women." Then I wondered if it meant that I was coming to something like that. Then I knew it wouldn't be that way but that when the men in the boarding house got too familiar, as they always do, I'd just have to move again. I even hefted my bags to try them and was glad the load was light so that I could move easily.

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### *Associations*

I knew Mr. ——— well enough so that I don't blame the wife a bit. Any woman in her place would have had to seek an outlet, get affection somewhere or go crazy.

There is no use dodging that monkey thing. It makes me think of the one chap who has attracted me most. He was all passion, all brute, but just the same there was something about him that women couldn't resist.

I'm thinking now of queer penances I used to do. There was one where I made a procession in the church on my knees and at the end I promised to remain a virgin always. That didn't seem hard to promise, considering the way my uncles had scared me at home and made me hate men. Oh, I feel down this morning—does that mean there's something the matter with my mind? Once at church I was going to take an oath never to have a living husband. I thought I'd join one of the orders where the women wear a wedding ring, but I couldn't do it because I knew inside I wanted man's companionship and would sooner or later have it, and then I feared that thereafter I'd go deeper into hell. Both my uncles got drunk the day of my first communion and I did not feel clean. I dropped my prayer book coming home and thought that was a sign the communion had been unworthy.

One of the sisters told us of a young girl who was raised in the true faith but, instead of doing good, had devoted her life to vain things. The story ran that she died young, with terrible regrets over her misspent life. I can still hear the sister telling of the "ghostly rattling of chains—but it was too late—the devil was coming to get the girl."

I think the worst thing I had to confess was that I used to watch the hens and roosters in the chicken yard for hours at a time with terrible curiosity. I thought I must be too evil to live but I couldn't help myself.

### *Comment*

At the beginning and the end we have an indication of how strongly "sex as sin" was etched in W-41's mind, and the



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middle associations suggest a strongly superstitious terror allied with this idea.

### DREAM 3

#### *Text*

I was tired and it seemed as if I were awake but couldn't open my eyes. I heard a voice say: "We brought you what you wanted." I was so tired I couldn't look. Then they said: "Look!" and I saw that I had wanted it. I showed that I was paying attention. Then they said: "We mean to be kind to you and we assure you that he won't do anything but hold you in his arms." I couldn't look, or wouldn't, when they told me it was a man. They said: "Don't be afraid. You said you wanted to be comforted. We give you our word of honor all he will do will be to comfort you." They left me so when I was alone I could feel this presence—a man next to me. Then I thought: "Oh dear, why couldn't they leave me alone. I'm so tired." I lay perfectly quiet and didn't open my eyes, but I wondered who it was. Should I look or not? This party lay perfectly quiet. I thought then: "Why don't they take him away—this is just a single bed and two can't rest this way—I won't dare move for fear of waking him." Then their voices came again, "He's awake. You better look." I decided to look but found I couldn't open my eyes. I rested a long time, getting more and more curious. When I finally opened my eyes, I couldn't see clearly, but I looked as best I could. The form kept changing from one person to another. One minute it would be that man who was so brutal, and yet thrilled me; next it would be an old man like a father; then next it would be something sort of divine and unearthly; but the last time it changed, it became the brutal passionate man and stayed that way. I hated him but couldn't move and I said: "Whoever brought him must take him away." Finally he was gone. I was angry and said I wanted only to be free. I told those others that they didn't understand and for the present must please leave me alone. Then I awoke.

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### *Associations*

(These were an extended debate over the whole man question, the entire matter finally being summed up in a decision to rule out resolutely all men except those who could contribute something useful to her education and mental growth.)

### *Comment*

This text is presented as an extraordinary example of primitive dramatic construction, with a purity and effectiveness of style which it would be difficult to surpass.

### DREAM 4

#### *Text*

I was home and seemed full of sin. There was something I wanted to do which would be self-indulgent, but it seemed to be a time between confession and communion and I thought: I will wait until after church to-morrow; then I'll be out of the "Grace of the Lord"; then I can do what I want to. Then it seemed grandmother said: "The apple falls from the branch but cannot part from the stem." Then I thought to myself: Yes, that's hopelessly true. I'm one of my family and can never be different.

#### *Comment*

This dream was not associated but shows something of the conflict between W-41's formulistic religious feeling and ideas of the impossibility of escaping from heredity or original sin.

### DREAM 5

#### *Text*

I was trying to find myself. I said to myself: "You always used to talk things out with yourself." But I said: "But I'm different now." Then I answered myself: "I'm not different." Then I said: "But you know you are different, even happier." "Why happier?" Then I said: "Why do you care to know—

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let's do the little things and not bother about ifs and ands." Then I wanted to know where I lived. But at once I said: "What's the difference?—you're doing things." "But what are you doing?" I said to myself: "Come and I'll show you." All of the time I was two people but now I could clearly see that one was a shadow. I followed her. We went to a room which was littered with dresses and a man's things, also, like collars and clothes. The shadow said: "Here are things to do—put these things away and don't question yourself so much—you must begin with little things—then you can progress to bigger things." After she left I felt I should find out who I was and what I was doing. I was uncertain at first but began putting things away, and then remembered sort of keeping house and living for a time with one uncle who was good to me but whom I feared as a child. In the dream I seemed to see his good qualities and thought how much he had done for me but had a sense that his look went deep in and made me feel like nothing. Now, however, I didn't feel afraid. I just felt that I wanted to do these things for him. Then I wanted to see myself in a mirror to see if it was really I, but the mirror was gone. I decided it must be I, then I laughed and said: "The real answer to all this is that you're actually a woman, made to take care of a man." I laughed again and said: "Yes, I'm a woman. I enjoy doing all this." Something inside me became very happy at my telling myself that.

### *Comment*

This dream, like many others of W-41's, was not specifically associated part by part, but merely discussed by her with enlargement on its various themes. The text speaks so clearly for itself that space need not be given to the associations. Particular attention is indicated to the way in which this mind, through intelligent self-study (using its own dreams as its research material) is emerging from the confusion of its past and finding its way to a clear comprehension of its essentially feminine, organized, and constructive nature.

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### DREAM 6

#### *Text*

I was living with a man and enjoyed it. He seemed contented too, and I thought it queer he should be when living with me. I had a half-time job and was going to college besides, and I felt glad that he was willing we should eat out so there would not be cooking and mending. He cared for music, I for lectures and study, and I knew that sometimes we wouldn't be together for twenty-four hours at a time. I felt that there wasn't any physical relationship but that he loved me and was fine and considerate.

#### *Associations*

I've always thought that the only way I could stand marriage would be just that way, to have a friendly and loving companionship without any obligations on either side. It seems as if I remember that in the dream this man bought the food and that I paid the rent or something like that. It seems he wanted to do more for me but I said something like "Why, beloved, you are already my meal ticket and what more do you want?" Thinking of that now, it strikes me as funny, just as if I thought a man ought to be satisfied if he was allowed partly to support me.

It seems as if I must have had some way of reading his face because without his talking I knew he wanted a child. I think I asked if he wouldn't be willing that one of us adopt a little waif and I said: "Beloved, I would be happy to bear your child but it is such a problem and responsibility and I want to finish my college course." It all makes me realize that although part of me has always wanted to marry, there's a greater part of me which resents it and would be unhappy. It seems to me, not that I can never marry, but just that I am not yet ready to marry—something has to happen, some change take place inside me.

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### *Comment*

Both the text and the associations seemed to the writer at the time to be an effort to present a working compromise between two sides of W-41 which were strongly in conflict. There was a masculine striving, with an intense feeling of rivalry and resentment toward men. At the same time there was the great defeated wish of childhood for a father to support her, give her the feeling of home, of security, and of being cared for. The dream seems to say, in frank and straightforward fashion, that if a man could be found who would agree to marriage for companionship only, W-41 would be greatly pleased and would be able to bring the two sides of her conflict into a working adjustment.

### DREAM 7

#### *Text*

A huge building with a great hall and all sorts of other rooms with men and women of all kinds working, reading, studying, doing business, hustling around. I felt terribly busy and kept thinking that to accomplish the most I must learn to do things systematically. Suddenly there was a girl whom I knew I was in love with but somehow wasn't yet ready. I hadn't learned enough. Then there were men everywhere and I knew women could take them if they wanted them. The girl appeared again and smiled at me as if to say: "I don't mind waiting until you're prepared." Then I looked at many of the men and studied them and felt that some time I should try being in love with them but not yet.

#### *Associations*

I think of some of the men as educators and the whole place seems like a queer sort of university—the kind of university which would reproduce life so you could learn anything and everything.

That girl and the men—it isn't just the idea of loving but it's the idea that I myself actively could take her any time physically if I wanted to. But I wasn't thinking much about

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it because I wasn't ready, wasn't prepared, didn't know enough about life to handle things like that. Anyway, I think of all that sort of thing as part of life education. I think young people ought to be educated as carefully about love and sex as everything else. Marriage ought to be studied, too. Life and people are stupid whichever way you look. People and school teach kids a lot of truck that isn't worth anything. But the things they most ought to teach us are forbidden even to be talked about. Sometimes I think churches and schools are the worst things that ever happened to children.

### DREAM 8

#### *Text*

I was in a crowd and suddenly came upon a lost child, a little girl about four or five years old. I took her home and was so very glad that I had enough to support her. I adopted her. She learned to love me and we lived very happily together. It seems that I was in business, doing very well at it, and evenings came home to her exclusively—just we two. I seemed to think that that was all I needed—an outlet for love and to receive love in return.

#### *Associations*

The little lost girl looks like myself at that age.

#### *Comment*

This text with its single association suggests a condensation of several things. There is an identification with, and yet an implied criticism of, her own mother, since she takes charge of herself as child but makes this child happy with a good bringing up. There is identification with her father (Cf. her masculine striving) and also the criticism of him which is implied in her single-hearted devotion to the little girl. There is the egocentric narcissistic picture of setting up a ménage where she may be completely isolated with, and devoted to, herself. Finally there is the wise observation that she cannot be happy except through the free flowing of love impulses.

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### DREAM 9

#### *Text*

I was in a most beautiful country and living a very happy, useful life; then I grew a little bored with it. Everything was too orderly, life ran too smoothly, and I took to recalling the past. I saw myself in New York again with the heavy traffic, slushy streets, and bad air, but it came to me that it was there I'd grown and found myself and I wondered why I had left. Then came thoughts of my teacher and that I had just had to get away to beautiful places where he had never been, so I might score over him. It seemed I had had to find some way to feel equal or superior to him for awhile. Then before I knew it, I was going directly to him. When I got to him I was greatly ashamed of that false ambition to outdo him in some way. I had to make him know how differently I felt, and the only way I thought of was to throw myself on the floor and kiss his feet.

#### *Associations*

Of course it all brings up my two years of study and progress. Sometimes when I look back on it, I cannot believe that I am the same person. It's so strange to be married, and happy, and useful, and contented, and feel myself growing all the time. But I felt reluctant to tell or to talk about this dream. I suppose that's because I am ashamed of my old inferiority complex, which in turn must have made me ashamed of worshiping my teacher. Actually I approve of the whole dream because it shows that, even though I have spells of discontent, the greater part of me is utterly glad of my progress.

#### *Comment*

The text and associations tell their own story, but two points seem to be worth particular attention. One is that some fragments of the masculine rivalry still remain, with their active potentialities. The other is that the gesture of appre-

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ciation of the teacher's efforts is strongly conditioned by former religious feeling. The teacher is being reacted to as though possessed of certain divine attributes. Actually W-41 worked herself out of the cloud of conflict and difficulties which oppressed her mind, mainly through her own extraordinary will to survive and grow. She was possessed of an almost elemental capacity to emerge from the tangle of circumstances which had engulfed her childhood.

There are several features of this girl's psychology which seem to me so important as to justify rather elaborate analysis and examination. In analytical psychology almost as much is being made of the castration complex as was originally made of the family romance outlined by Freud. Psychoanalysts are becoming nearly a unit in holding that the castration complex is universal, and that so far as women are concerned it always plays a leading rôle in the determination of the personality. My own study does not confirm this, and I am unable to see how such a conclusion could be drawn from the records of the more than two hundred dreamers from which the material of this book has been drawn. In certain instances, however, notable among them being the one which we are now occupied with, I should say that the evidence places this complex in the front rank of the adjustment difficulties. Even here, however, it does not seem to be of any more importance than the religious fears and superstitions, or the history of recurrent shock episodes through the childhood and adolescence, or the general absence of intelligent education and training.

It occurs to me that some readers, who may not be informed as to the nature of the so-called castration complex, might find it helpful to have here a brief and simple description. I shall not take the space to go back to original sources, or attempt any broad discussion of the complex,



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but will merely say that there have come to be two principal points of view regarding it. One is that girl children, observing the predominance of the male and his apparently superior position in all the affairs and circumstances of life, develop a masculine striving and rivalry which becomes for a girl, both in her conscious and unconscious mind, a major adjustment problem. She is not male and cannot become male. This may give rise to feelings of inferiority, of defeat, of resentment, of envy, and so on. To these she reacts in some such manner as to attempt to be like the male, to rival him, to defeat him, to dominate him, or to reject him altogether. She may score over him by developing extremely aggressive characteristics, or in the opposite manner by winning him and beguiling him through her apparent submissiveness. In an exaggerated form all such strivings will result in a biological and social misfit.

So far as the feeling tones and character results are concerned, the other point of view does not differ particularly from this one, but as touching the origin of the complex it places the emphasis on actual observed difference in sexual organism. Very simply stated the idea is that the girl child sooner or later—usually sooner—observes that she lacks certain organs possessed by male children, and this observation gives rise to the feeling that somehow, in some unknown and mysterious manner, she has been deprived of such organs herself—has been castrated. From this point on, her possible feelings and behavior have been described in the preceding paragraph.

This does not purport to be anything more than an outline of the rudiments of the castration-complex theory as applied to women, but it should be sufficient to suggest to any reader that all women in whose psychology the complex has played a strong part must naturally have certain important difficulties of adjustment, both to the other sex and to society in general. The masculine striving woman

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is no stranger to any of us, but it must not be forgotten that many women have this complex to deal with *who do not show on the surface* any perceptible masculine striving or open masculine rivalry.

The foregoing, of course, ignores the castration complex in men, and it would be a mistake not to state at this point that the complex, so far from being absent in men, is very often present, resulting, however, as would be at once natural to expect, in different feeling tones and reaction formations from women who have the same difficulty to contend with. Those who are interested in studying the subject will find ample material on it in the works of psychoanalytic writers. A discussion of it so far as it relates to men seems out of place here, since it does not bear on our present material.

The dream life of W-41 shows several features of masculine striving, but in the opening text we do not find this, unless it is hinted at in the last sentence. The value of the dream is principally in its associations, which give us at the very outset an informative cross section of the mind we are studying.

In Text 2 we get the first of the dual character dramatizations which are so characteristic of this dreamer's constructions. It puts together three ideas, and the association of these cannot be accidental. The first two are concerned with the relation of the sexes, and the third is religious but bearing directly upon the first two. We see at once that there must have been very strong guilt feelings, implanted at an early age, connected with sex, that these carried with them a strong sense of fear, and that religious teaching had much to do with the development of both the guilt and the fear.

Text 3 takes us to the very heart of the matter in a completely personal two-character drama, and the entire material of Text 4 is taken up with the two ideas of mortal

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sin and the impossibility of escaping from what the dreamer conceives to be hopeless inheritance factors.

Text 5 for the first time gets down to an attempt at adjusting the difficult problem of relating herself to the other sex on a successful companionship basis. The way in which this mind preserves in the dream its essential femininity, and its capacity to adjust on that basis, is to me very remarkable, as is the sequential progress of the thought completely pictured in Text 6 and its associations. These associations bring in the part which bearing children may play in the castration complex, and I have no doubt that the reason given for not being willing to bear a child is merely a rationalization of a deeper unconscious resistance against doing that particular thing. One may get a picture of the possibility of such a resistance very simply and easily if one does but realize that the bearing of a child—the ultimate and final stamp of femininity—when it is the act of a masculine striving woman, must stand as a symbol of utter defeat of the masculine striving and hence a complete yielding up of the cherished fantasy of being able somehow to be practically the same as a male. On the Freudian side there is, of course, a counter and opposed idea that even masculine striving women unconsciously desire to bear a child, because that will thus demonstrate to themselves and all the world their potency—a sort of symbol for their equality to the male. Although happily married, W-41 has never had any children, but I am unable to say whether or not this is the result of a deliberate choice.

Text 7 at first seems to suggest a homosexual motif, but there can be no doubt that the girl with whom the dreamer feels she is in love is really another figure of herself, probably the projection of the self which she intends to be. The same theme is rather interestingly reversed in Text 8, where the developed and successful self turns things around

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and adopts the infantile self. This would seem to represent a reconciliation in the dreamer's mind, which brings all ages and phases of her psyche into union and sympathetic understanding.

Text 9 is a postlude belonging to a later period both of time and development. I can think of nothing to add to the comment which follows the associations except to emphasize again the fact that the sense of masculine rivalry, and what might be called the original religious reflex tendency, have gone through such progressive reduction as to be no longer capable of disturbing the personality adjustment.

## GROUP VI

W-8, A BUSINESS WOMAN

M-23, A VIOLINIST

W-8

THERE seems to be in America a rather widespread impression that success in business must vary inversely as the square of the cultural development. We might even go farther and say that it is the general opinion also that the business mind must be so preoccupied with its specialized interests that it has no time for anything else. Hundreds—if not, indeed, thousands—of times, the writer has heard among business men some such remark as, “if you want to succeed in any line, you’ve got to concentrate on it to the point where you eat and sleep it.” Two of the studies in this book, of which this is one, would seem to offer a strong suggestion that such mental specialization is not exactly necessary, and therefore must occur rather from choice.

W-8 had not only reached a high place in the business world, but had won it without influence, through the possession of first-class business ability in every direction. She remained not only thoroughly feminine, but extremely alive in a cultural sense, with a well-rounded mind and excellent balance between intellect and emotion. She was tall, slender, blonde, good-looking, and prepossessing. Her bearing was dignified, her expression friendly. She had dark eyes, a musical voice, and spoke with few wasted words and a certain quiet decision which carried the unmistakable suggestion of judgment and assured purpose. She could plan, organize, and execute. She thought readily,

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in large figures or small, according to the needs of the occasion. She worked well under direction, but also was skillful in the management of others, and she had the important combination of foresight with concentration upon the present. It is true that she carried somewhat more emotion into her business than was wise, but this fault was tempered by awareness of it, and a persistent determination to eradicate it.

Socially, W-8 was neither a man's woman nor a woman's woman. She was equally friendly with both sexes, and was extremely fond of children, although her own marriage was childless. She keenly enjoyed all social activities and diversions, making the necessary contacts easily, and always seeking to widen the circle of her acquaintances and friends.

Referring to the statement that she had a well-established balance between intellect and emotion, it may be said that neither her mind nor her emotions could properly be described separately. They were blended. All of her mental interests carried emotion, and her emotions were always accompanied by an understanding critique. She liked to read fiction and biography, thought actively about what she read, and analyzed the significant characters deeply, consciously identifying herself with many of them and thus getting a self-training from her reading. Her friendliness and tact impelled her to let topics of conversation be chosen for the most part by others, but her responsiveness and interest were usually prompt and genuine. Not a little of her quietly energetic mind was applied to the arts of home-making, in which she was skillful and for which she cared much. Through all her social and home life personality ran a vein of humor which was always close to the surface. Last but not least in observing the cultural side of W-8, it must be observed that she was an able and fluent writer, composing readily with a style and method which must

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assure her sooner or later favorable attention in the field of letters.

The ancestral blood of this woman was English on both sides of the family, and the casual student of heredity would note with interest that the father was a writer of the visionary type and the mother a very practical woman of affairs. Unfortunately the mother died when W-8 was only seven years of age and the child, with her sister two years older, was taken to live with an aunt. This completely changed the home background, and thus it is impossible to determine how much of the two-sided development of W-8 was due to the background of the first seven years and how much to the heredity. Certainly after this period she saw very little of her father, and the aunt was of a very different type from her mother; yet the first seven years may have a very powerful effect, particularly upon a child as precocious as this one proved to be.

She was very fond of both the parents, but there was no sympathy between her and the aunt with whom she went to live, and her childhood from the age of seven must be set down as unhappy. She did not react to this unhappiness by withdrawal into herself but became, and remained, strongly and aggressively an outwardly turned personality. Her own explanation of this was that as a child she was precocious and a spitfire, besides which she had felt that she had to fight her sister's battles, since the sister was of a meek and yielding type and was in a fair way to be submerged by the dominant personality of the aunt as well as the rough play of two male cousins.

W-8's resistance against the aunt became stronger and stronger as the years passed, until eventually it was recognized by both as open rebellion, and there came a time when, although living in the same house, they rarely or never spoke unless it was absolutely necessary.

The neighborhood play life was very limited. In the

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first place the aunt considered the family a cut above the neighbors; secondly, she was obsessive on the subject of infectious diseases; and so the children were pretty much limited to the boundaries of their home premises. This might have reacted badly on the meeker sister, but W-8 met the situation with lively inventiveness applied both to toys and games. The rough and tumble of the male cousins stimulated her to emulation, and she became, perhaps, tomboyish. She was obliged to go both to Sunday school and church but out of the ready inventiveness of her mental fantasy level, she wrought the material of both experiences into interesting and usually amusing little dramas. She never took the mystical side of these experiences seriously, accepting it, if at all, with many grains of salt. This may have been one reason why she early rejected the stereotyped concept of "sin" as applied to aberrations of conduct.

In school, she was very bright, got ahead easily, and was liked by most of her teachers. She went rapidly through the grades, skipping one of them in the process, and was almost ready for high school at the age of ten. Her adolescence and maturity were also early, but for some reason her romance life remained almost entirely in fantasy. Possibly this was because she had been so effectively kept out of neighborhood play. At any rate, although she was keenly interested in boys, she saw very little of them and had no sweetheart experiences until she was nearly through her high school course. From high school she went to a business college, having early determined to make a career for herself in this direction. She liked to write, but did not picture it to herself as having anything more than avocational possibilities.

With the business college period she began going about actively with young men, whose companionship she thoroughly enjoyed and with whom she was a favorite. Her



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emotional responses to them were keen and she looked forward with interest and eagerness to marriage and the establishment of a home. This experience was not to come for several years, as it turned out, and meanwhile she showed from the first her ability to master methodically the problems of office life. It is not important to follow her history during the next ten years which preceded this study, but the reader will observe that the avocational, or only partly expressed phase of herself, is strongly predominant in the dream life. Certain of the dreams are very unusual, and to the writer would be unexplainable except for W-8's precocity. They contain some suggestions of possible existence of racial memory. They are also self-analytical and revelatory to a striking degree.

### DREAM I

#### *Text*

I entered a room which had a Gothic arched ceiling and was rather somber. Seated on a raised chair was a man older than I, who seemed a sort of combination of my present business chief and a teacher whom I very much admired. There was a rug covering the chair and this was spread out on each side until it reached the walls. It seemed to me, as I looked at this man, that I was aware of a semiconscious thought which had run through my mind for days—"Do I love this man?" It seems as if this thought had been teasing a part of my brain and I hadn't been able to get it out so I could look at it. As I stood before this man, his voice, calm and a little bored, came to me as if from a distance, across the room, "Has it ever occurred to you that there might be a strong physical attraction between us?" Then the man rose, drew his robe about him and started to leave. I seemed to be trying to take off a blouse which I had been wearing at work, but the cuffs were very tightly fastened and it made me struggle desperately to get it off and get into a new frock before the man left. Some one came up behind me to help. The man paused at the door

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and looked back at me before going out. I ceased struggling with the cuffs and became quietly amused, and I seemed suddenly to understand the whole thing, although the understanding did not take any word form in my mind.

### *Associations*

The man's attitude was quietly dispassionate, just like the attitude of the teacher referred to, as well as two men I have worked for and much admired. It seems to me, looking back on it, that my disturbance was entirely due to confusion of the man as person and the man as director of my work. His question seemed to clarify at once my feeling of attraction. The cuffs of the blouse remind me of shackles—shackles of the wrong kind of thought which have been many in the past. It looks as if I had been often self-consciously afraid that I might love the men who have directed me and aroused my admiration for their qualities. The man's looking back is exactly what often happens in the office, and frequently when it happens I get a sort of steadying effect, and a sort of warming sense of confidence in me.

The Gothic arch and the domelike ceiling bring in a religious motif, but I don't quite see the connection. This dream suggests to me that apparently a hidden part of my mind must have often speculated on what a personal relationship would be like with strong men I have known, particularly older men. The more I think of the man in the dream the more I see in him a figure of a sort of ideal father, and in that light I should interpret my feeling as speculating on what it would be like to be married to one's father. I have never consciously thought of that before, but I think we may as well convict me right now of having taken a ride with that fantasy in the dream. As I think it over now, it strikes me that perhaps the feeling of amusement I had was an adult reaction to what I really knew was the childishness of the disturbance.

### *Comment*

Attention is directed here, and throughout this study, to the distinctly literary quality observable in W-8's dreams.

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Most of them might be themes or sketches composed by the practiced writer.

### DREAM 2

#### *Text*

Last night's dream seems extraordinarily coherent. There was some sort of house party, and I had some special guests of my own. I was occupying a suite of two rooms, which adjoined, with an open doorway between. The room in which I was sleeping apparently had full length windows, but the other had only windows of dormer type. I remember inspecting the other room and being somewhat annoyed to find that while the bed had been made up fresh, the pillow slips looked somewhat mussed. However, it was so late that I hesitated to disturb other people in the house by looking for fresh ones. I finally went to bed in the dormer window room, but awakened after a bit because there seemed to be a radiator throwing out great gusts of heat near the head of the bed. I got up to turn off the heat when suddenly a very clear voice rang out: "June's moon is a full moon!" That seemed to be a signal for rising, and throughout the whole house people began stirring. I decided to tub, and leaned over the radiator, turned on both its faucets as if they were the bath. The water started to run, but instead of a tub it proved to be again a shallow radiator base, and the water flowed into the room. Very systematically and steadily I picked up towels from all over the room and tried to soak up the water. It came on until almost the entire carpet was covered. Outside, and through the walls of the room, I could hear voices. One cried out "It's breaking through" and then I knew that the water had commenced to go through the ceiling. My negligee kept getting in my way, but I walked back to the faucets and succeeded in turning off the water. These faucets stood about six inches away from their base; one had a dark wheel and the other a light wheel, and it seemed that these were to indicate respectively hot and cold water. The one with the dark wheel had a black stem but the other, as I see it now, was polished nickel. When I had soaked up most of the water I thought I had better dress.

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and so I put on a dress with a high collar which I pinned with an old-fashioned brooch. All of this time the people in the house were drawing nearer, and just after I had finished clothing myself they came into my room. They were very polite and tried to assure me that no special damage had been done, but even though they were so well bred about it, I felt decidedly uncomfortable.

### *Comment*

This dream was not associated, but is presented as an unconsciously composed scene for a farce-comedy. Except for the familiar mechanism of condensation, by which the radiator is made to symbolize a bath tub, the entire scene is normal, connected and purposive.

### DREAM 3

#### *Text*

I went out to 108th Street to get the car. It came halfway up the hill, but was not going back because there were no operators. I felt that I had to get somewhere, so I pushed the car on up the rest of the hill. It seemed as if I did this so that it could get a better start. Then I got in and undertook to run the car. Another car was coming, so I tried to put the brakes on mine to avoid a collision, but the brakes would not work. So I deliberately turned my car halfway around until its direction was at right angles to the track. Then I found I was in another dilemma because each end of the car was wedged tightly against the walls of houses on the two sides of the street. I gave up in disgust and decided to walk. I don't remember reaching my destination, but since I was strong enough to turn a street car around off its tracks I dare say I finished the trip with ease!

#### *Associations*

It sounds like my combination of impatience and determination; and my turning the street car around and wedging it between the houses seems to me like a perfectly grand gesture

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of wrath because things wouldn't work. I wouldn't have walked, though, after I got off the car—I should have taken some other vehicle.

One Hundred and Eighth Street certainly doesn't mean anything, because I don't remember that I have ever been on it in my life. For some reason an idea comes to my mind, now, that this dream is somehow very expressive of my resentment against being blocked and hedged in. Do you remember another dream in which I had trouble changing clothes because the cuffs were too tight?

### DREAM 4

#### *Text*

I saw my friend, Florence—and her husband, Harry. Something seemed to have happened to Harry's head. He had been laid flat but I could see only his head, which had been encased in a sort of flesh-colored wooden casing, on which some one was gently pounding. Florence said that he had been in this comatose condition for hours. Presently he seemed to come out of it, but instead of being an adult he had reverted to his childhood. He seemed too cold to run, so I took his hand, and we ran sometimes on earth, sometimes on snow. He was sticking carefully to a narrow path, but I was running just off the edge of the path and seemed bolder than he. Florence was coming along behind us but having a hard time keeping up because Harry ran so swiftly and surely. She took my hand and we ran three abreast for a time, but as she had the harder going, and also because I felt that she and Harry loved each other so much, I put her between us and took the outside. This slowed Harry's progress so that he dropped her hand and sped on alone. I didn't wish to have him outrun me so I, too, let go of Florence's hand and ran swiftly in the path behind Harry. Florence fell far in the rear, until she became just a small dark spot against the white ground and gray sky. We came to a house, and Harry dashed into it with me after him. By this time he was exclaiming things in a childish voice, and although I didn't seem to myself to be a

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child, still I felt at just his age, and his childish chattering seemed natural and all right. We dashed upstairs and on the last landing found a very tall elderly woman standing in the doorway. She seemed pleasant but said there was no way to reach the attic save by a rope ladder. Harry found this quickly, and swung on it much as a monkey would. Florence had joined us by this time, and Harry gave her something of importance which he found on the rope ladder. I didn't mind in the least and felt that it was perfectly all right since I had got plenty of satisfaction out of holding my own with him in the race.

### *Associations*

All I can think of at first is a triangle—triangular situations. I suppose they really do begin in childhood, but isn't it curious that while I behave like a child in every other way in the dream, I'm quite grown up and altruistic emotionally? Perhaps it means that when we look back on childhood, we see as grown-ups how we would behave if we had a chance to live it all over again. Of course, there is a hint in the dream that my chief interest in men is to be able to keep pace with them and be on a footing of equal companionship. But I seem to have been equally friendly with both Florence and Harry, which after all is pretty much like me as I am every day. I like my friends for what they are, regardless of their sex. What could I have been driving at, though, in having Harry there on the ground insensible with his head done up in a block of wood?

### *Comment*

This text is included not only for its value as revealing certain elements in the development of W-8's personality, but also as another example of the neatness with which past and present can be telescoped through the condensation mechanism in dreams.

## DREAM 5

### *Text*

I am not sure whether this started with a doll's house, or whether that came in later, but there was one, and it was

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filled with furniture and little play objects. All the rooms opened off two sides of a middle hall, and the play object which I remember best was a bush with a butterfly on it. Some woman came in and started to entertain some children. She took this butterfly and wound it up so that when released its wings flapped. Then a man came in and lifted me up in front of him and seemed to swing me. He seemed to be wearing a dark dressing-gown, and although holding me he was not actually paying very close attention to me.

### *Associations*

The man reminds me of my father, and as I remember his swinging me in the dream I seem to feel very, very much shorter than he.

### *Comment*

There were other associations to this dream, all of them relating to various books which the dreamer had been reading, and in which children had played an important part. The idea of being so much shorter than the man who was swinging her is another instance of telescoping present and past, and the entire dream is clearly a recollection of childhood.

## DREAM 6

### *Text*

I was going back in an open buggy to a summer hotel. There were two men with me—at least a part of the time there seemed to be two men, and a part of the time they simply seemed to stand for two people. Somewhere along the line I got out and went on alone, and I have a feeling that this place was a fork in the road. In my room in the hotel I found a letter in a long envelope, slit across the top. This letter was yellow. I also found another letter belonging to some other girl, and I seemed to know it was from her lover. I went down to the office to turn this in. The lobby was a spacious place with windows on the right, a desk like that of a hotel, but with one round section caged in. I turned in the letter, saying it

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was not for me, and remarking that I expected my husband to arrive. There was a storm brewing. The sky was black and it was beginning to rain. All through comes a picture of one of the people I had been riding with, a man, dark, earnest, forceful, trustworthy, determined, and very little humor about him because he was trying to accomplish something with exactness. Suddenly he appeared driving up to a platform to unload, but I felt that he mustn't stop there because he had some important duty and he must carry on. As soon as I thought this he went on and I was left alone and wistful.

### *Associations*

The first thing I think of is to wonder why I should proclaim with such emphasis to those hotel people, who were not in the least interested but just barely courteous, that my husband was coming. Since there were two men in the buggy, I think of both my husband and my father. One of them must have stepped out and got lost, because he disappears from the picture. I get now a very queer fantasy—quite dramatic! I myself have got out of the buggy, perhaps been forced out, and have to walk up a rather sinister and dangerous driveway—I mean there is something sinister and dangerous at the end. The disappearing man jumps out and becomes an enshrouded figure. The other drives off. The enshrouded figure goes up the driveway along which I am to pass. It crouches and I realize that it is really a skeleton figure, very threatening; all bones, washed white with time, grinning eternally. Out of a place where the skeleton might have wings I see a flower growing, straight, tall, and beautiful, and it symbolizes to me an everlasting shrine. No one may touch it. Always behind it is a crouching shadow from which it came. I think of a toad, a frog, a snake, but its deadly power is overcome by the beauty of this flower. A whole series of philosophical ideas, all sentimental and yet having sincerity, comes to me now. "Bitter tears won't help." "Beautiful flowers grow out of filth and mire." "Some need human tears to make them grow." "All this should keep one humble and tolerant."

Thinking of that crouching figure brings, of course, the idea



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of death; and out of this thought of the generations passing on, comes the picture of my mother taken by death. Strangely though, I think of the horse, too, as a symbol of death, perhaps because it is white and that at once suggests black. The man driving off, like the man coming up to the platform, suggests my father going on his way, trying to realize his own destiny. Then I think of myself as perhaps getting comfort and reassurance out of the spirit of my mother, as I face that difficult and rather terrifying route I must travel. Those letters—the yellow envelope is business, and makes me think of the business of living. As for the other letter—well, it is very funny but I now realize that it wasn't for somebody else; it had my name on it; but in spite of that I felt that it wasn't for me, or at any rate that I wasn't to read it yet. The two letters make me think of two branches of a tree, or, better, of a road. One stands for bitterness and defeat, the other for health and happiness. This latter becomes now definitely a branch of a tree. It is a branch called helpfulness and joy, and the tree seems very strong.

### *Comment*

Besides its interest and dramatic structure, this text and associations are presented as an excellent example of the way in which the associative stream may fork and branch in many directions without ever leaving the essential underlying thought out of which the dream grew.

### DREAM 7

(The following text is a faintly remembered fragment of a recurrent dream which often came during the later childhood, when living with the unsympathetic and unloved aunt.)

### *Text*

My memory of this is rather shadowy but it seems to me now as though the dream always came in about the same way. It was about a woman and a man in a shoe store. The woman was the manager, and the man was trying a shoe on her. I

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was present and was hating her so hard that I could make the hate go out of my head and shoulders like an aura. She would leave the room and close the door, and I would then creep after her, something like a gorilla, with a desire to throttle, to strangle her. In the store were many large shoes, standing around out of their boxes.

### *Comment*

Since the dream was so far in the past there would be little point in associating it, because the associations obviously would not be those of the immediate period of the dream; but the symbolism is very interesting. I have found that the "shoe" motif is often associated to the Mother Goose rhyme of the old woman who lived in a shoe. The picture of hate as having a definite visual significance, suggests the primitive savage idea of the power of the evil eye. The creeping like a gorilla adds emphasis to the primitive quality of this dream, and the early age at which the dream occurred, taken in connection with the nature of the symbolism, certainly raises the question of whether some shadows of primitive racial memory may exist in the deeper levels of the human mind, even to-day.

The distinctive qualities of this series of dreams have such subtlety and polish that they can easily be missed. It is perhaps only by comparing them with any other series in the book that one can see clearly how essentially distinctive they are. In construction they are narratives, and their style is literary but not dramatic. Text 1 exemplifies these two later points very well indeed. The dreamer might be writing a scene in a story, which she makes clear, connected, and complete. The emotion is calm in comparison to the description of the action. She is "struggling desperately" to change her frock, but there is no suggestion of any acute anxiety; and that the entire scene is symbolic, and understood by the dreamer to be such, becomes clear, as whatever anxiety was present dissolves into quiet amusement. The associations point directly to the existence of

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an unconscious complex in connection with the father, and it is very unusual to see the complex come so frankly and directly to the surface as is expressed in the words, "We may as well convict me right now with having taken a ride with that fantasy."

The texts of 2 and 3 are, with their associations, supplementary, and do not suggest any extended comment, but Text 4 is quite a complex construction and in my opinion undoubtedly deals with much unconscious material in the dreamer's mind. The dream begins with what is probably a memory shadow from some scene of childhood play, and this age-level seems to be maintained in part throughout all of the text, but I feel sure it is being used as a symbol to express the adult psychology. There is strong indication of masculine striving and masculine rivalry, but equally strong evidence that W-8 has made a satisfactory and successful adjustment of this complex. It would be easy to let the associations mislead us into believing that the adjustment is so perfect and complete that there are no left-over difficulties, if it were not for the last sentence which frankly says that it does not understand the opening symbol of the dream in which the male figure is presented as lying on the ground insensible, not only helpless but in a ridiculous and impossible situation. Nothing in the associations offers a solution of what this symbol stands for, or why it is used, but from various elements of this dreamer's psychology we might make a guess. What else fits the picture of a colored wooden casing, revealing only the head of a figure which has been "cold" and "comatose" for quite a long time, but a coffin, containing some one who is dead? If that is the meaning of the symbol we must then inquire what male figure in the life experience of the dreamer could be thus represented. From the history, I should say that the only one it could relate to would be the father. We should then, if we assumed the father to be represented,

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have the child running by the father's side, and seeming to herself—for only a moment—to be bolder than he; a feeling which parents often encourage in children by letting them run faster, or letting them seem to be stronger, or seem to jump farther. The feeling of being bolder lasts only a moment, because in the very next sentence the male figure is running "so swiftly and surely."

The associations frankly refer to a "triangle," and we have only to substitute the mother figure for Florence to find ourselves confronted with a most interesting family romance in which the child makes a successful adjustment, psychically at least, and overcomes in herself any rivalry with the mother, or deliberate effort to usurp the mother's place with the father. In terms of this adjustment she then maintains a comfortable companionship with both mother and father, which becomes a model for the later adult companionships with both sexes. Of course this is all guesswork, but it serves to emphasize something which is surely of major importance in the development of the human psyche. It seems logical that most of the models of adult relationship are established, with their varying adjustments, during childhood. That a successful relationship to the father-mother background is the most important step toward successful bisexual relationship in the adult life seems then to be certain.

Text 6 is a very remarkable construction, and we are fortunate in having sufficiently elaborate associations so that all of the symbolism is identified. The dreamer herself interprets the thing, in the second half of the associations, in such detail and so clearly that further analysis could scarcely make it clearer. It is certainly very revealing of the unconscious, and like the preceding texts it establishes the dream psychology of W-8 as very distinct and different from the waking personality which could be known through ordinary day-to-day associations with her.

## DREAMS AND PERSONALITY

### M-23

Tall, slender, dark, and aquiline, with the handsome face and waving hair which one associates with a certain Latin type of musician, M-23 had the presence and manners of a finely bred gentleman, with a facile mind, a quick wit, a beautifully modulated voice and a smile of great charm. Fortunately for the purposes of this study, the first encounter was in a studio at a party where many celebrities were present and thus it was possible to get a good picture of the social aspect and adjustment of the man. Subsequent meetings under varied conditions served to emphasize the sensitiveness and innate facility of the personality, but also brought out and made very evident the strain and effort with which many of his contacts were maintained.

Considered as an intellect apart from emotions, it would be difficult to find a better balanced organ than the mind of this man. He had had fine educational opportunities and had profited by them. He was an eclectic reader and thought about what he read. His mind not only understood and grasped, but retained and enriched whatever it found of interest. His weakest point was science, but even here he had a fairly creditable knowledge of outlines. The social phases, the manners and customs of people, had obviously been for him the most interesting part of history. He was well grounded in the literature of the English language and had considerably more than a smattering of that originating in France and Germany. *Weltpolitik* had captured his attention from time to time, but chiefly as a stimulus for his own thought. In philosophy his reading had ranged widely from Plato to Kant and Nietzsche. His companions of the early days in college had been of the intelligentia, and he had always been more listener than talker. Naturally his major subject had been music, since that was to be his profession, and unlike many solo performers he

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had made it his business to ground himself thoroughly in musical history and musical theory. We might say that the scope of his mind was its most striking feature. But in addition to this it should be noted that his mind was essentially practical. He could organize and direct a concert tour of a large group of musicians, just as he could organize his own work in masterly fashion when preparing for his concert season.

M-23's ancestors came from England, but there was a strong Norman strain in the blood. He was born in a small town in the middle Atlantic states. His parents were in humble circumstances, and in endeavoring to maintain a social position considerably in advance of their income there was always a doubly determined necessity in the struggle to make both ends meet. There were five children in the family, of which M-23 was the last to arrive. The circumstance of his being the youngest, as well as the most attractive and the most talented, made him the mother's favorite, and he early became the object of her concentrated attention and ambition. It was his impression that as a child he was somewhat effeminate, but this idea seems to have arisen principally from the association with his mother, because a close study of his play life did not confirm it. Certainly he was more sensitive, and gentler in ways and manners, than the other boys of his neighborhood, but his play life was active and his companionships were normal. He did give evidence of being distinctly an artistic type, and in boys this is often unthinkingly confused with effeminacy.

At school he did creditable work and was rather a teacher's favorite, this history being paralleled at the Sunday school where he was a regular attendant from the age of six. Quite early in childhood he showed marked talent for the violin. Naturally his services were soon in demand for concerts and other entertainments in his home town

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and surrounding communities. He disliked these public appearances, having a particular distaste for the fuss which was made over him by women. This latter reaction is conspicuous all through his childhood and offers a strong negation of the effeminacy idea.

M-23's relations with the mother have already been suggested. Those with his father, as well as those with his brothers and sisters, were normal enough and quite what might have been expected as the ordinary course of a child's life. It is necessary to bear in mind that M-23 was the only definitely artistic type in the group. The inheritance factor for this is found on the mother's side of the family. The mother herself belonged to this type but had lacked both the opportunity and the personal ambition to impel her toward striving to develop such talent as she may have had.

There is nothing of special interest in the history during the four years of preparatory school, but with the coming of college age we find more significant material. It was a group of circumstances, rather than any personally arranged program of M-23's, which eventually determined his choice of an artistic career. The family circumstances forbade alike an expensive college course, or the two or three years of violin study in Europe which the boy undoubtedly would have preferred. A higher education for him, however, was considered not only fitting but almost indispensable from the point of view of the mother. A scholarship was eventually secured and M-23 had the pluck to supplement this by sufficient work outside of study hours to maintain himself in an eastern college for two years. At the end of this time, his marked talent for the violin had attracted considerable attention and an opportunity was made for him to transfer to a university where there was an excellent musical department. Music now became his major subject and from this date his progress as an artist really began.

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After the university he taught in New York for some time and then went to Europe for several years of work.

A curious feature of his development is to be found in a study of his religious life, which is interwoven with his relationship to his mother. Like her, he had grown up in a Protestant denomination, and as long as he remained close to her he was quite devoted to his church life. It has been suggested that he became increasingly impatient of the special attention given to him as a child by women. This impatience gradually grew to include his mother so that by the time he was in the preparatory school, his emotional self was in full revolt against the demands made upon it by her. Correspondingly he had begun to revolt against the church, but this latter revolt brought with it such acute twinges of conscience that each recurrent phase of indifference was followed by an equally strong phase of penitence and devotion. The motion, so to speak, of these two emotional reactions became wavelike, with a clear tendency toward increasing length of hollows and shortening of the elevations. In other words, M-23 became less and less attached to the church, more and more likely to absent himself through quite long periods, but could not for a long time escape the sharp feelings of guilt and penitence—although the duration of these latter feelings became less and less. With the study of philosophy in college, there came active rationalization and agnostic doubts, so that the periods of indifference to the church became longer and longer, and careful observation shows that these still checked strikingly with the revolt against the mother's effort to hold her son's emotional self in thrall to her.

This man was always attractive to the other sex, and in spite of having been very much bored by women during his childhood he developed, nevertheless, a very normal interest in them as he grew to maturity, and showed far more of a tendency to remain attached to a single individual among



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them than is usual with the artist type. He had two or three love affairs of increasing intensity and when he eventually married, it proved to be a fulfilling, satisfying, and enduring experience.

### DREAM 1

#### *(A group of dream texts)*

##### *Text*

(a) I was in a cathedral, close to the altar rail, and turned on a sort of reading lamp. Quite close to the altar gate was a huge squat image of a Madonna looking like a Buddha, with all sorts of other figures and figurines around. A crude, rough Irishman, with a delicious brogue, went about rapidly making genuflections in all directions. When he came to the Madonna, he said: "As you are an honest woman, I think you might do something for me." With some amusement I wondered just what he wanted her to do. Then a priest appeared and I was aware of many people in robes, altar boys, and members of a choir. It seemed to me that all of these people felt hostility and resentment toward me.

(b) There was some ceremonial occasion with lots of people and much decoration, consisting principally of white velvet and white silk. At first I thought the affair might be a funeral but then realized that it wasn't anything of the sort, but was a very beautiful and pleasant affair.

(c) I was in a carnival crowd having a very merry time with many friends there dressed in fancy costumes.

### DREAM 2

##### *Text*

Another cathedral dream in which I had a sense of mingled disappointment and contempt for the officiating priest.

##### *Associations*

It reminds me of a sermon I once heard which was tremendously disappointing. As a matter of fact I met the minis-

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ter shortly after that very service, and one of the first things he said to me was that he had observed a half dozen men in the congregation who represented more than ten million dollars of capital. I was shocked at his attitude, and I remember thinking that it wasn't strange that the sermon should be disappointing if that was the way the man's mind worked while he was preaching it. It seems to me now that I can count that occasion as the beginning of my indifference to the church.

### DREAM 3

#### *Text*

In a charming house I am at work arranging and fastening into a frame some groups of very small and perfectly uniform bits of paper. In some instances I seem to have put a pin through one of the pieces clumsily, and then carefully corrected this. On a table by a large sunny window are flowers, several choice art objects, and a silver box. Then the whole scene changes to a concert hall. I am sitting on the edge of the stage swinging my legs slightly and feel in excellent humor. There have been a great many people there but they are going out.

#### *Associations*

The frame and bits of paper suggest embroidering which brings back scenes in my childhood. I was encouraged to spend too much of my time indoors with women, and often feel self-condemnation because of having rather liked it. The group of things on that table leaves a strong impression of beauty, very æsthetic. That, too, seems feminine; in fact the whole scene leaves that impression. Why then should it change to a concert hall where obviously I have just given a successful concert and am highly pleased?

#### *Comment*

It seems very likely that the change from one room to the other expressed by simple condensation an idea which was certainly a significant part of M-23's psychology. This was

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that the career of a concert artist is somehow effeminate, or at least that male musicians are apt to lack the stronger masculine qualities. M-23, in working at the frame, is partially identifying himself with women, and obviously even fears that his response to flowers and art objects is slightly feminine. That this scene should fade into a concert hall and stop there does not seem accidental.

### DREAM 4

#### *Text*

I explained to a Spanish innkeeper the value of a telephone. An attractive, slender, dark young woman in a riding habit overheard. I led her horse in front of the inn where she could get on it. Instead, she chose a hansom cab which had a side car, got into the side car and drove away. She had left with me a bolt of cloth which I was to exchange or take back to a store. I was astonished, but took it good humoredly, went to the store, spoke Spanish, and was answered by a vulgarly flippant young person who replied in English.

#### *Associations*

A telephone represents ease and comfort and I seem to have mixed up and contrasted the modern with the ancient, just as one really finds it in Spain. An old cab reminds me of the old aristocracy clinging to their traditions even though they are out-dated. The side car attached to it seems to be a sarcastic fling at the younger generation of those people in Europe. It's a vulgar, noisy, and inferior revolt against the solid values of their tradition. I was surprised and much disappointed at seeing this person ride off that way, instead of choosing her horse, which was handsome, well-groomed, and good-looking. That bit at the end about the vulgar young person sounds as if I were making a rather snappish comment on the whole thing.

#### *Comment*

The text and associations of this dream would as perfectly fit the waking as the sleeping personality of M-23. They ade-

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quately reflect his sensitiveness and unfailing appreciation of true values.

### DREAM 5

#### *Text*

I crossed diagonally in the midst of heavy traffic, where two streets intersected, but made my way through rapidly and easily. As I got upon the sidewalk I had a feeling of pride for a moment, then realized that it wasn't a very important matter except that it illustrated a principle. I said to myself: "It all depends upon how you value the direction in which the road leads."

#### *Associations*

In my early concert career I often had a feeling of incompleteness, of never quite putting over what was inside me. The whole thing makes me think of taking direct roads to get to a goal. How very difficult that is in the midst of the many confusing things around one! The emphasis of the whole dream seems on the importance of knowing one's own mind.

#### *Comment*

This is a good illustration of that dream process frequently encountered by a student of the subject, in which the mind during sleep seems to be prompting one, as if by way of emphasis, toward that line of conduct which the waking mind had so often perceived as essential to success.

### DREAM 6

#### *Text*

There is a group of pupils in a place like a conservatory. They are looking to me to make a statement of some sort, which their faces indicate they think will be important. I merely get as far as saying that I hope what I am going to tell them is important, when they burst into loud applause and laughter.

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### *Associations*

It looks like a criticism both of myself and the average student of the violin. I feel as if I really didn't know enough to tell him anything significant; but I also feel as if it would be a waste of time even if I did, because many students aren't taking their art seriously and wouldn't listen to sound instruction any way.

### DREAM 7

#### *Text*

There was something about King Henry I—whom I know nothing about—who was sitting in front of a tent or pavilion. It was evening and he had come to the end of a day's work. There was an army all about, but it seemed as much composed of animals as of men. The king looked up and said as he finished his work: "And now what is there for the eyes, the tongue, and the touch?" I thought this was a quaint way of asking what there would be for supper and entertainment. I saw cruel looks on the faces of people about him, and they had prepared serpents and other animals to destroy him. I saw the head of a serpent on the end of a mace, and then a kind of yapping beast who was a cross between a crocodile and frog. This beast sat on its haunches and I was aware of all sorts of savage animals which were to be a part of Henry's torment.

#### *Association*

Animals have often reminded me of people and many people remind me of animals.

#### *Comment*

Totemism often appears in dreams, and is very well illustrated by this text. The same mechanism of condensation makes it very easy for a dream to present people as animals and animals as people. In the writer's experience, dream animals will nearly always bring up associations to people if sufficient time is allotted for each stimulus to be elaborated.

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### DREAM 8

*(Series of dreams of a single night in the form of a drama)*

#### *Text*

(a) It was as if this were a prologue but all the action is forgotten. I cannot remember even the details of the stage setting but realize it was in a large theater and that there were to be three acts. It seems as if these had been divided into such subjects as "Origins," "Boyhood," "Romance Life," "Career," and "Internal Growth Into the Capacity to Do Big Things."

(b) This is merely a stage setting; an outdoor theater on an enormous scale with the stage high up and the seats running downward. It is made out of hills and the stage is in steps. Looking down I reflect on the enormous size and the curious feature that everybody must look upward. I become troubled at the altitude. I think how impossible it will be to make my violin heard in this huge place. Then at one side in a valley I see another theater much smaller, rock hewn, and acceptable in every way.

(c) This is in a large kitchen where two women are busy cooking. Outside the door is a conduit in which water is racing past. The women are puzzled to know why some bottles of alcoholic liquors have been put in the water. There are quite a number of bottles which are not in the water. I remark that those in the water are there to cool, and thought that those which were not in the water might spoil. It seemed that they were fine liqueurs. One woman tasted one of these to see if it was still good, and said it was. Then she set all of the bottles into the race of water. Through a window I saw what I took to be the ocean but it was more like a raging, pounding waterfall, and had some connection with the large theater—in fact, I conceived it as flowing in a raging torrent under that.

(d) I had a part in a play, of which the second act was being played. With difficulty I had gotten through the first

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act. It was a rehearsal, not a performance. It was on a conventional stage and the time was nearly due for my cue. I felt that I had known my lines but had forgotten them. I went about anxiously seeking my friends among the scenery and asking for a book of the play but no one could help me. These were my present-day friends. I looked through the wings and saw that the people who were playing were my boyhood friends. Things seemed going badly but I thought: "I will soon be out there and will put so much into my part that it will save the day."

(e) I was with my old music master and felt that I had been doing some very important work for him. It had to do with editing music manuscript and I wondered if he realized that my work had been really valuable.

### *Associations*

It really is like various reflections on my life. I have hundreds of times had moments when I was appalled at the magnitude of the idea that one person could set himself up on stage after stage and give out something important to thousands upon thousands of people. Then the little theater at the side is like a small concert hall, and brings back an old story from the reading books of school "the clock has to beat only one tick at a time."

The scene outside that kitchen is full of the sense of water, trees, sunshine, beauty, and quiet. The liqueurs make me think of the fine, old, seasoned amenities of life which are nowadays so in danger of being lost. The idea of the ocean and the roaring torrent brings up a feeling which I often have that flowing under us on every stage of life is the great universal force, and if we can get a little of this it is all we need to carry on and make life wonderful. It seems as if it flowed under all the drama of life.

Getting no help from my present friends reminds me that I have for long had a feeling that one should not look for that. We grow strong through depending on ourselves. And any part of my own life drama in which I am going to "save the day" must be concerned with my not having realized some

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of my boyhood ambitions. Evidently I feel that my present friends cannot give me the cue to this.

The last episode looks as if I feel that my career would, in some respects at least, be worthy of the devotion of my music masters, and I certainly hope that it has their approval.

A subconscious or hidden part of the mind is strongly in evidence throughout the dreams of M-23, and except for their settings, there is little in them that can be related to the waking personality so far as his friends could know it on the surface. Neither in the text nor associations does he follow any particular theme, and it would be very difficult to make a descriptive classification of his dream material. Ceremonial, a sort of pageantry, did appear in them fairly often, sometimes with a religious, sometimes with a royalty motif, but there was nothing typical about this. Certainly there is a very strong contrast between the cathedral scene of Text 1, the pavilion scene of Text 7, and the antique open-air theater scene of Text 8. There is quite a tendency toward dramatic construction, but this is not strongly marked, like the dream work of W-62, and that of M-7. The first three scenes constituting the text of Dream 1 are the settings which would admit of drama, but with the exception of Text "a," we have merely a scene with no actual details, although there is an obvious impression of these. My own idea of Text "a" is that it relates to progressive changes in the attitude toward religion. Similarly it is possible that Text "b" pictures a maturing philosophy of life which has altered the whole reaction toward death. The first impression mentioned seems to be confirmed by Text 2 with its associations.

The associations of Text 3 introduce a commentary which recurred from time to time in the study of this man's dreams to the effect that the musician may have some rather strong feminine characteristics in his psychology. My reason for



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assuming that these two ideas of feminine characteristics and the profession of a musician were directly related in this mind, as they are in many minds, is that the question asked in the last sentence of the associations can scarcely be accidental. The last two sentences of the associations couple the two ideas unmistakably. Feminine characteristics are not always observable in male musicians, but they are frequently found. The musical artist must be a very sensitive person, whether male or female. Several physicians have told me that they have found all their musician patients hypersensitive in tissue reaction as well as in psychology. It is possible that this sensitiveness does not exist except in mixed types, where the feminine-psychology characteristics are comparatively stronger.

There is nothing whatever of the foregoing theme in Texts 4 and 5, one of which seems to bear on culture and social psychology, and the other to be a dream of the self-admonitory or self-warning type. Both of these dreams must have thoughtfulness as a foundation, and could not be imagined as occurring in the dream life of a nonintellectual person.

Text 6 is also a thoughtful dream, so far as its obvious foundations are concerned, but in Text 7 we find an altogether new departure, an elaborate medieval scene, with action which might belong both to pageantry and to primitive tribal ceremonial. It would have been interesting to get at the source of this dream, but unfortunately nothing came out in the associations which gave any light as to what set it in motion. There was also nothing to show why the totemism idea should have appeared in that particular construction. It seems to me most likely that some reading during the day had acted as stimulus to several groups of previous impressions received from reading, travel, and stories, and that the dream had condensed two, possibly three, main lines into one. It also occurs to me that there might have been a fourth line of impressions condensed into

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the construction. If we look at the text from that viewpoint, it is fairly sure, for example, that this dreamer has read more or less of French history, with the manners and customs of early days; something of adventure stories, which would bring in ferocious animals and also savage customs; something also—the fourth line of impressions—of the Book of Revelation. All of this could be easily condensed in this text as it stands.

The best dramatic form is the final text with its five scenes. At first thought we might rule out Text “e” as not being in a form which allows it to be placed with the previous scenes of the drama; but we can see at once that it really belongs with the main group, not only because it is a clearly remembered dream of the same night but also because its underlying thought is essential to the completion of the thought-stream of the drama. Perhaps the best description of it would be to say that it stands as an epilogue. The whole Text 8 series of scenes is one of the most thoughtful, progressive, and connected, that I have ever encountered. The dream structure itself is not like the waking psychology of the man; it is not like the way his mind worked; but it gives rise to associations which are expressed much as he would occasionally talk with some very intimate friend.

## GROUP VII

### TWO SISTERS

W-16, A PAINTER; W-34, A HOME GIRL

WHAT influence, if any, has a similarity of family background upon dream structure? Will there be anything which could be called a family characteristic cropping out in the dreams of a group of children having the same parents? If so, does heredity play any part? Would it be possible by pursuing such a line of investigation to get any light on the question of whether dreams do contain traces of racial memory? All of these questions capture the imagination of the research student in dream psychology, but, as yet, they remain unanswered in the mind of this writer. He has had the opportunity to make but one satisfactory study which might furnish data of the type referred to. It is not difficult to get dreams from several members of a large family, but to find all of the dreamers willing to coöperate in the extensive association studies, which alone give the dreams psychological significance, is quite another matter. To be of any value, the study in the case of each person must extend over a period of at least two or three months, and will occupy from sixty to one hundred hours of investigation time.

In the instance of W-16 and W-34 such coöperation was interestedly and devotedly given, under ideal conditions. They were sisters, only three years apart in age, yet widely differentiated in personality, temperament, mental activities, vocation, and ambition. Each is presented here as a complete individual study, but the juxtaposition of the two

## TWO SISTERS

makes comparison and contrast easy. The writer feels that the evidence in this case leaves the answers to the questions propounded in the opening paragraph, very much in doubt.

### W-16

The development of this young woman's personality had been somewhat handicapped by the fact that she was the possessor of striking and unusual beauty. Inevitably this makes one the object of much special attention, of a type which emphasizes the wrong end of the ego, so to speak. Father and mother may not be influenced by the pulchritude of the child, but every one else is. Neighbors begin their comments when the child is only a year or two old, and the daily experience is salted with flattering remarks, which become increasingly frequent after adolescence. Only a very well-balanced mind can survive this with a clear view of itself and a fair assay of its actual values. W-16 had handled the matter very well, in part, perhaps, because of her training as a painter, in which profession she was making her mark at the early age of twenty-eight. She had been so successful in fostering the growth of her mind and character that one had no difficulty in establishing contact with her on this basis even at a first meeting. Indeed, it rather annoyed her, than otherwise, to be sought after for her beauty of face and figure.

She was a pure blonde, with large, thoughtful eyes of dark blue, which lighted vividly in response to humor, but were often shadowed by brooding in which there was a clear trace of sadness. These eyes were in reality the mirror of her mind, since her moods flashed quickly from merry to grave, just as her mentality gave alternating pictures of gay wit, troubled pondering, and deep introspection.

She cared more for her art than anything else, as might have been expected, and her attitude toward it was a blend

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of reverence with earnest study. Her craftsmanship was both natural and acquired. She was drastically fundamental, with a whole-hearted contempt for the shirking and slovenliness which so often tries to conceal itself under the names of "modernism" and "spontaneous expression."

Her social life was active and thoroughly enjoyed. She liked people of all sorts and had a strong gift of intuition which permitted her to understand them with uncanny ease and accuracy. Her comprehension of them did not lead to harsh criticism or censure. She liked all sorts of human beings, regardless of their faults, being sincerely tolerant in her judgments.

Her mental interests were almost entirely in cultural directions, her art, the drama, music, and literature. She had traveled a great deal, and enjoyed it for its experiences of beauty and the great variety of human contacts which it made possible.

Since the background of the two sisters was obviously the same, it will be considered farther on.

### W-34

Three years younger than W-16, W-34 presented a rather striking personality contrast. She was a sturdy brunette, whereas her older sister was a slender blonde. Black-haired, with dark, warm eyes, and a quickly smiling mouth, she conveyed an almost instant impression of lovable gentleness and sweetness of disposition. Even her voice might be included as a factor in that description, since, in timbre and modulation, it helped to convey the impression of a beautiful spirit. Where W-16 automatically took the center of the stage, W-34 remained quietly in the background. Where W-16 was a wit, W-34 was an appreciator. The older sister was an artist, the younger a gifted home-maker. The younger sister had as keen a sense of beauty as the

## TWO SISTERS

older, but a totally different, and highly personal, ideal of utilizing it. She got a mild enjoyment from social life, but infinitely preferred the close companionship of one person at a time. In this she could be deeply happy, but in a large group she was never more than superficially content. The colors of W-16's personality were varied and brilliant; those of W-34 were soft and muted—but they were deep. She was devoted in her friendships, and loyal almost to a fault. She liked the out of doors and loved animals.

Mentally, W-34 was methodical, conscientious, and thorough, but there was no intellectual field which alone could bring her any great satisfaction. This was not for lack of comprehension, since she understood clearly and appreciated readily, but her satisfactions were strongly centered upon the idea of home-building and home-making, with all of the attendant implications. Like her sister, she was extensively traveled, and thoroughly enjoyed the experience of new scenes, but it was as an onlooker rather than a participant. Her heart could never be in strange lands or with strange peoples.

### *Background of the Two Sisters*

The background of these two sisters was as follows: There were three children, the two girls being junior to an older brother whose relationship to them was always particularly good. The father and mother were of English ancestry, both coming from families which had been among early American colonists, and having rather strongly puritanical traditions. There were ample means on both sides, and the father was a gentleman of leisure, of the type which two or three centuries ago was known as a patron of the arts. He was himself a sculptor of no mean ability, but did not follow this seriously as a profession, preferring to interest himself in the collection of paintings and art objects. The mother was a bustling, efficient, and charming head of the

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family, cheerful, gay, always active, interested in everything that the rest did, but perhaps a trifle overanxious in her managerial functions. Both the father and mother were affectionate and equally fond of all three children, playing no favorites, being always accessible and companionable, but being very pronounced in their insistence upon the wisdom and importance of entirely conventional behavior.

The family home was in a large city on the Pacific coast, but there was also an extensive country place, located on a lake, and the time was about equally divided between the two places when the family was not away on foreign travel. This combination of city and country life was wholly satisfactory to the older sister, but W-34 and the brother would have been glad to spend all of the time in the country.

The history of the neighborhood play life showed the contrast between the two girls even from the first. One was generalized in her companionships, the other selective. One was roving and sentimental, the other inclined to grooves. One was moody and imaginative, the other stable, devoted to a family of dolls, a flock of chickens and ducks, a pair of sheep dogs, a pony, and a personally tended flower bed. Both sailed, fished, and swam, but only as privates in the army of the older brother, whom they admired greatly and whose leadership they accepted without question.

At school the older sister, W-16, was quick in some subjects and indifferent in others. Later she was to show real brilliancy with language, literature, and geometry. The younger sister applied herself patiently and faithfully, albeit with no urge toward acquiring high grades, and her progress was even throughout the range of subjects studied. She made no effort to shine but always sought, and for the most part won, the respect and liking of her teachers. The fantasy life of the two still maintains the characteristic things. W-16 fantasied creatively and dramatically. She

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was forever constructing new scenes, in which naturally she played a central part, and peopled them with an infinite variety of characters and incidents. W-34's fantasies were for the most part of the domestic type, in which she was the center of a family group. She gave her dolls the force of living children, and sometimes imputed personality to her pet animals. She was first and last a part of a home.

As to the church history, this, like the romance history, may be dismissed until some time after adolescence, since nothing unusual presents itself under either heading. The father and mother were conventionally associated with a Protestant church, and the children attended services as a matter of course. There does not seem to have been any important religious experience in the life of either.

After adolescence we find a development of the romance life of both girls, which still continues the contrasting picture. W-16 had many sweetheart affairs of the boy-and-girl type, and later was the object of a great deal of attention from men, both of her own age and many years older. She was interested and responsive, and two or three times imagined herself quite definitely in love, but in each instance found after a few months that her feelings were merely warmly friendly. W-34, on the other hand, had very few such affairs, and only twice in the range of eight years found her emotions strongly engaged. Both of these affairs turned out unhappily, and each left something of a mark.

The secondary education of both was that of a preparatory school having a postgraduate department which admitted of a year's work equivalent to first year university. This school specialized in art subjects, and really provided an unusually well-rounded cultural educational experience. W-16's career there was marked by brilliant leadership in dramatic activities. She took honors in English, but the most significant point in the school life was her finding the



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necessary inspiration, coupled with opportunity to develop her latent talent for drawing and painting. These years, therefore, provided a natural step into the art schools of America and Europe. W-34 did not find her years at this school particularly happy or satisfying, although she made some very close friends, and also made good use of the curriculum, graduating creditably, but with no particular occupation or career in view.

It has been thought wisest to present the dream life of each of these two young women as a separate entity, and that of the older sister, W-16, will be given first.

W-16

### DREAM I

*(Some typical dream texts)*

#### *Text*

(a) I was with an older woman who was trying to make me play duets with her. She was playing, but I was just hitting chords at random. Then the scene changed and an older man was present who seemed successively to be several different people. For some reason I had to die, but didn't mind at all—the dying simply wasn't important. I wasn't emotional about it. As this man changed characters, he made varying remarks, some of which were so banal that they quite irritated me.

#### *Comment*

The easy change of scene and facility of condensation of many characters in one are typical of this dreamer.

#### *Text*

(b) I was with a man who was like my brother. A woman threw something at him, a kind of tool like an awl, which cut him on the back of the hand. I said that that was like an Egyptian custom of pinning the heel of a man to the wall,

## TWO SISTERS

to show that he was a serf or slave for life. I was much distressed and telephoned for a doctor. The doctor began to swear when I told him what I wanted him for, but soon became pleasant and promised to come and fix the hand. Then the dream seemed to blend with the previous one, and I heard a sort of screaming at the other end of the telephone which seemed to be the same woman who had been playing the piano with me; and it then seemed as if I knew that she was the one who had thrown the tool.

### *Comment*

The revolving motion, in the shifting scenes, suggested to the dreamer, as revealed by some brief associations, the mechanism of a revolving stage-set which she had seen in Germany.

### *Text*

(c) My sister and I, out walking, turned into a wooded lot to ascend a hill. There was a "no trespassing" sign, but we paid no attention. Halfway up we turned and began to go across the face of this hill, stooping so as not to be seen by a dog above. Finally we climbed over a wall (or barrier) which was running up and down, and found ourselves in a clearing. A young man, coming up a slope (a sort of lane without any tracks), wearing dark striped trousers and dark waistcoat, coatless and hatless, carrying a light stick with a crooked handle, appeared on the scene. We said we had become confused as to direction. He advised our going with him and we did so, walking on either side of him (no, we climbed over those barriers—no we didn't either—we began running down a grassy lane along a ridge, but descending). The fact is I have a sense of our going in so many different directions, all of which seem true, that I can't tell which one we really followed.

### *Comment*

This text also pictures vividly the facility and speed with which the fantasy-forming process worked in W-16's mind.

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It has very strikingly the quality of a child at play, and one wonders whether the dream process may not be under these circumstances as much of a relaxation from the day's work as sleep itself. Certainly in this dream there is almost an ideal play setting, an outdoor scene, obviously fine weather, pleasant companionship, and a carefree spirit with quite definitely juvenile play-feeling. How better could a mind discharge the tension of a productive day?

### *Text*

(d) This dream was simply screamingly funny while I was dreaming it. It was hilarious fun, and I seemed to be shouting with laughter. I was on a ship with some man playmate, and the sea surrounding us was full of whales. He and I were having a marvelous time throwing harpoons at them in every direction, and I seemed to be getting an intense satisfaction out of the fact that we were killing them right and left. At the same time I was holding an orange string of beads in my hands, in which the cord was worn, and thinking about getting some cord to restring them.

### *Comment*

This dream associated at once to childhood play, but no special activity came to mind. It is a theory of the analytical school that however unreal the incidents and characters of a dream may be, the emotion is true and valid if one can but understand what the symbols really represent. If we apply that theory here, we see that it works very well. The throwing harpoons at a sea full of whales, which are being killed rapidly, seems to W-16 hilariously funny. Yet she is so slightly concerned that her attention is partly on a string of beads which need a new cord. We need only then to consider the killing of whales as a symbol of some trifling, childish game, and the emotion of the dream is completely true.

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### DREAM 2

#### *Text*

Some one had given me some bad money. I had a vague feeling it was bad, and tried to give it to a conductor on a street car. He didn't like the sound of it. I myself recognized that it didn't sound like silver when I dropped it in the box. He reached in and picked it out. I then realized definitely that it wasn't good, that it was tin or something. He said to me, "Don't you realize that these are Roman coins?" I said it must have been given me by an Italian sculptor I knew.

#### *Associations*

I always get some sort of mental picture before I associate. This picture in the present instance is that of a man who seems to stand as a combination of teachers I have had, some of whom have insistently dwelt upon the necessity to build up accurate judgment between what is spurious and what is true in art. This figure seems to relate to the conductor, and, I suppose, therefore, the word "conductor" is descriptive of the man's function as a teacher. It seems now that I had a whole handful of those coins, but only one of them is of any significance. I see it as dark and thin, rather as if it had copper in it, and yet evidently meant to counterfeit silver. I can see it made into the central part of a piece of antique jewelry. The profile makes me think of Ravenna, the Crusader. Can it be that I am poking fun at the Crusades?—but no, I haven't any such feeling about it. The box now doesn't seem like a box, but like a hat with lots of money in it, and that makes me think of beggars, thousands of them whom I have seen in Europe. I was obviously trying to pay my way with an obsolete coin, which is perhaps a way of warning myself that I must be genuine in everything I do. I don't think now of the coin as being Roman, but rather Greek, and in the Greek one finds the best qualities of art, balance, strength, intensity, and restraint. A Roman profile makes me think of Roman virtues, stoicism, justice, and discipline. If it were a

## DREAMS AND PERSONALITY

woman, I should think of Minerva, who is supposed to represent a fine balance of emotion and intelligence.

### *Comment*

Something may well be said in connection with this dream about the possibility that dream pictures are used by the dreaming mind as a warning, or reinforcement, touching some purpose or principle which is central in the waking mind. Many dreamers will ask such a question as "Why do I, in dreams, so often act in a way which I strongly disapprove of?" The writer would suggest that such a dream does serve as a warning against possibly an unconscious tendency, and therefore does reinforce the conscious resistance and repression of this tendency.

### DREAM 3

#### *Text*

In this dream there seem to be three brothers who all love the same woman. She was a young Jewess. She finally married one of the brothers, but bore children to all three. The three brothers are her sons, and yet her lovers. This seemed to be a legend of a struggle, which was repeated in generation after generation.

#### *Associations*

The whole thing is like a moving picture, which includes men and women of countless generations, stories, and legends, fairy tales, and scenes of various operas. The young Jewess seems like a personification of a long procession of tragic actresses, down through the ages. As for the brothers, they are like three fathers of races of human beings.

#### *Comment*

Although the associations do not point directly to that source, it is suggested that this is nothing more or less than a presentation of the three sons of Noah, which is the root fantasy in numberless folk tales and is, of course, made a part of the mental material of every Sunday school child.

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### DREAM 4

#### *Text*

I was walking along a road in the woods with a sculptor by the name of Rodin. We stopped and I saw that he was looking across the road toward the top of an embankment where, among some bushes, there seemed to be a man. Suddenly the man came stumbling down the bank, drew a revolver from his hip pocket and shot himself. The same thing was repeated over and over, man after man doing the same thing, some of them alive, and some of them already dead, but all of them shot themselves.

#### *Associations*

It seems like an open place, where the woods opened out and the clump of bushes stood against the skyline. All the colors in this scene are the colors in human bodies, and I am strongly reminded of fundamental work one has to do in the study of drawing. These men, some of whom were dead even to the point of decomposition and yet were living, remind me of Tolstoi's *Living Corpse*, and *Redemption*. That's strange! I hadn't thought of that connection—men being both dead and alive—yet the idea must have flashed across my mind as a fantasy when I was reading Tolstoi. It all seems to symbolize something which one can't get over or hasn't killed in one's self, perhaps an idea that has lost its value but still persists. What strikes me as odd is that I expected to be alarmed. I mean I felt as though I ought to be. But actually I only regarded the whole thing as if it were the picture of a thought.

#### *Comment*

The last sentence of the associations probably explains the dream, since that interpretation would exactly fit both the symbols and the emotion—or rather lack of it.

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### DREAM 5

#### *Text*

I was in some sort of garden or public park. There were beautiful roses and flowers of all sorts, everything in bloom. I knew that somewhere below where I was standing was a tomb which had been found in Egypt, filled with statues and other interesting things. It was wired off, and the public was not allowed there, but I slipped under the wire and could look down on it. A gardener began talking to me, and offered to help me to see the things.

#### *Associations*

This gardener somehow reminds me of many men whom I meet from time to time who are sympathetic and pleasant but whose mentality is unsatisfactory. The garden itself, like beautiful flowers, makes me feel emotional. It affects me like some music, particularly Chopin. I am just discovering that the things which stir me most deeply, and mean most to me, are things which make me sad. In other words there is a definite kind of pleasure in sadness—not the kind of sadness which is exactly sorry, but something different. Of course those Egyptian statues would interest me, and my trying to force a way to see them suggests something which is undoubtedly true, namely that I do consider art important enough to be above social laws.

W-34

#### *(A group of dream texts)*

#### *Text*

(a) I was going with mother to see if a little house would be suitable to live in for the summer. It was neat, with low ceilings, lots of corridors, and orderly enough. Beneath, it had vaults for barrels. These vaults looked like tunnels. The house was so neat that it seemed to run itself. We began going up many flights of stairs, and on a second level found a tiny, stone courtyard, which seemed a sort of garden, with outside

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stairs. The scene then shifted to a living-room downstairs, and mother was showing me a great deal of housekeeping linen, some of which was for me.

### *Comment*

The typical preoccupation with house and home.

### *Text*

(b) I was looking through a catalogue of porch furniture. Some of the things were good, but some, of a modern German type, struck me as poor. I was quite busy with this, but realized that there were several others present and that we were all paired up in couples. The person I had as a partner was some one I seemed to have liked, but not approved of, although I have a sort of feeling about this as if it were "sour grapes" with me—either I hadn't been pleasant enough to get his interest or else he simply did not care to bother with me. At any rate I seem to have been consoling myself with the thought that I wasn't as keen for his attention as I at first thought, or as he might think.

### *Comment*

Again busy with a home matter, but now appears the social shyness and feeling of uncertainty.

### *Text*

(c) Mother was trying to find a place to put a lot of things. I opened a cupboard door and said there was room for everything. There were newly washed gloves spread all around, and many little bottles of different sizes. It seemed as though there was much going on, things to be packed, other things to be put away, and some new servants were coming to take the place of some who were leaving. Then we seemed to be out doing something with outdoor furniture under the trees. I started to carry in some of this furniture.

### *Comment*

Again the domestic theme of the person who loves to make and manage a home.



## DREAMS AND PERSONALITY

### *Text*

(d) At a party which I thought was going to be good fun. Instead, it seemed rather dull. I found that the people were going somewhere else to have more fun, and that I was not included. It seemed as if I had rather expected this, but was nevertheless sharply disappointed. All seemed to take it for granted that I wouldn't go, but several were curious to know why I wasn't eligible. I didn't seem to know, myself, but later, as they pressed me for an explanation, I said that they need not try to fool me because I knew that in actual fact they had simply failed to provide the one extra man who would be necessary if I was to go along. After that they walked away.

### *Comment*

Further reference to the feeling of not being fully adjusted socially, with more than a hint that the trouble had begun through lack of aggressiveness in childhood.

### *Text*

(e) I was going on some sort of business trip which had to do with interior decoration, commissions, and prices of things for a room. I discussed this room with another girl and with mother. None of us liked it, and it was evident that a great deal would have to be done. Then I seemed to wander all over the house and find much repairing that needed to be done, filling up holes in the walls, plastering, plumbing, leveling, and so on.

(f) I was in a special sort of room at a charming home. It had a stage at one end, a fireplace at the other, a piano, and it seemed as though it could be used in all sorts of pleasant ways, for assemblies, dancing, amateur theatricals, music, cards, almost anything. I was walking around the room and thinking how delightful it was, and admiring great numbers of potted plants in full bloom, mostly with pink flowers. I wondered if the place could be rented, and thought I'd like to live there.

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(g) I was wearing a pale green evening dress, with a wreath in my hair. I felt that this was some special occasion, that I had on a wrap of a new color which I had never worn before, and I felt elated. At the top of some steps, as I went out, a man offered me his hand to assist me. I declined this. He looked admiringly at me and complimented me on my appearance. I ignored him. He then walked beside me, but I would not pay any attention or respond to him in any way. I got into a taxicab, thinking that thus I could get rid of him, but he got in, too, so I promptly left by the other door. That ended it. The cab left and he didn't come back.

### *Comment*

This would seem to shed further light on the theme of social shyness, particularly with regard to men, and the student of child psychology will recognize in it a defense mechanism which is often met with. This interpretation, however, may go deeper. The dreamer has arrayed herself very attractively, and the combination of this allure with elusiveness suggests that in the childhood some series of episodes may have led W-34 to doubt the sincerity of men; hence in the dream she puts the man to the most severe tests.

### *Text*

(h) I went with some attractive girl to a party where a married couple were greeting guests at the head of the stairs. We passed around the room, shaking hands with many guests. Then as music started and people began to take seats, I found myself stranded with a group of uninteresting girls. The other girl with whom I had come was now seated at the other end of the room, with a congenial group around her. I thought to myself, "I'm really an easy mark, always being accommodating and letting myself get stuck with stupid people." I decided that I would join the others, but in crossing the room I bumped into a dancer. He seemed annoyed, but I felt that my getting across the room was fully as important as his dance.

(i) I was with some people who were discussing a man we all knew. We walked through a field and saw this man in a

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boat on a pond. One suggested that I speak to him. They seemed to think it would be a good joke, evidently because he didn't like women. The idea seemed to be that there was no woman who would exactly suit him. I felt this as a sort of challenge, and the more they talked the man down the more I felt favorably toward him. He waved and started to come ashore. I found myself alone, waiting for him, and although I had a queer sort of apprehensive feeling, I had at the same time a sense that we were going to understand each other.

### *Comment*

These have been selected out of a very large number of texts from this dreamer, as typical of the general stream of dream activity over quite a long period of time. Their general tenor suggests that the major interest and major wish are both, as has previously been suggested, centered upon home and domesticity. They also suggest an unconscious defense mechanism which makes the social life in general, and the companionship with men in particular, difficult. A part of the striking effect of this picture is lost unless one remembers that *in her conscious daily life* W-34 appeared to everybody who knew her as a particularly sweet and charming person *to whom nothing would be more foreign than any difficulty of social adjustment.*

*(A dream several months later)*

### *Text*

This was at some kind of shop where I was looking at blouses, fancy costumes, and various personal ornaments. There was something about summer dresses too. Then some one was trying to sell me a man's costume, something martial with much gold lace and spurs and a sort of belt. They were discussing how easy it would be to make these clothes become me, but I suddenly realized that their talk was specious and I began to laugh. They at once stopped trying to sell the things to me and laughed too. I looked at my watch and realized that it was two o'clock in the morning, and that I had

## TWO SISTERS

been there all night, up to this time, engrossed in this business of buying something without knowing what I wanted to buy. With the understanding and the laughter, it seemed as if all sense of disturbance fled. We all became jovial and I felt that after all the time had been well spent. Then suddenly my left eye saw something which might have been a dead and dried-up human being, or just a lay figure. It was covered with all manner of costumes, mixed up, hit or miss. I picked it up smiling and tossed it out of the room.

### *Associations*

This makes me think of costume shops in Europe, particularly in Germany. Usually they seem to be presided over by round, fat, oily, old men, who are so eager for business they assure you you are marvelous in every costume that you try on. The affair seemed somehow very important, as if the time that I had spent there was much more than part of a night—more like part of a lifetime. I can't help thinking of it as a sort of allegory—as if I had been for years uncertain about myself, not knowing what I really am or ought to be or what really becomes me. It strikes me that without my ever having known it, I must have had a little streak of intellectual snobbery in me, which always kept me from surrendering to mixing with a crowd. If I didn't like people, I could be reasonably polite but I got away from them as quickly as I could. I believe that has been especially true of men, and I believe I often do not take enough pains to find out whether I like them or not.

My casting aside the man's costume looks like the rejection of some idea of myself that had never been true, getting rid of something spurious. Could that have anything to do with the dried-up human being which became a lay figure? If so, it would mean that something inside me understood what I had unconsciously been up to, and I had cast out that part of myself, with all its uncertainty of costume. Thinking of it now, it seems as though my first impulse was to telephone for an ambulance, but I seemed to realize that it was a lay figure, and not of any importance except to get rid of.

## DREAMS AND PERSONALITY

### *Comment*

This is the first of a series of dreams recorded after an interval of six months had elapsed since the first series of studies. There is a strong suggestion that the self-analysis, which had automatically occurred as a result of the dream studies in the first series, has brought valuable understanding to W-34. However, the important thing in our study is the comparison of the dreams of these two sisters. It is difficult to find any data which would suggest either a relationship or common background, except that a similar social status is indicated. The dream personalities seem even more unlike than the waking psychology of the two.

### *Comparison*

Let us turn back to the dream texts and see whether a brief summary of each group will show anything at all to suggest identical family background or close relationship. Naturally each of the sisters would appear occasionally in the other's dreams, just as any family figure is certain to appear if the dreams are recorded extensively, but the mere appearance of a certain figure does not establish any psychological relationship, or help to answer the question whether similarity of background is likely to produce any similarity in dreams.

The first of W-16's Text "a" introduces us at once to a dreamer whose constructions are easy, with free moving fantasy, and much action. Nothing is more baffling than to attempt to adapt dream personality to descriptive sentences, and W-16 in particular defies any such description. Her facile, lively imagination is likely to play in any direction and to reflect half a dozen of her lines of thought or ideation in a single paragraph. She can condense several people into one, as in the third sentence in this text, and be perfectly aware that she is doing it. The condensation is simply the quickest and easiest way to produce the re-

## TWO SISTERS

sult which she wants, which is to depict, in rebus form, her idea of the general personality of a considerable majority of the men she meets and knows. Sleeping or waking, her mind is lightning quick, and entirely fearless in playing with any material or group of ideas which happens to catch and hold her attention.

Even better than "a," Text "b" gives us a picture of the machinery of this mind in motion. It is obviously a good organ, neither profoundly deep nor at all shallow, both highly activated and in good balance. We must remember, however, that these two texts could easily be misleading through the fact that they do not suggest any of the moody down-curves which were a part of W-16's life, both waking and sleeping. They might be said to represent a high level of a mood of peaceful well-being. Progressively Text "c" is thoroughly light-hearted, playful, and gay, and the feeling tone of Text "d" is one of hilarious fun, with the dreamer on the very crest of the wave.

In Text 2 we get a notably different slant, with the associations deepening the thoughtful intent and revealing no longer merely a charming young woman, but a serious artist who is thoroughly in earnest and whose intellect is engaged. This is clearly a mind which has not only learned from its teachers, and from its reading, but has digested what it learned, and also thinks for itself.

Of Text 3 it would be scientifically a very narrow point of view which would hold that relating it to the typical Noah's Ark fantasy is anything like an adequate explanation or interpretation. The fantasy of the three brothers certainly appears more persistently in legend, saga, and imaginary family trees, than all the others combined, except perhaps the triangular fantasy of a man, woman, and child. Over and over again in myth, history, and folklore, we find accounts beginning with the three brothers, or the three sons of so-and-so. A professor of history at one of our

## DREAMS AND PERSONALITY

eastern universities told me recently that he had amused himself with genealogical research for many years and had found the same presumptive fantasy in the built-up—and often faked—genealogies of American families which wished to point with pride to early colonial ancestry.

The Freudian interpretation, however, would be very different. It would insist that the symbolism is frankly sexual, and that the incest theme is typical, as of the very fundamental material of the human unconscious. I have seen a great many dreams where such an interpretation fitted the text and was reinforced by associations which identified figures in the dream with figures in the family background. In this particular instance, however, there was no scientific evidence to bear out the Freudian theory. The associations were elaborate, covering several pages, but in spite of a great deal of reassociation there was no spontaneous identification of any of the figures, except that the dreamer saw some remote possibility of likening herself to the young Jewess—although even this required drawing a long bow. Just as an experiment it was eventually suggested to her that she associate to the idea that the three brothers could possibly stand for one figure, and that this figure might condense the three images of a father, a brother, and a lover. The idea interested her sufficiently so that she played with it to quite some extent, but no visual or ideational image formed, which gave the slightest sense of reality or identification. Psychoanalytically this would, of course, be explained as resistance, but from the point of view of scientific criticism that is an explanation which does not explain—it is merely a speculation.

Text 4 is as fascinating and valuable a bit of symbolism as one could desire. The symbols are vivid, adequate, and fully explained by the dreamer herself in the associations. When I say "fully explained," I am reminded that the expression should be qualified. This text, like the preceding,

## TWO SISTERS

has a possible Freudian explanation, just as its symbolism has a possible sexual significance. Like most of the dreams of W-16 this text was very fully associated, but nothing appeared to confirm either the Freudian idea of the symbolism or a Freudian interpretation. It is possible that pistols always have a phallic meaning, but, if so, this dreamer did not become consciously aware of it, even though given every opportunity to. There is no emotion in the dream, and the associations themselves comment on this fact. She felt as though she ought to be alarmed, but actually only regarded the episode as though it were the picture of a thought.

Two features of Text 5 may well be brought out, because one of them does correspond exactly with a part of the psychology of the younger sister, W-34, and the other intensifies the contrast between the two by showing how sharply W-16 has split off from the conventional psychology of the parents. She begins her associations with the statement that the mentality of many men is very unsatisfactory. This same feeling occurs often in the dream life of the younger sister, but at the end of the associations she expresses a bit of radical psychology which one could not imagine in either the father or mother. Moreover, one senses from the nature of her mind that this radical attitude would not be any strain for her at all; that there is not within her any inner conflict with respect to it. Quite in contrast to this we cannot imagine the mind of the younger sister taking this radical position without precipitating a very strong inner conflict. Her psychology is closely tied into the parental and home background.

Turning to the younger sister's dreams, we cannot but be struck by the consistency of the material in Texts "a", "b", "c", "e", and "f" just as there is perfect consistency in the sub-theme of "b" and the major theme of "d", "g", "h", and "i."



## DREAMS AND PERSONALITY

The material of this dreamer has been handled differently from any other material in the book because the type is so distinctive, and because the dreams are so characteristically preoccupied with the obvious desire to make a home, and the equally obvious strain under which all of her social life is carried on.

W-34, in the first texts just referred to in the summary, is much more than a young woman with a strong feeling for domesticity. She is a sensitive, finely tuned personality, who has, perhaps, become very strongly identified with her mother, and thus is in the grip of an almost compulsive desire to follow the pattern of the mother's life. It must not be forgotten that she lived at home much of the time and hence was surrounded by exactly the things she wished for; but they were not hers; that is to say, she was not the presiding figure in it—could not pattern her life on her mother's. In other words, her situation is not covered by the simple interpretation that she had a natural feminine wish for marriage, for a family, and an established domestic life. There must have been a far deeper motivation, a deeply troubled and insatiable yearning, to result in such preoccupation of the dreaming mind with the home pictures.

We are directed to this conclusion, moreover, by the second group of texts alluded to, in which a troubled psyche is still more sharply outlined and clearly pictured in detail. All of the social contacts are maintained with difficulty and a sense of strain, which is reflected and emphasized when the freedom and relaxation of dreams allow it to be dwelt on and defined at leisure.

The dissatisfaction with men corresponds to that expressed and exemplified in the dreams of the older sister, although it seems to be qualified in a somewhat different way. The older sister merely finds them unsatisfactory mentally, but the younger sister sees much more in them to find fault with, distrusts their emotional sincerity, and

## TWO SISTERS

would put them to severe tests. She obviously believes, however, as is shown in Text "i" that there are men with whom she could get on in perfect understanding, and practically declares that if she could meet a man of such type there would be no difficulty in establishing a working relationship.

The final text and associations in her series show her adjustment difficulties in a way of being solved, but from first to last she contrasts steadily with the older sister. Not the least striking feature of this contrast is that W-16 belongs clearly in the group whose waking psychology and sleeping psychology are much alike, while W-34 belongs as definitely in the "unlike" group, these two groups being tabulated and discussed in our final chapter.

## GROUP VIII

W-57, AN EDITOR

M-81, AN INSTRUCTOR IN PHILOSOPHY

W-57

THIS young woman was the associate editor of a woman's magazine, and the impression which people got of her in her office was so different from that which she made socially that the two might almost have been separate personalities. Fortunately, the first impressions in this study were from the social side, and so her range and scope were apparent from the start. She was a well-made blonde, thirty years of age, with bobbed hair smartly waved, keenly alive dark eyes, classically regular features, and a quick, rather tense way of speaking. Her muscular movements were also quick and rather tense, but so well coördinated that they were never jerky, but always graceful. She moved as lightly on her feet as a professional dancer, and with so little effort that she seemed almost to flow from place to place. She was possessed of tireless energy, could work at high speed through a long business day, go to the theater or a concert in the evening, dance half the night, read or study for an hour before going to sleep, and still apparently be as fresh for the next day's work as though she had had nine hours' sleep instead of four. Her interest in all her activities was as vivid as the wide range of the activities themselves. Day after day, through months and years, she had given this picture of almost perpetual motion, with keen enjoyment of everything she did except her work. In this last she was efficient to the point of being almost invaluable, but always

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her work had been the means to an end rather than a satisfaction in itself.

Her sources of pleasure were inexhaustible. She had an excellent education, particularly good in that it had proved a tremendous stimulus for widely diversified reading and studying after she finished her work at the university. Her reading embraced travel, philosophy, science, sociology, and the best of the world's fiction, with rather special attention to the Russian, German, and Scandinavian authors. Politically and philosophically she leaned toward the side of radicalism and revolution, but this seemed to be chiefly because of America's placid surrender of its freedom of thought and speech to the forces of bigotry and repression, rather than because of any special interest in political science and formulas of government. Widely informed, she talked eagerly on almost any subject and was nearly always intellectually companionable. On the subject of religion she was without settled convictions; what might be called an indifferent conformist.

Most of her companionship was with women, among whom she had many special friends. These relationships did not appear to have been highly emotionalized on her part, although there is room for belief that at least a few of these special friends would have welcomed a homosexual affair with W-57. Her attitude toward young men could not but have been baffling to them, and there came a time when she admitted that this was probably what she had always intended. She met them with a superficially gay welcome and bonhomie which nearly always proved attractive to them and led them to follow up the meeting quite eagerly. With each of the new acquaintances she would then go about for a few times, apparently responsive and encouraging him to feel that his attentions were welcome. As soon, however, as these attentions showed the slightest sign of being tinged with sentiment, or a desire actively

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to make love, W-57 sharply withdrew, and often made the occasion unpleasant enough so that the growing friendship ceased.

On the rare occasions when she was tired, she would be both petulant and haughty, and at such times it made no difference to her whom she might offend or how asocial her conduct might be. She let herself be carried on the crest of her feelings, expressing them fully, exactly as they were. When she felt moody she felt moody, and she was at no pains to conceal it.

Her taste in both pictures and music was fine. In painting she cared particularly for the Italian primitives, but her appreciation was broad enough to include all the schools and all the periods. In music, she cared least for the human voice, most for the violin as a solo instrument, but for a symphony orchestra above everything else. She was a lover of the out of doors in summer, but cared more for walking in the woods than for either special games or organized sports. Her idea of supreme enjoyment was to travel.

Ancestrally W-57 came from a combination of Welsh and Norman-French stock. She was the only child of a father and mother who were devoted to each other and lived a quiet life in a small southern town. Her closest relationship, throughout her entire childhood, was with her mother, who, apparently, although not over-emotionalizing the companionship, nevertheless built up in the child a very strong sense of obligation, which later was to be tacitly accepted but at the same time rebelled against. It may help to make all of the succeeding data more understandable if we say at the outset that much evidence was found to suggest a desire on the part of both parents that W-57 had been a boy. Certainly there were various behavior signs in the history which suggested this. She was a bright, healthy, and precocious child, insistently active, and from a very early age seems to have envied and more or less emulated

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boys. It is the observation of the writer that where this occurs in a girl child as early as the age of three or four years, it is apt to be an unconscious response to the child's sensing in the parents the wish for a boy. W-57's was essentially a feminine temperament, and her way of adapting to the situation seems to have been the development of extraordinary and aggressive activity, rather than concentration on boy playmates and their games. There was, however, one little boy in the neighborhood who was singled out as rather a special companion, and the history suggests that W-57 not only made a strong effort to dominate him, but in a large measure succeeded. She was not tomboyish, but she had nevertheless the urge of a definite masculine striving.

Possibly her intense affection for her mother, and insatiable desire for the latter's affection in return, may have been influenced by the fact that there was almost no emotional exchange between the child and her father until she had reached the age of ten or eleven. She accepted his authority, apparently respected him, and did not remember to have felt any strong resentment against him—although this is open to question. It does not appear that he was ever unkind to her, but she did not seem to interest him strongly until her mind began to develop with the progress of her school years.

She got on well enough at school, except that number work always bored her and hence naturally gave her considerable difficulty. Her fantasy life was extremely active but this was not accompanied by any withdrawal into herself or inability to get on with other children. Her fantasies were not dramatic but chiefly governed by an intense curiosity about other people, what was going on inside their minds, what they were thinking and feeling. This led to the fantasy practice of identification. It seems to have served as an experimental method of gratifying her curiosity,

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since no single figure became the focus of the identifications, except that the person of the mother, more than any other, was the dominant one.

W-57 was not severely disciplined but felt, nevertheless, a firm sense of government over her actions, and even to some extent over her thoughts. Her parents were soundly moral, conventional people, with traditional respect for law and church, and firm social standards. W-57 accepted these standards in childhood, and conformed to them in essence, although there were seeds of rebellion which later were to develop. She had no emotional attachment to the church but accepted its moral dictates with very little question, and had even in later years a strong feeling of condemnation for profanity and any violation of the Sabbath. This contrasted interestingly with the fact that she never felt any condemnation for theater, concerts, or sports, both amateur and professional, on Sunday.

Her romance life shows an interesting history of precocious beginning, followed by almost complete repression. With the little boy, who was her early special neighborhood playmate, she played at the game of marriage and a home in which he was father and she was mother. This went on for a year or two, but after it was dropped there was no further trace of anything more than an occasional and casual concern with the idea of love-making, marriage, or children. She did, however, want a home, but this was chiefly because of the fact that it would give her much more of a sense of freedom than she could find in the limitations of hotel or boarding house life. Sex fantasies played almost no part in her history; in fact she had a strong resistance about the whole idea. In boarding school and her southern state university, she had a few crushes, but only one seemed to carry any strong emotional charge and all of these episodes were as brief as they were mild in character.

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Her ambition and taste were entirely for professional life. Her intense curiosity, with its wide range and persistence, might have been expected to lead her into medicine or science, but actually drew her more strongly toward books in general, so that her natural gifts as an English scholar came to the front and finally determined her choice of profession. It was the opinion of the writer that she had made something of a mistake in this respect, but only in the phase of her talent to which she had chosen to devote herself. With a wide range of interest, keen, and remarkably deep perception, extraordinarily easy and vivid flow of language, it seemed to him that she should have turned to creative or descriptive writing. The student of her dreams will find much to strengthen this feeling, and cannot but be impressed by the protean facility of her imagination.

### DREAM I

#### *Text*

I had been rushing around in the office and working all night. Suddenly it seemed that I was being examined as to my fitness for a position in a new office. The personnel manager kept pointing to a blackboard which contained an "ability test." This concerned many confusing figures with lots of ciphers and fractional divisions. The director suddenly turned to me for the answer and I burst out laughing at the utter hopelessness of it.

#### *Associations*

Tearing around and working all night is exactly what I should like to do! The thing I most resent is the necessity for sleep. It would be a perfect world if I could be active twenty-four hours a day. But certain activities would be barred, and one of them would be attempting to do anything with figures. Only the night before this dream I had remarked to a friend that I couldn't pass a math exam if my life depended on it.



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### DREAM 2

#### *Text*

I was asking somebody what was correct to wear at a masked ball in Vienna. It seems that I was worried about Christmas shopping and was hunting for a brass chest. Instead of that I found a bright colored pitcher which I thought might do.

### DREAM 3

#### *Text*

A radio man was sending a code message and I was dancing with great concentration in the effort to invent steps which would match up the rhythm of the letters in the Morse code. I was dressed in a hoop skirt of old rose color, quite *décolleté*.

### DREAM 4

#### *Text*

I dreamed that a girl friend came to see me all dressed up in lavender with a bridesmaid's hat and about to be married. I sharply discountenanced the marriage. I seemed to be sitting hunched up and suffering from the close air of the room. I kept turning the radiator off and on until another girl came in and informed me that I had a hole in the heel of my stocking—and this to me who am the soul of neatness.

#### *Comment*

The foregoing series of unassociated texts is given as an interesting and typical picture of the liveliness of W-57's imaginative processes.

### DREAM 5

#### *Text*

I was traveling somewhere with an older man and kept constantly measuring my height against his. At times I was discomfited at finding how much shorter I was, but at other times it didn't seem as if I had to stretch much to get up al-

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most to his level. He was teaching me various men's games and I was almost in tears because he could do all of them so much better than I. It made me feel inferior. Then he took me in his arms and instantly I realized that I was the stature of a child.

### *Associations*

It is clear enough that a sort of inferiority-superiority business is playing around as an undercurrent in my mind, and that it has something to do with a masculine rivalry. All that is rather a mystery to me because I don't actually want to be the size of a man nor have I anything against him because he is big. I really like the bigness, the height, his broad shoulders, and I like his companionship with me. The "teary" feeling just seems to me childish and of course that squares with the small stature when I'm picked up. I don't remember feeling any rivalry with my father, but of course that doesn't prove I didn't feel it—and if I felt it as strongly as this dream suggests, I should logically have been a good deal influenced by it.

### *Comment*

One thing may be suggested which did not appear in the associations. W-57 was intensely fond of her mother, and it is possible that the "rivalry" with the father was occasioned by her feeling that the father had more of the mother's affection than she herself had.

## DREAM 6

### *Text*

Two nights ago I dreamed of having a baby. There hadn't been any man in the case at all. It was simply an experiment which I had decided upon and arranged entirely by myself. But here comes an even more comical part of it. I seemed to want to lie in a crib, and yet I was only just too old; and it seemed that both my father and mother were counseling and helping me with my experiment.

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### *Associations*

The whole dream is obviously the reproduction of some childhood fantasy, because I hadn't the faintest idea of how I was going to have a baby, where it was to come from, what was to happen, or anything about it. There was a clear enough idea that both father and mother knew all about it, and so that if I surrendered myself to their charge, the baby would appear and I should know all about the whole thing.

### DREAM 7

#### *Text*

In last night's dream some one was telling me that conditions along a certain railway were terrible, that the crossings were unprotected and that great numbers of people were being killed, including children. Then I was walking with a nice woman in a small town, and we came to a railroad crossing where little children were playing on the track. She said this was dreadful, and rang a little bell under the eaves of the station. It made so little sound that no one could hear, so we decided we must do something drastic. We saw a big old-fashioned locomotive coming, which suddenly changed to a modern electric. We cut down the wires to stop it. Then the crowd had gathered. We explained we had stopped the train to save the children. It was necessary to repair the wire, and as the station keeper didn't come out, two boys said they could shinny up a pole and splice the two ends. All the time I felt that I was in the crowd where people were pushing me, and there was much agitation. When the wire was spliced, it lay down on the ground like a third rail.

The superintendent of the road was on board the train, perfectly furious, blue with rage. We decided there was safety in numbers and if all went in together, he might do something about crossings. We went in and found him seated at a little table. He was like no one I ever saw, with a long face, bleary eyes, and dark hair. He was furiously scribbling off yellow telegrams. At the other end of the coach was another official

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who would have to be appeased. Everybody, including the superintendent, disappeared, except myself and this man. I decided to be gay and entertaining and see if I could placate him. I climbed up on the high part of a Pullman seat and started a conversation which was principally joshing, but at the end it grew more serious and we became good friends.

### *Associations*

Any railway is always a thrill to me because it means travel and change, motion, fun, seeing interesting things. Crossings make me think of crossways, rivers, bridges, the true cross, pictures of the crucifixion which always stir me with their pathos except when they are cheap and sentimental. The small town reminds me of how interested I have been in reading *Main Street*. I think of many small towns I have known, little, compact, cozy, and comfortable, but quite dreadful to live in because everybody knows everything about the business of everybody else. That nice woman makes me feel now that while she was nice enough, she was also very erratic. She reminds me of a type that always are artificially pleasant, almost professionally pleasant. They never show irritation over anything. As for me, I like people who get stirred up.

The little bell makes me contrast it at once with a big one of the locomotive, and I think immediately of the little one under the station eaves as being feminine while the locomotive bell is masculine. Of course, the little one couldn't make enough noise to be heard when the big one was clanging. It seemed to make only a faint tinkle, and suggests at once the futility of women trying to make their way against men. Funny, but when I think of bell now, it isn't shaped the way it was, but looks like a woman sitting down, a rather bulky, voluptuous, bathing beauty type—no wonder it was ineffective! Doing something drastic brings up the idea of suddenness, abruptness, being revolutionary. The idea of revolution has a good deal of appeal for me, but I don't actually believe in it.

Locomotive stands for a whole series of special words—noise, bigness, overpowering, thrill, rush, irresistible, ruin. There is something menacing about it, just as I sometimes

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think men are menacing, but of course I don't really believe that, or fear it, either, much of the time. The word "electric" brings another series—fire, thrill, shocks, poles, cables, splicing, wires in dark cellars, batteries, charging, discharging, signals, eyes, magnetism, waves, waves of feeling. "Train" has another series—motions, crashing, coupling, telescoping, aisles, long walks to the diner. Yet I love the movement, exhilaration, luxury, service, trains of thought, many people, trainloads of mail full of messages, the very throb and underbeat of human life. "Cut wire" has another series—splicing, sawing, hacking—barbed wire, trenches, rust, terror, horrible suffering, the misery and frightful stupidity of war. "Third rail" makes me think of third degree, elevated railroads, electric things, something dangerous, sometimes something hidden, danger in the very earth under one's feet.

### *Comment*

The preceding dream and associations would be very difficult to interpret as a one-track, organized train of thought—to use the dreamer's symbolism. But taken as a whole the material gives an excellent picture of an extremely active mind and vivid imagination in motion.

## DREAM 8

### *Text*

This dream had something to do with a Chinese robber who was attacking somebody else in the house and I felt that it was up to me to get rid of him.

### *Associations*

I woke up and then proceeded to do exactly what I always used to do, when I was a child, if I dreamed of robbers or any other menace; I would wake up, but instead of yelling for help, I would consciously finish the dream to the end of the story, in which, of course, I always came out winner. This morning after I woke up I consciously tackled the Chinaman in businesslike fashion and got him out of the house.

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### DREAM 9

#### *Text*

I was running down a pathway in the woods wishing to be by myself. I encountered some youngsters, but passed them, and realized that to get away alone I must cross a chasm. I promptly ran for it and jumped, but didn't make the other side, and started to go down in the middle. Looking down, I saw overlapping tree branches which would catch me. In fact two of them met, and stretched clear across the chasm. I landed on these, looked back up and decided that no one had seen me. Then I started falling gently and softly, the fall being broken by lovely, soft, evergreen branches, all the way. I kept repeating over and over to myself "evergreen, evergreen"; then I landed at the bottom.

#### *Associations*

When I think of this dream, words and ideas just come wandering in and out of my mind. Evergreen—feathery—it would be pleasant to sift down slowly between and among them. I am usually terrified when I fall in dreams, but this time I had no such feeling. It was more a pleasant sense of getting away to real seclusion. I think of chasms with steep sides, bare of vegetation, dark and mysterious, intriguing to explore. Now I have the unpleasant feeling that the walls of a chasm might close in, but it fades quickly, and I think of how pleasant those evergreen branches were, and I have an impression of the air full of the scent of balsam, boughs to cradle you just as they cradle the birds' nests. I think I'm identified with birds. I must be some sort of bird which is always on the go, always in flight, always with wings in motion. I feel as if my imagination was always in flight, always soaring. The other side of the chasm now seems somehow flat and barren, a no man's land, where I do not want to go, and the branches which held me so pleasantly remind me of the arms of a mother.

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### *Comment*

Aside from its interesting symbolism, the text gives us a rather unusual picture of a falling dream in which the motion is accelerated or slowed at the dreamer's will. This control of the motion is very common in flying dreams but rare in those of falling.

### DREAM 10

#### *Text*

A friend was trying to solve some problem which had to do with fifteen books.

#### *Associations*

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest." Fifteen is a sweet young age. Fifteen dollars. "Sweet sixteen and never yet kissed." A high school age and beginning to grow up. Fifteen is three times five, or fourteen and one. Reminds me of my check book, and going through a raft of checks to find a three-cent error in the balance. Father is a wizard at figures. Mother always had to do them on her fingers. Do you suppose I started imitating her, and that's why I'm so poor at them?

#### *Comment*

W-57 raises an interesting question here, when she suspects that her "inability" to handle figures is in reality merely the psychological phenomenon of identification.

### DREAM 11

#### *Text*

Some very nice man and I were on the roof top. We were bareheaded. It was a warm, beautiful night, with a high, velvety sky. The man was standing behind me and put his arms around my neck and bent his head forward on my shoulder. I knew he was fond of me, but he was engaged and so must not make love to me. I felt relieved, both because I

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didn't want any strong expression of emotion from him and also because I liked his being loyal. I dashed away from him over the roof tops until I came to a skylight which had a hatchway. I entered through this and went downstairs to a large restaurant, rather Bohemian but of distinctly high grade. There I met a group of college students all in evening clothes. One of the boys and I fell into a bantering conversation and chaffed each other at great length. I felt that I very much preferred that relationship with men to any other, a feeling of comradeship. Then I had an impression of seeing myself in a mirror, and everything about me seemed to express carefreeness, freedom of movement, and a sort of sparkling delight in this freedom.

### *Comment*

This text was not associated because it is complete in itself, expressing the truly birdlike *élan* of W-57's nature, and her vivid, joyous delight in human companionship free from emotional complications of sex difference.

Of all the studies in this book, and particularly of the eight which in the final chapter will be found grouped in the "alike" column, indicating that the waking psychology and sleeping psychology bear close resemblance, none is so exemplary and notable in this particular as this of W-57. Merely to read her dream texts is almost to bring her to life before one's eyes; and yet this is a statement which must not stand without qualifications, because some of the themes of her dreams which come from the deeper unconscious do not get any expression in her everyday life or conversation. A psychoanalyst could, perhaps, point to ways in which they were either expressed or compensated in her behavior, but in speaking of the waking psychology we have to limit ourselves, for practical purposes, to that which can be perceived by the average intelligent person without special analytical training.

It has been said, in the opening personality study, that



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most of her companionships were with women, and, correspondingly, the dream texts show difficulty in the relationships with men. Nothing of this, however, is made apparent in Text 1, which is rather a little sketch of herself as an extremely active and restless person, with a comment on the fact that she has a great resistance to any work which involves the use of numbers. We should not pass this text without observing that the fourth sentence brings in symbols which would psychoanalytically be regarded as very possibly having deeply hidden significance. I am referring here to the word "ciphers" and the phrase "fractional divisions." From a Freudian point of view these might be assumed to have sexual and reproductive significance, and hence the resistance could be suspected of having far deeper meaning than merely a dislike for arithmetical work. Nothing confirmatory of such an interpretation appeared in the associations, however, and these were quite extensive. Therefore, however superficial the dreamer's interpretation might be considered from an analytical point of view, it is nevertheless all that is justified by the evidence.

No associations are reproduced with the three succeeding texts, 2, 3, and 4, for the reason that although each text actually was associated, nothing appeared except surface ideas in connection with some activities of the day or two immediately preceding the dream, in each instance explained by occasional remarks on the dreamer's attitude about such things as dancing, Christmas shopping, clothes, and the recent marriages of two or three of her friends.

Text 5 introduces us to some very significant material. There is no question but that it deals with the origin of masculine rivalry and masculine striving in this dreamer, the emphasis being on the rivalry rather than on the striving. It is certainly recalling a childhood memory—probably many such memories—of feeling inferior in comparison

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to the father, or at any rate to some adult man. The associations go into the material frankly and directly, and my comment which follows them seems to me the most likely explanation for the feeling of rivalry.

Text 6 does not throw any light on the foregoing theme, but does help us to see how far sheer curiosity may be the driving force in childhood sexual fantasy as well as sexual play and experimentation. There are many children who have precociously active sex feeling, but far more of them who do not have any such feelings, and yet go through more or less early sex examination and play. As has been indicated, I believe that curiosity is the chief factor, just as W-57's dream suggests.

We are fortunate in having such elaborate associations for Text 7, because of their illustrative value. They provide an excellent example of association work, and taken together with the text they give us a remarkable picture of how highly organized the activities of a sleeping mind may be. Unfortunately, they do not point to anything which set the dream in motion and gave it its form, so that we can only speculate on the question of whether the dreamer had been reading during the preceding day some news of crossing accidents. It is also regrettable that they do not identify any of the characters in the text, and we are left to guess at the hidden significance of the various people. The superintendent, as a figure in authority, would be assumed by Freudians to stand for the dreamer's father. If he does there is excellent concealment, because the dreamer carefully states that he was not like any one she has ever seen, and further obscures the picture by detailed description of his features. Whoever he stood for, there must have been some phase of identification of herself with him in the dreamer's mind, because she has him tremendously, "furiously" active just as she often describes herself. A second problem of identification is now introduced in the "other

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official" at the other end of the coach, who must be "appeased." This, it seems to me, is much more likely to stand for the father figure, if either of the men is playing this part in the dreamer's unconscious. The superintendent, like everybody else, is erased from the scene, and she devotes herself assiduously to winning this man's approval. Very possibly the dreamer's placing these two men one at each end of the car is merely a way of expressing two different phases of one and the same man, with each phase of whom she can identify. At the "superintendent" end of the car the man is quite a forbidding figure, but at the "other official" end he turns out to be approachable and eventually friendly. This description would easily fit two phases or aspects of a father as perceived and estimated by a child, and the friendly relationship which eventually becomes established merely means that through understanding the two can get together. The symbolism of the bells, as brought out in the second paragraph of the associations is very interesting, and illustrates something which investigation of thousands of dream records has convinced me is true, namely, that form ranks first in the determination of symbols, with number coming second, color third, and the possession of some particular quality, or function of action, fourth.

Text 8 is a very unusual mutation of the robber dream. I have never encountered in any other dreamer the waking up and finishing the dream to the end of the story, when there is threat of attack by a burglar or robber. The succeeding text, also, gives an unusual motif of the typical dream of falling, which is even more universal than the attack dream. There is something about the gentle, slow, and very pleasant falling down into the chasm which suggests the Freudian theme of desire to withdraw from the rough realities of life and sink backward into such a protected existence as the prenatal experience. This idea is

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strengthened by the phrase "to cradle you just as they cradle the birds' nests" in the associations. If such an unconscious wish for retirement existed in the dreamer's mind it was certainly not dominant, because this very symbol is converted into a totemism, with the immediate idea "always in flight, always with wings in motion . . . always soaring." The very last sentence of the associations, however, goes back to the recessive symbolism, and now quite frankly says that the path ahead on the other side of the chasm, standing obviously for the reality of progressive adult life, is not agreeable, and the dreamer has really in fantasy been picturing herself as in the arms of her mother.

Text 10 brings in the number theme again, with no suggestion in the associations that the numbers have any deep or hidden significance, although the associations promptly touch on adolescence and the romance theme of "sweet sixteen and never yet kissed." From here, however, the thought moves directly to arithmetical details, and concludes by pointing to what is very likely to have been the origin of the difficulty with numbers.

The dreams and associations of W-57, of which I have more than one hundred and forty examples, would make an interesting book by themselves, but those which are presented here are representative and are sufficient for our purpose. They show this young woman's mental processes to be practically the same at night as in the daytime.

### M-81

At the time of the study which is outlined here, M-81 was twenty-seven. He was an advanced student in philosophy, a fellow at a university, with quite a history of foreign travel and study behind him. There was a serious question as to whether he had not chosen the wrong profession, because in many conversations it became clear that

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his intense curiosity, like his faculty of analysis, had a much wider range than could ever possibly be satisfied by abstract material. Indeed, his curiosity strongly suggested an education gone wrong, because it seemed as though science should have been his field; but, strangely enough, he had very little interest in scientific subjects, except as they provided material for conversation. This latter he most loved. He was always ready to talk with any one whose brain and intellectual development were either equal to, or superior to, his own, and his interest in conversation under those circumstances never flagged.

Physically, he was above medium height, wiry, active, and at times apparently tireless, even after hours of the most violent play in various strenuous outdoor games. He was prepossessing in appearance, with remarkably keen, alert eyes, and a face which readily expressed the play of his mind. On casual meeting one would find him friendly, in easy touch, immediately likable, and possessed of definite charm—a very convivial, social human being, enjoying equally the companionship of both sexes. He sought in both a mental level of association, and only became bored when he failed to find it. He was argumentative, but not truly controversial, since he was seldom strongly bent on proving his own point, but rather loved argument for its own sake. In this connection it was always interesting to observe how quickly he lost interest in a subject which could be conclusively settled. No sooner was an unescapable conclusion in sight than he would drop the matter with an expression of sudden distaste and an abrupt change of subject.

M-81 had a strong dislike for conventions, but was not at all fundamentally rebellious. He was simply self-indulgent, and disliked being bothered by the formality of manners and observances. There was little or no interest in radicalism. In fact, he was indifferent to both the subjects of

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political government and industrial organization, and had only a mild interest in sociology. Religion, philosophy, musical art, painting, literature, history, science, and sports—these provided the wide reaches of his field. It has been remarked that he had charm and was lovable. This may well be emphasized. As a friend, he was loyal, generous, warm-hearted, and strongly responsive. His intimate and strong friendships were almost entirely with men, although in the course of seven years there had been two or three important woman companions, the last of which developed into a genuine love affair which led to marriage.

The ancestral blood of this delightful personality was principally Scotch, with several professional men in the near background. The father was a capitalist, operating on a large scale in cities of the Pacific coast. He was a man of strong character, with broad vision, sympathetic, and full of most generous impulses, devoted to his family, and a friend of humanity. The mother was a gently bred, artistically inclined woman, equally devoted to her family, but somewhat handicapped by invalidism. There were six children, M-81 coming in the middle of the family, and the six showed wide variation and diversity of temperament, although they were alike in mental activity and keenness. For the most part the children got on well together, and except that they were brought up with a little more indulgence and a little less discipline than would have been good for them, there is nothing which calls for any special notice in the immediate family background. The climate of the coast is, of course, peculiarly favorable to outdoor life, and as most of the year was spent on a country estate, M-81, like the rest of the children, enjoyed an active and healthy childhood. He respected and liked his father, although he was made somewhat his mother's favorite. With his older brother and sister he got on well enough, not so well with a sister and brother next younger, but best of all with the

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sister who was the youngest of the six. He was very fond of her and seemed to have had quite a protective attitude.

With so large a family, it was natural that this group should become somewhat a neighborhood center and the play life of M-81 was influenced by this fact. He got on well enough with other children, but since the premises of his own home attracted the outside children, it was not necessary for him to make any particular effort toward finding or winning a place for himself. His place existed automatically. It would be interesting if we could determine whether this had anything to do with the simplicity and naïveté which characterize M-81's trusting approach toward immediate intimacy with any newly made acquaintance whom he thought he might like.

The school life up to the age of twelve was not by any means as satisfactory or successful as that which came later. M-81's relations with teachers were seldom or never casual. His likes were strong, but so were his dislikes. If the relationship were pleasant, he would work well in a class; if it was not, he shirked. There was no trouble on the playground; he was liked and he had to fight but little. He was emotionally somewhat precocious but not in any way extraordinarily so. His reading was not particularly active and gave no indications of the way in which his mind was to turn later. Quite early he showed an interest in music, but not enough to make him a devoted student of it. For church he cared little, being for the most part bored by the compulsory attendance. The only part of the service which interested him was the music, and even that does not seem to have captured his imagination as much as might have been expected in view of his later development.

At about the age of fourteen he left home to attend a preparatory school, and here his development underwent marked changes. He did not miss the companionship of girls, made strong special friends with some boys, got on

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much better with the men teachers than he had in earlier years with the women who were his instructors, and very soon began to show the activity of both mind and body which were to become characteristic. His grades were good, and he won a respected place on the athletic field. His mind was recognized by most of his teachers and by some of his fellow students as being original and different from the average. Its approach was aggressive and analytical; its appreciations were selective and keen; its application, while somewhat uneven and spasmodic, was for the most part marked by effortless concentration.

With the college years, we see the mind continuing to develop in the same manner, but a new phase of the personality now comes into action, that of wide social contact and adjustment. On the whole, M-81 was not as happy in college as he had been in preparatory school. He lacked none of the equipment to succeed socially, and he was by no means regressive, yet he did not find the expected gratification in the broader freedom of university life. He went about a great deal, attending all sorts of social functions, meeting and knowing large numbers of people of both sexes and of all ages. He took an active part in the things they did and was well received wherever he went, but instead of enjoying all this, he found that it was quite as likely to bore him as not. Most of the young women annoyed him by their mental shallowness, their unwillingness to engage in intellectual discussion; and he found the same fault with the young men, in fact, with nine out of every ten of the people he met outside of academic circles.

His interest in music deepened and grew rapidly during this period. He studied, played, and composed. At the same time, he was becoming more and more fascinated by philosophy, and it was a combination of these two interests, apparently, which led him into postgraduate study abroad. In the latter pursuit, he was thoroughly eclectic, traveling



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widely and seeking original sources. He enjoyed the student life of Europe more than that of America, and there his response to social contacts brought him much more satisfaction.

In approaching the richly imaginative dream life of M-81, it may be of service to have in mind a brief summary of the personality as a picture. Here is a healthy, active, aggressive, and positive personality, showing four important mental salients: (1) philosophy, (2) music, (3) curiosity, (4) applied and analytical method. But these salients project from a base as rich in suggestion as are the salients themselves, a warmly responsive, lovable human being, interested in pretty much everything, liking a good many people, and getting on well with all those whom he does like, always mentally alert, loving the out of doors, generous, utterly kind, and with a keen sense of humor. His dream life is almost as characteristic as his waking psychology.

### DREAM I

*(Series of dream fragments, all of one night)*

#### *Text*

(a) I telephoned a two-hundred pound fat girl to have a chat with her. She was away somewhere but some one told me that she wanted valentines. I went and bought a dozen and sent them all to her. This struck me as half funny, half silly, and I promptly woke up.

(b) I dreamed I had set an alarm clock, and then somehow knew that it wouldn't work, so I got up and started trying to fix it. I couldn't get it to work, and so fussed with it all night long. Then in the dream I seemed to wake up and find that the hour was eight-thirty. Then I actually did wake up and it was ten-thirty.

(c) This dream is funny—it goes back so directly to childhood. It was in our old house and a meal was in progress. I

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was a child of about seven or eight. I suddenly left the table and began doing all sorts of play stunts, feeling that I was being looked at and that what I was doing was considered amusing and entertaining. I seemed to be getting quite a thrill out of the attention I was attracting, but it suddenly occurred to me that I wasn't being dignified.

### *Comment*

The associations to these texts merely showed that the entire train of mental activity during sleep on that particular night was reminiscent of childhood. The emotional attitude suggests that M-8r had been looking back upon the childhood with some dissatisfaction over the lack of dignity in childish behavior, but also with quite a bit of amusement. Actually the attitude is that of reviewing phases of behavior, with understanding interest.

### DREAM 2

#### *Text*

A very large dog in some woman's house released his chain and came and petted me. Then he went back to his chain and chained himself up. I felt very badly about this. Next he was in the fireplace, and much too close to the fire, but somehow didn't seem to mind it. He seemed to be some part of me—my will, or my instincts, or something of that sort.

#### *Comment*

Here, even more than in the preceding group of texts, is to be seen the mind of a scientist picturing, in vivid symbol, scenes of close relationship between different forms of life. It seems very likely that this dream is an example of the use of identification for the purpose of better understanding some object of study.

### DREAM 3

#### *Text*

I was with quite a large party going to catch a train and came to a place where we were going down a steep hill in some

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sort of vehicle. The railroad tracks were in sight, but we heard the whistle of a locomotive. There was great excitement over missing the train, so I jumped off and ran headlong down the hill to the station, only to find that the whistle came from a freight train and our train was not due in two hours yet.

### *Comment*

The associations at once brought up several humorous stories which had for their point some absurd situation arising from hurry. In the light of these the dream seems clearly to be a joking bit of philosophical comment.

### DREAM 4

#### *Text*

I had committed a hold-up and had to escape. I was running and was going to jump to reach a bridge over a river. There was some old woman after me with a gun. I had ten feet to jump and didn't quite make the bridge, landing on some ice, where the old woman seized me, uttering dire threats. She told me to go home, but when I landed there I found myself on the sixth floor of an office building. The old woman with the gun appeared again and wanted to know what I was doing there and why I was trying to sleep in an office building.

#### *Comment*

Again the associations seem to suggest the use of identification for the purpose of learning something. M-81 had a psychologist's interest in the criminal mind. In the dream he presented the "as if" of having himself committed a crime, but the whole matter was promptly turned into a joke, which suggests to the writer that the dreamer's mind is simply saying: "It's no use; the nearest you can get to feeling like a criminal is to recall how you felt as a child when your nurse was after you for some one of your little peccadillos."

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### DREAM 5

#### *Text*

I was playing on a glass table top as though it were a piano, and quite a number of people were listening with admiration and pleasure. I had on an overcoat, the sleeves of which got in the way as I was trying to play some Chopin. Then I was playing on an actual piano which again changed to the table top and then changed again to an organ. Then all the people went out and I couldn't find my overcoat, although I had previously had it on and didn't remember taking it off. I found a gray one, didn't like it and looked for a blue one, then found a fur one and decided I would take that. I was going to claim it, but some one else took it away. This happened over and over repeatedly.

#### *Comment*

The associations to this dream merely went through the years of M-81's music study and brought out nothing which would suggest any particular symbolic scheme or purpose.

### DREAM 6

#### *Text*

A young woman and I were traveling on a railroad. The train was going up grade rather slowly and I felt that it was passing a place which I must see. I was trying to get up the nerve to jump off, but the difficulty was that I had to have nerve for both of us. I knew that I could get off all right, but I couldn't think how I was to get the young woman off safely.

#### *Associations*

"Down to Gehenna or up to the throne,  
He travels the fastest who travels alone."

I wonder if a scientist has any right to get married.

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### DREAM 7

#### *Text*

I felt while dreaming this that it was a sort of advertisement for a moving picture. I went down to an underground tea room where were some girls, and I felt that it was up to me to talk to them, but I didn't know just how to go at it. In the center was a counter, and behind it a bartender who looked like a cheap character. He wanted me to drink something. An elderly man came in, and the bartender stood in the way so that this man would not see me drinking. Then he and the elderly man started to fight, in the center of the floor. I said to myself: "That's a good scene. I don't know who's going to win but we'll watch and see."

#### *Comment*

This dream was not associated, but it seems very likely that the opening sentence is a sufficient explanation of it. The scene seems to reproduce the sort of advertising picture with which every one is familiar, and the fact that the dream ends without any conclusion, leaving the scene in motion, bears out the idea of the dream being merely reproduction of a visual memory.

### DREAM 8

#### *Text*

I don't know whether or not this dream is in two chapters, but I know that it went on and covered the events of two days. The affair was a house party, and while I don't like them in general, I seemed to be not particularly bored by this one and having quite a passable time. We were at dinner and next to me was a girl who was a childhood playmate of mine. She and I used to quarrel a good deal but were always good friends. The only things I remember being served with at the dinner were grapefruit, steak, and O'Brien potatoes. I noticed that there wasn't much left for this girl after I had served myself, so I gave her some of mine. She said: "Oh, thank you!" quite sarcastically, and stuck out her tongue at me. I laughed, and gave her some more, with a sort of feeling of being half-ashamed.

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Then there was another scene of the same night, in which I am looking out at the windows of an apartment house next door and I see fellows playing poker. There is some man with me of my own age, and we both decide to jump across and join the game. He jumped first, but didn't make it and fell to the ground. I had jumped immediately after him, and also felt myself falling, but quickly thought to myself: "Well, I needn't worry. I shall land on him."

The next scene is the next night, and the guests are gone, so that only our own family have the house. Mother was insisting that we should all get some sleep, but I felt very gay and was urging that all of us start an exploring expedition all over the house, which seemed somehow like a strange one. I felt very gay, almost ecstatic, turned on the radio, and danced all by myself.

Then the scene changed again and we were in some sort of night club with many other people at other tables. I was reading a work on behaviorist psychology and had in front of me two other books, both on philosophy. It seemed to me I had made a very tactful and satisfactory compromise. I was going along with the party but amusing myself in my own way.

### *Associations*

This dream seems to me like a sketch beginning in childhood and passing along up through various stages and ages until I get to the present. The way that girl and I behaved at the table was exactly the way she and I would have done when we were nine or ten. The poker game makes me think of all sorts of card games, from the time when I was ten or twelve up to now. The two of us trying to jump across from one house to another is like the game of leap frog, and it is also like prep school pranks. The rest of it hints quite broadly at the adjustments I have to make in my own temperament to get on satisfactorily with the social world. In the dream I am obviously pleased over the guests going, because I then turn on the radio and dance by myself. I go along with the crowd to the night club, but I am not really interested in the

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affair—which is exactly the way it is in real life. It looks as if I were trying to say: "Why can't social forms and customs be elastic enough to let each one amuse himself in the way that he likes best?"

### DREAM 9

#### *Text*

There was a faculty conference, and the remarks of each professor seemed curiously to correspond to certain streets. At one street a professor said he was leaving the university. Another professor, who seemed to be my chief, suggested that I have a private conference with him. The first professor objected and said that there would be no use in that because the second was going to leave the university also. The latter went over to a bench, which he mounted and from there he addressed a body of students who had gathered as if for a public meeting. He said he was resigning because the present educational system was worn out and he wanted to do some real investigating on the subject of religion. Some student standing near me made a flippant remark, and I promptly told him what a fool he was not to see the importance of this professor's point of view.

#### *Comment*

This dream was not associated but it seems to express quite clearly and accurately the impatience which M-81 often felt with the narrowness and constriction of a great deal of our collegiate instruction. He was not at all a rebel, but believed that in every institution of higher education there should be the utmost freedom and encouragement for original thought and original research.

### DREAM 10

#### *Text*

Goethe and Schiller were trying to play the Second Hungarian Rhapsody as a duet. Goethe had already got started

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before Schiller was ready. Schiller wanted him to stop so that they could start together, but Goethe would not cease playing. I thought what a tremendous pity it is that two great geniuses can't agree and work in harmony.

### *Comment*

This text presents another mutation of the education theme which is the center of the preceding dream.

## DREAM II

### *Text*

This is another railway dream. I have them quite often. The train was on the track and waiting, and I was handling the engine as if it were a toy locomotive, but the rest of the train was of regular size. I could move the whole thing as easily as if I were a giant. Then a freight train came along and struck this passenger train with a terrific crash. A wheel broke off and my attention became wholly centered on it as it gathered speed and ran wild in spirals down the hillside. I found myself studying its behavior as if nothing else was of any importance.

### *Comment*

This again gives us a typical slant on the type of mind which we are studying. It is the mind of an investigator which takes hold of any material, large or small, with the same attitude of curious and intensive study. In conversation it works the same way, seeming to search always for whatever is most significant in the subject matter, and questioning eagerly in the effort to elucidate any and every important point.

There is also a notable clarity, a simplicity, in the working methods of this mind. It is entirely without circumlocution, and yet its directness would not be called blunt. The first three texts under the head of Dream 1 exemplify this latter quality. Since some stimulus has turned M-81 in the direction of his childhood, he goes there without the



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slightest hesitation or resistance, and constructs a simple rebus of three sections which will picture his thought.

In the comment appended after Text 2, I find that I have omitted reference to the totemism of the dream, a subject which has twice before in previous studies come up for observation. The dream picture is very remarkable, and unless its purpose is to express the capacity of the dreamer to identify, I am frankly at a loss to explain it in any way which will square with sound principles of dream analysis. There were quite extensive associations, but line after line of them turned in the direction of this tendency to identify, which has been referred to, and gave no other suggestion as to the meaning of the symbolism. There was nothing to identify the house or its owner. The dog's action in coming over to the dreamer and petting him suggests narcissism—self-love—but that hardly squares with the dog's prompt return to his chain and chaining himself up. There is no self-indulgence in such an action. A Freudian symbolic reading would bring in sexual meaning associated to fireplace and fire, just as by mutation there could be read into this sentence of the dream a desire to return to the protection of the mother, but both of these interpretations would be arbitrary, since nothing in the associations has provided even a fragment of supporting evidence. There is only a moment in the dream in which any emotion appears, and this passes almost at once. On the whole I feel that the interpretation given in the Comment comes nearer than any other to fitting the case.

In Texts 3 and 4 the dreamer is very active; the jumping, and running headlong, being a very good picture of his physical activity when engaged in outdoor sports. In the first of these he has produced what seems to me a solely humorous construction, reminding one at once of the perennially popular story of the man dashing down the ferry

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slip and leaping to the deck of an incoming boat. But in the other text the humor is replaced by melodrama of a highly exciting sort. It is true that there is a possibility of humor in it, since being faced by an old woman could be an effort at burlesque, but the associations turn toward a child having done something wrong and being chased by its nurse, hence the explanation of burlesque does not seem probable. The interpretation suggested in the Comment is entirely speculative, but in view of M-81's type of mind it seems more likely than any other. Undoubtedly, childhood memory is playing its part, and it is possible that if the text had been reassociated times enough the dreamer might have recalled a specific episode of threatened punishment. It is, perhaps, wise at this point to explain why the associations have not, with two exceptions, been reproduced with the dream texts in this series. The fact is that they neither expanded the texts nor made these any clearer. Nearly always they were superficial, and, for the most part, led directly to some comment which grew out of the dreamer's tendency to philosophize. Since the primary purpose of this book is to give a series of comparative pictures of waking and sleeping psychology, and since the dream texts of M-81 are entirely sufficient by themselves to supply such comparison in this particular study, it seemed pointless to add associations that were unimportant and even likely to obscure the picture.

Text 5 has a group of Freudian symbols, but none of them were identified as such in the associations. Text 6 is also subject to a Freudian interpretation, but here again the dreamer certainly did not become aware of the fact, and offered in the associations an interpretation which is natural, direct, and, so far as I can see, entirely logical.

With Text 8 I have given a cross section of the associations, in order that this dreamer's associative method and tendencies might be illustrated. As has been remarked be-

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fore, they stay close to the surface of the mind and very quickly turn toward a thoughtful, applied philosophy of life. It is interesting to compare the last part of the associations with the final sentence in the next text, 9. The reader will see at once that there is little or no difference between associations and dream text. Text 10 is another excellent illustration of this point; and Text 11 is an admirable "close-up" with which to end our view of this mind.

## GROUP IX

W-73, A BRILLIANT ORGANIZER

M-7, A FINANCIER

W-73

WE have here a personality that could be divided into two parts, of which one would stand for the first twelve years of life and the other for the succeeding twenty-seven years. On the surface there was no readable sign of the existence of the earlier personality period, and if it had not been for a breakdown in health, it is doubtful whether this earlier repressed-suppressed personality would ever have come to light again unless in a possible "second childhood" of advanced age.

In appearance W-73 might have served as a model for the figure of Boadicea. She was a pure Anglo-Saxon type of heroic mold and extraordinary beauty. Her manners, like her poise, were perfect, and contained a distinct suggestion of *grande dame*. In her bearing there was evident pride in all phases of herself, her physique, her featural beauty, her brilliant mind, her strength of purpose, and her unusual executive ability. She was socially at home in any circle and mentally able to maintain a companionship with the most distinguished minds.

The level of her life was that of the so-called best society, but she could not at all properly be called a society woman because her activities were almost wholly practical and constructive. It would rather fit the case to say that she maintained her place in society for the sake of the uses which her social groups had in the plans she made and car-

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ried out. From time to time she encountered keen rivalries on managerial boards, which led to conflicts in which she nearly always won out because of her ability. Although having comfortable means, she was by no means rich, nor had she the prestige of a great previously established social position, but she nevertheless maintained herself easily at the top, in the various public enterprises which captured her interest.

The play of her mind might be likened to the response to varying lights which come from a large diamond. There was brilliancy in almost any direction, with vivid color, sharpness of outline, occasional glimpses of great depth, and withal a certain feeling of polished smoothness amounting almost to hardness. The pattern was rather conventional but interesting, striking, and attractive. There was evidence of an adequate education, supplemented by keen perception and absorption, with a retentive memory, kept always in active service during her conversational exchanges with men and women who were concerned in large affairs. Her friendships were more with women than with men, although there were a few of the latter sex whom she knew rather well.

Many and varied in type were the organizations to which in the course of fifteen years she had lent her valuable assistance. Educational institutions and hospitals in particular were indebted to her capacity for organization and the raising of funds. There were reform movements in which she had been a brilliant speaker as well as an able organizer. There were political activities in which her clear vision and aggressive executive methods had been of the greatest value. Always she worked as a volunteer, never professionally. This was not because she was indifferent to money, but because it was an essential part of her temperament and personality that she should be strong enough in her own independence so that her style would never be

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cramped. It is not overstating the case to say that up to this time freedom was absolutely necessary for the full functioning of her unusual power and abilities. Her environment—a rapidly growing city of the Great Lakes region—was excellent for the full use of her abilities.

The ancestry of W-73 was English on both sides, with active-mindedness as a clearly marked tendency, although there was no specialized line of scholarly development in evidence. The father and mother were of excellent physique, but had strongly marked differences of temperament. The father lived very much within himself mentally, and in his relations with his family seems to have been a rather stern and dominating type, often harsh, and rarely or never giving affection. Under his influence the mother presents a picture of a fine, sweet, and courageous temperament, naturally affectionate, but baffled and unable to give sufficient expression to a sunniness and sweetness which the children sorely needed.

There were four children in the family, of which W-73 was the second, a son having been the first-born. W-73 seemed to separate herself from the other children at a very early age and for the most part played a lone hand all the way through childhood. There were plenty of other children in the neighborhood, and she made one or two rather close friends, but even with these she maintained a reserve which kept her inner self inviolate. She grew rapidly, was physically strong, and constantly on the go, and developed an extraordinarily active fantasy life, creating imaginary companions and dramatizing everything that she did. Paradoxically it might be expressed that nothing this child did was casual except that the whole dramatization of herself and her activities was so easy that it became casual in itself. Even an errand from the house to the neighborhood store would be dramatized step by step, and if there were no neighbors in sight to become characters in the play, it was

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easy to imagine them in the houses and looking out of the windows, so that they became potentially aware of the passing girl and hence their thoughts about her could be used as material.

All of this was really an example of remarkable adaptability. W-73 was not happy at home—although she adored her mother and the relationship between the two was very close—nor was she happy in school or neighborhood companionships. Under the circumstances her compensation and adjustment were really good. The enjoyment she got from her fantasy life was sufficient to balance the unsatisfactory circumstances.

The family had very limited means, and the father's application to business was by no means steady, so that both of these factors perhaps contributed to the formation of an inferiority complex with respect to the neighbors. Instead of being proud of her father both as provider and man, this sensitive, proud child felt apologetic for him. This stood out saliently in her memory from which most of the details of child life had entirely slipped away. As a matter of fact she prefaced her first conversation in this study with the statement that the first twelve years of her life had disappeared from her mind as completely as if they had never been lived. The memories of her childhood were later recovered sufficiently to give an adequate picture of the early background. And it is not necessary to go farther than the high development of the fantasy life to see why the memory of childhood seemed to her to be blank; the latter word exactly described what her daily life would have seemed to the average child, since it was so lacking in companionship.

The school life offers little or nothing that is worthy of note except that W-73 maintained her grades without difficulty and fitted for college in the local preparatory school. The church life—the family was Church of England—had

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elements of great attraction from the first. The ritualism, the robed priest and choir, the softened and colored light, the music and the general air of mysticism, all were very much to W-73's liking. They fitted beautifully into her highly dramatized fantasy life and gave her a great deal of emotional satisfaction. It must not be gathered from this that she went through any deeply religious experience; she merely reacted to a group of pleasantly emotional stimuli.

Her reading, as adolescence approached, became increasingly significant. She speaks of herself as having at that period literally devoured romance. Having no memory for the names of books or the authors, she nevertheless remembered that she was practically never without some book of this sort within reach as soon as her studies were over. She identified freely and vividly with the heroines of the romances, and thus the stage was set for a very active experimental love life.

The stage was set, but the play did not come off.

It is at this point that the lack of clear memory for the early period of life becomes regrettable. Something happened to check a tremendously powerful current of romance, threw it back on itself, and ruled out that whole period into repression-suppression. What was it? W-73 does not know, and we have only one important event—the death of her father when she was fifteen—to suggest any possible clew. Even this does not lead anywhere, because there is no evidence whatever of any profound disturbance as a reaction to the loss of the unloved parent. W-73 may have felt relieved, if anything, after he was gone. She had one or two abortive sweetheart experiences but they amounted to nothing, and there was only one intense love affair. It was not satisfactory, gradually lost force, and died a natural death. We are left with the unexplained, and from the data unexplainable, contradiction of an intensely



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romantic and vivid fantasizing temperament, preoccupied for several years with dreams of a love life, suddenly bringing all this to a termination as complete as though it had all been gathered into one book and the covers permanently closed.

From that time on, the personality, like the life of W-73, develops internally in terms of intellect and externally in terms of practical executive ability. There came a satisfying and successful marriage, with untroubled and devoted companionship. There was an agreeable home life, a constantly broadening mental horizon, an effective social adjustment, and a gratifying success in public work. The religious attitude, always essentially liberal, became mildly radical, with a rejection of dogma and ritualism but the retention of practical altruism and spirit of service.

W-73's dreams suggest an answer to what had become of the suppressed fantasy life, and the whole study of this remarkable woman brings out two points of special significance: first, that the essential childhood personality may be both repressed and suppressed, but does not cease, because of this, to remain an active component of the mental life; the second, that the dream activity in some minds never loses the characteristics of the childhood fantasy life.

### DREAM I

#### *Text*

Somebody said: "We're going to have a play in two or three weeks. It is about nothing and you must name it." I said: "How can you have a play about nothing?" They said: "You must name it." I said: "I won't—and there is nothing to be done about it." Then some one said: "It's to be played tomorrow night and you must name it." I said: "Well, all right. Call it Grace." The play was to be about nothing, but I awakened with a very uncomfortable impression that nothing meant me.

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### *Associations*

"Nothing" goes right back to childhood. It seemed to me that nothing was ever done to make anything of my looks. My hair was always kept in a tight pigtail and I still don't believe it when people say now that I am good-looking. As a child, I used to sit in front of the mirror and say: "Well, you are certainly a homely old thing anyhow."

My fantasy about that play in the dream is of a draped figure like a prophet, which certainly doesn't mean much to me. As a child I was forced to learn long portions of the Bible and I've hated it ever since. The only parts which gave me pleasure were the fighting and adventures in the Old Testament. In the dream it seemed so absurd to bother with giving a name to a play about nothing, but I suppose that lots of my childhood dramas were about nothing, and that I realized it even then. "Grace" associated to "nothing" may be a little slap at religion, but of course I don't feel that way in reality.

### DREAM 2

#### *Text*

I was in a combination of a dog cart and aéroplane and there was some one with me—perhaps more than one. It seemed as if I simply must get to the flying field. That it was absolutely necessary and that when I got there I would be happy and contented.

#### *Associations*

The dog cart seems infantile and the aéroplane very much the modern present. Somehow the dog cart idea of the plane didn't seem at all adapted to the air. So often as a child I used to have a fantasy of getting through the air just above the ground and not touching it. There wasn't any sense of being superhuman, but it was just as if I had overcome something which tied me down. That person with me in the plane was younger. I think it was a child who was questioning me and I was trying to explain things. I felt that I was on the

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right road to the flying field and was going to get there, but I was terribly impatient to arrive. I wasn't driving the plane but took no notice of who was, and I guess I felt that I could have done it myself. As a child I should certainly have wanted to do the "man" things, hated the fact that I was not a boy, disliked the hindrance of girl's clothes, rode my pony astride, and resented being told that ladies didn't do that. One thing and another made me finally get the idea that everybody looked at me. I used to have to hold myself when going along the street to keep from running because of the idea that people were looking at me.

### *Comment*

An interesting example of the central dream symbol telescoping present and past. The associations, however, show that the boy occupation is wholly with the past.

### DREAM 3

#### *Text*

I was stranded on a desert island. There was a Catholic priest there also. He had been doing something about putting boards from one island to another so people could pass. We passed to another island and there asked a woman where I'd gone. She replied that I was dining with some divers. Then I went somewhere to the interior of the island where was a body of beautiful water full of gems and jewels and the other "I" was down there in a diving suit. I stood there looking down and watching myself.

#### *Comment*

This dream was not associated but is set down as a very good example of the sense of duality developed by children whose fantasy life is very active. The final scene of seeing herself down in the water suggests that this sense of duality, which so many children have, may be developed to a large extent by their seeing themselves in water and mirrors. From the associations to the preceding dream, it will be remembered

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that W-73 had strong reason for objectifying her own personality and studying her own looks.

### DREAM 4

#### *Text*

I was dining in a boarding house where there was a young Englishman. I played the part of an onlooker—I seemed to be a third person although there was only one other present. This man was very English. It seemed that in another house across the street there was a woman who was an interior decorator. The Englishman was very much in love with her and wanted me to go over with him to see her. I did so. At first it seemed we arrived in an alcove room but this changed to a two-room apartment. We discussed the question of occupation after marriage—whether this woman was to do washing or not. There was a heated controversy. I repeatedly went and got some cretonne and showed them a new color scheme for women after they are married. Then we were going back somewhere in the snow in an old-fashioned cutter sleigh. This girl was sitting in my lap. I entirely took her part and threw some snow back in the face of the Englishman.

#### *Associations*

This young Englishman was tall, very blond, with a boyish face, a typical accent, and was pig-headed as lots of Englishmen are. He could see nothing but his own point of view and all the argument seemed to be about the difference between that and this woman's point of view. It did not seem as if the difference could be reconciled, and neither would give in. He was just pig-headed about it but she was sort of impatient and provocative. The woman was the same height as the man, very vivacious and with dark curly hair. When I try to think of the two of them as detached figures, I somehow can't separate them. They seem inseparable. It occurs to me that perhaps both of them stand as the two sides of my dual personality. The masculine side of me may have been identified with my father, while the feminine side of me was identified

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with my mother. This would account for a great deal. I picture them at odds and yet inseparable—which is like married people, but also like two sides of one's self. And then, too, I have been perfectly aware all my life that I felt myself as dual and that neither side of me approved of the other.

### *Comment*

This scene of duality appeared very often in the texts and associations of W-73's dreams, as has been indicated, and the mischievous qualities ascribed to one of the two selves were often symbolically pictured in amusing ways. Sometimes the dreamer would actually see a little impish figure sitting on a bedpost or a dresser, surveying the scene of a dream while the action was going on.

### DREAM 5

#### *Text*

I had been reading a magazine article of the rather newsy modern type which was in some way very suggestive of something. I turned a page and there were a lot of reproductions of photographs. They were types of mothers. I don't remember whether there were babies with them or not, but for some reason I have the distinct impression that they were not Madonnas.

#### *Associations*

For some reason the material in the magazine article seemed very important and seemed to lead naturally up to those pictures, but I simply can't recall what it was about. The Madonna business is rather amusing, because in the dream I had a distinct impression that they were not Madonnas and yet my waking thought is that they were. Of course it brings up the Roman Catholic worship of the Madonna, which seems a rather futile thing but quite natural from the strength of the mother complex in people. Most religious forms are built up on our complexes of course. The worship of any particular person as a deity seems very senseless. I never felt that there

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was a specific person there to call on. Undoubtedly lots of people are happier for having that feeling. God and the Madonna, of course, are figures projected from father and mother. Emotionally I might once have responded to a Madonna but there wasn't any hero figure in the family. I had to find heroes in books and early learned to bury myself in a book with twenty people in the room—I can still do it and lose awareness of the people. This is a funny little dream because it made all of those women dark haired—Spanish or French. I have an impression that something preceded this dream which was intensely interesting, but can't bring it back into my mind. Perhaps my leaving babies out of the Madonna pictures is because most Christ-child pictures go back to the stage right after birth, and I've always had a very strong dislike for babies under six months old. From about six to eight months I'm delighted to play with them. All my impressions of myself as a baby are of feeling discomfort. They tell me that I was hypersensitive to noise.

### *Comment*

It must be remembered that the "Personal God" complex is supposed by many to have grown out of the father complex, and since the father-as-hero was missing in W-73's childhood background, it is not surprising that there had never been any feeling of a personality in the deity.

## DREAM 6

### *Text*

I am a singer in opera. Something has gone from my memory about rehearsals. I leave to go to an opera performance and in the window or on the steps of a house I pass are two other women who are singers and are to appear in the first of a double bill. We all go down a hill and reach an opera house which seems to be the Auditorium but has lovely red carpeted stairs and spacious greenrooms. I am to sing in the second part of a double bill. I wander about in a silver dress with a long train. I complain of feeling tired, so some

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man says he'll fix that, and goes out to rent a furnished house nearby where I can rest. I don't remember any performance, but some children, who have danced in a ballet, come in from time to time.

### *Comment*

This dream was not associated but seems to be a perfect reproduction of a childhood fantasy. Like the majority of such fantasies, when produced in later dreams, it is a series of scenes rather than a drama, and thus has neither climax nor ending but seems to say: "These fantasies come to nothing."

### DREAM 7

#### *Text*

There was a fine store. I wanted to get in and buy something, I don't know what, but could only walk around on the outside because the store seemed to be in a sort of shell. I wanted to get something. I thought I wanted handkerchiefs. Then I thought I simply wanted to get to the center of the store, which was a sort of labyrinth, but I kept going around the edge. Then I came to a place where there were various things, but it was time to go. I got onto a bus, but instead of its going where I hoped, it turned into a side street and I was vainly trying to stop it when I woke up.

#### *Associations*

Going around the outside all the time suggests trying to break through some shell. That seems something like myself, as if there were something inside—another me—if I could only find my way into it. Funny how the word "wanted" is repeated. My mind dwells on it and I get a curious series of associations—"want to—want a—wanna—Wanamaker—want to make a—a creator—a maker—one who builds or makes, something worth while—a wish to be a maker." I have a feeling that that is the inner me.

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### DREAM 8

#### *Text*

I was giving and directing theatricals. I suddenly stopped and something led me to go over to a church to take part or direct a play there. I went up a flight of stairs and came out on something which instead of being the rostrum or pulpit of a church turned out to be a stage. I remarked that the auditorium seemed small. Some one said that this was easily explained and opened some doors which shut off part of the auditorium. It seemed that every play to be given was to get money for something, rather than for the play's own sake. I felt I was undertaking something very big and it would take all the ability I had to swing it.

#### *Comment*

This dream brought up associations which covered a very wide range of W-73's activities over a period of fifteen years. At the end there was a general feeling, amounting to almost a definite conclusion, that the many parts she had played in her useful, active life, were a sort of practical sublimation of the childhood fantasy tendencies, and that something inside her was urging onward toward a larger field of work and accomplishment.

### DREAM 9

#### *Text*

I am seated with another girl in a car which is like those of a scenic railway. An elderly man sits in front of one of the me's. He has a long stiff hair among some short hairs on the back of his head. For awhile I resist the impulse to pull it out, but finally do it. He turns to find out who did it, but I look at him with bland innocence.

#### *Comment*

With much laughter W-73 recognized the familiar picture of her two selves, with the impish one in the ascendancy. To



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the writer this whole study presents an extremely interesting psychological problem. This impish personality, or rather part of the personality, must have been forced into repression at a quite early age. Its strength and vitality are apparent when we see it forcing its way to expression in the dream life. Why was it so resolutely forced into repression as to disappear entirely from the visible or estimable personality?

### DREAM 10

#### *Text*

There was some little preliminary dream which I've forgotten. It reminds me of the construction of many plays which have a sort of preamble and then the real drama. I was in a house where there was a series of anterooms from which people were to be presented at court. I was awaiting presentation and there were a number of people around also waiting. I looked down at my feet and was embarrassed to find they were bare; but I thought perhaps people would think I had on stockings because my feet and ankles were tanned with a black lace pattern. Then I discovered I had no gloves. We went into a long room to make our curtsies, and the ridiculous thought came to me to get a little page and use him as a sort of cane or crutch so that the queen would think I was lame and couldn't curtsy.

#### *Associations*

That pattern on my legs seemed like a compromise with stockings, and reminds me that many lives, including my own, are compromises between the early fantasies and the things we find we can actually do. The pattern reminds me of tattooing, and it is true if there is anything primitive about me, it hasn't got far above my feet! That little page that I wanted comes to my mind as if he were to wear a plum-colored uniform. All of the contents of this dream seem in the back of my mind as if I had taken part in it before—not necessarily in this form but some sort of pageantry like it—as if I had been there in a previous incarnation. The queen reminds me

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of a certain queen of the present day who in fact is very much like my mother. I am very susceptible to pageantry, color, rhythm, mass effect. Curiously enough no picture of the queen herself comes in the dream. I saw only myself in her. In fact the whole dream seems to be exclusively about myself—the other figures are only incidental. The whole story was that I had difficulties to overcome which had to be worked out in some fashion. It's really quite an allegory.

### DREAM II

#### *Text*

It seemed I was in a large railway station, a through station, not a terminal, where there were many through tracks, with fences between them. Along one track were signals which showed that the train was not yet in the block. Two large dogs came over to me and I ordered them to go over and set the signals in that block, which they did. No train came in on any track. Then I seemed to be hanging or swinging on a rail fence between the tracks; all these latter fences were of pickets. Then I was on a station platform and looked to the right to see the signal lights, which interested me. All of a sudden I saw an elderly man whose face looked sweet and friendly, and I promptly leaned over the rail and threw my arms around his neck. We talked together awhile and then I reminded him that his train was coming on the track where I had had the signals set, but he just said: "Never mind." We were still talking when I awoke.

*Later:* It seems that I went right to sleep again and dreamed as follows:

I was a relative but not an immediate member of a family consisting of a man and woman with one young child and several well-grown children. My idea was that they were always having their pictures taken standing in a row facing sidewise. The mother would be at the rear, then the older children, then the father and this young child, who was a little girl, in front. It seemed that this father was cold, cruel, and tyrannical, and I seemed to be the only person not afraid

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of him. He was to sing in opera and we went to a performance together. We were behind the scenes with a great many people and after the performance this man left to torture somebody. Later we found ourselves at home again sitting down to eat, and he told about this torture. It frightened his wife and children who turned to me for aid.

### *Comment*

These two dreams, which from the central figure in them must be closely related, were not associated but are set down because they reproduce three phases of the childhood. The fantasy-forming activity is shown in the setting of both dreams. In the first we have a scene which occurs very often in the dreams of young boys. They identify themselves with the interesting activities which they see around railroads, in factories, on ranches, on steamers, et cetera. W-73 has done the same thing, and for sharp identification of the origin of this dream she presents herself as swinging on a piece of gatelike fence and throwing her arms around the neck of an elderly man. Certainly this speaks of the longing for a father figure.

Before comparing this scene with the next, we may note in passing that the impishness again appears in the sentence about sending two dogs to change the signals.

The second part of the text brings W-73's favorite theme of a theatrical performance in which she is either an active participant or at any rate behind the scenes. Clearly she is identified in this part of the text with two people, the little girl and the father. It is a "self and father" situation in which she obviously sides with the children and mother against the father. But clearly, too, she is identified with the father himself, since in the first place she feels no fear of him at all and in the second place he now is pictured as an opera singer—one of her own favorite dream rôles. Her identification with him is further emphasized by the fact that she remains with him, inseparable in every move that he makes throughout the dream, which certainly would not be from choice since she neither likes him nor approves of him. Even in the posing for photographs, the little girl and the father stand separately

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as a pair out in front, thus emphasizing that this is the nuclear idea of the dream. Yet again the identification is made still more certain by the fact that, although the dream describes this father figure as being cruel and tyrannical, nevertheless W-73 expresses no reaction against this, other than to remark that she stands between the rest of the family and him and is not afraid of him. This capacity to identify never surprises us when we see an eldest daughter acting as substitute mother in a family, but identification of daughter-with-father is a subtler matter, seeming to occur at a deeper level of the unconscious mind and hence having a much more complex and less readily understood effect upon the development of the psyche.

I have thought it best to treat this study somewhat differently from the others, and, as will have been observed, I have endeavored in the comments to make each dream a complete picture by itself instead of reserving extended comment for discussion at the end.

The dream work of W-73 stands out as decidedly the most inclusive and perhaps the most individual of any in my entire collection. Its themes are many, chosen largely from the childhood; it reveals the separation of the two phases of the psyche—the forgotten childhood and the adult; its symbolism is elaborate, varied, and colorful; it portrays a striking duality; and while the word “contrast” does not exactly express its relation to the waking psychology, it does, nevertheless, reveal a great difference from that.

### M-7

Twice in the banking history of New York there have been writers of distinction who were also successful financiers. In this instance we have a study of a man who, at the age of thirty-eight, had, under a nom de plume, proved his ability to write salable stories and plays but made his

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living—a very good one, by the way—in Wall Street. It is probably not an exaggeration to say that no one in the world could have guessed his business; and very few, if any, ever guessed his avocation. About half a dozen of his friends knew that he dabbled in writing, but had no idea that the things appearing under his *nom de plume* were his. All who knew him well were, of course, aware that he was a stockbroker on a large scale; but nothing about his conversation, habits, or appearance would ever have suggested this, or given the slightest inkling as to the way in which he spent his days. The fact that he did not like to write by day, but only after eleven o'clock at night, might suggest a rhythmically dual-phased personality, but nothing in his psychology bore out such a theory when it was closely studied.

He was rather tall, powerful, with the body of an athlete. His movements were unusually graceful, and habitually slow, except when there was some particular need for quickness. A physician friend of the writer once commented upon this by saying that it was a fine example of carried-over primitive physical efficiency. The man's head was somewhat large for his body, and noticeably long from front to back. His hair was between medium brown and black. His eyes were steel blue, and his features had almost a chiseled regularity.

It has been suggested, and is worthy of emphasis, that no one could place M-7 on a first meeting. The appearance was that of a well-bred, unusually good-looking, perfectly dressed gentleman, who would be at home and oriented under almost any civilized conditions. His manners were punctilious but easy, and in conversation it was clear that he was both gifted and trained. In a low-pitched, well-modulated voice, he spoke an English whose accent could only be described as cosmopolitan. Strangers often thought there was something foreign about him.

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The surface mind of M-7 was a beautiful machine, which probably enjoyed all forms of activity, always slightly aware of its own efficiency but never obtrusively self-conscious. He had read and experienced widely as well as deeply, although his reading had never been characterized by the thoroughness of a student of literature. His appreciation of books was highly selective, and he strongly disliked many of the authors whose work he knew. For lyric poetry he cared little, but had read all of the important epics with absorption. He avoided both essays and lives of celebrated men and women. For love stories he had established almost a taboo, unless the love interest in fiction was secondary to some other theme—preferably adventure. He made certain exceptions to this; notably *Lorna Doone*, and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, which he read as often as every two years. He was devoted to Dickens, Hugo, Poe, Hall Caine, Dumas, May Sinclair, Thomas Hardy, Marion Crawford, and H. G. Wells; certainly a catholicity of taste. To keep in touch with the news of the day he read reviews rather than newspapers, and could talk interestingly, as well as interestedly, on almost any current subject except painting and sculpture, to both of which he had only very slight response. He was an appreciator of the best in music, and a frequent attendant at good concerts of all sorts. On the other hand he selected the most obvious and commonplace of theatrical successes, preferring frothy musical shows, farces, and broad comedy, to good drama.

He was a thorough sportsman, doing all sorts of outdoor things well, and having a special flair for the racing of fast cars. His social life was insistently active, and his circles of acquaintances and friends ranged all the way from the most Bohemian haunts to the most exclusive Long Island house parties. He liked nearly all women, and they liked him, with a comradely and companionable feeling on both sides. His friendships with men were more selective. The

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average Babbitt he actively avoided. And unless, as he expressed it, "a man had brains" there was no possibility of fellowship between them except in some competitive sporting game.

The ancestry of M-7 was a mixture of English, Danish, and French, roughly in the proportion of one-half English to a quarter of each of the other two national bloods. His father, representing the English strain, died when he was very young, and the relationship between M-7 and his mother had always been close. In characteristics, the mother seems to have been more Danish than French. She gave her son—who was an only child—a very sound and healthy bringing up. The family home was in one of the lake states. The community was small, composed largely of a mixture of settlers from New England and foreign immigrants. The two divisions of the population did not blend any too well, and in the selection of playmates M-7 was under almost constant pressure from his mother to keep away from the foreign group in which were some rough elements. It does not appear that he obeyed these injunctions any too well, and two or three of his best liked playmates among the boys were such as the mother strongly disapproved of. This seems to have been the only important point of contention between the mother and son. The boy lived an extremely active play life, being constantly on the go from dawn till dark, roving over a wide territory of sparsely settled country which in places was still wild. He learned to trap, fish, and hunt, only a little later than he learned to play baseball.

At school he got on well with both teachers and playmates until about the age of fourteen, and up to this time had been always first or second in all the subjects which he studied. At about this time, shortly after he entered a city high school, to and from which it was possible to commute from his home village, he began to have serious ad-

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justment troubles. All of his teachers up to this period had been women. He now came in contact with men in these positions, and had trouble with all of them from the principal down. Simultaneously he found himself no longer getting on well with older boys, and the first three years of his preparatory school experience were not happy ones. His athletic ability fixed for him a tolerable place on the playground and sports field, but his school grades were barely satisfactory, and it was not until his final year that he seemed to get a new grip on himself and establish good social relations.

At college, M-7 chose not to take in its entirety any standard course, but enrolled as a special student, electing a wide variety of subjects. This would not have been permitted in some institutions of higher education, but the one chosen by M-7 and his mother allowed him wide freedom, and the result seemed to be good, since he acquired a foundation for a cultural development which had continued steadily—as is too often not the case—through all the years after leaving college.

In his business life this man was first a salesman, then for a short time in the advertising business, partly as solicitor, then as office manager, from which position he rose in ten years to be corporation executive, and in the end he became an independent and successful stock speculator. His writing had begun shortly after he entered the high school and had continued steadily as an avocation. He never wrote verse, but his prose was good, and before he was thirty his stories commanded a ready market. He felt himself tempted to make this a profession, but for some reason could not bring himself to giving up his business career. From stories, he gradually turned to the writing of plays, and, curiously enough, wrote exactly the type of thing which he seldom or never voluntarily went to see at a theater—serious drama.



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It will perhaps have been noted that no reference has thus far been made to M-7's religious life. It has been reserved to insert at this point because the writer feels that it is worthy of some special attention. M-7's impression of his mother's religious belief was that, while outwardly a Puritan and a rigid formalist, she did not, in fact, inwardly agree with Puritan concepts and practices but was secretly in rebellion against them. Whether or not this was a rationalization on M-7's part we cannot surely know, but certainly the current of his own religious life—if he may be said to have had any—follows just such a channel. He was forced to go to church and to Sunday school all through his childhood, had quite a strenuous emotional experience of "conviction and salvation" at the age of fifteen, and until he was seventeen was a thorough conformist. With college came a change. He still attended church regularly, but turned strongly against dogmatic religion, and studiously rationalized this rebellion by becoming interested in a critical approach to Biblical literature. With the end of his college career he gave up even the outward show of conformity, and from that time on had never attended church. He still retained an apparently sincere belief in the existence of a Supreme Being, and used often to say that he was at heart a pretty good Unitarian, but that as between spending Sunday morning in the open air, either on the golf course or on the water, and going to church to be bored by a poor speaker, he could see but one sound choice.

Remembering that M-7's days were spent in the highly organized, as well as highly adventurous, career of an operator on the stock market, the reader may be surprised to see in the following examples how far from this field of activity the dream life strayed.

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### DREAM I

#### *Text*

All of the following seemed to take place in some French city, in Paris or perhaps Marseilles. The atmosphere was distinctly that of old France, not modern France at all, something like the period of Henry IV. An illegitimate baby had been, or was about to be, born. Some people meant to use this as a central feature of a practical joke of which I was to be the victim. In some way I had got wind of this and decided to outwit them. I went upstairs, in a rather dingy hotel, to go to my room. I remembered as I got into the hall that I hadn't my key. At the left, near a closed door, was a girl who looked like a burlesque actress. She was packing some things in bags there in the hall. I asked her to lend me her key. She seemed annoyed at the interruption and rather snappily told me to be on my way. I turned to another door, where I saw a bunch of keys hanging, and my hand accidentally hit these, making quite a noise. I heard a startled exclamation inside the room and thought I had better fade quickly, so I tore a key from the bunch and slipped down the hall to what seemed my own door. To my surprise there was a key in the door, and I grinned as I thought, "Ah, the chambermaid is inside! I shall get in all right." The whole thing was beginning to seem quite a lark. I went in, and found myself fairly caught by the conspirators.

Moving diagonally toward the bed was a woman who I thought must be the baby's mother. She was much bent and moved with difficulty, but it was as if this were only acting. Suddenly it flashed across my mind that the joke might be serious, that perhaps the servants had been bribed to plant this thing on "the rich American." Still, I did not take this idea very seriously. Then I had a sort of awareness, rather than actual view, of a newborn baby in a basket. This seemed to be the moment to turn the situation on the jokers, so I stepped over and with the utmost calm smiled down at the child. There was an instant's pause and then the baby, which suddenly seemed to have grown very much larger, waved its

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hand to me and smiled broadly. I observed that its teeth were fully developed, and it solemnly winked one eye at me. I turned to the several others present, and with a sense of having put one over on them, I remarked, "You see, it takes quite a man to produce offspring half grown." In an instant I thought to myself, "This is the plot of a play."

### *Associations*

Of course, the opening of the dream makes one think of Margot, Henry's wife. In fact, this dream brings up all manner of stories, plays, novels, anecdotes, farces, particularly by French authors, but also by the Viennese. One thinks of the stories in the *Heptameron*. As a matter of fact I think there really is the germ of a good farce, or farce-comedy, in this dream. The idea would be to let the practical joke be built up to apparently a successful climax, in two acts. And then instead of having the usual artificial and lame third act, showing how things were made right again, I would introduce a complete surprise by turning the joke on the jokers. I believe it would go over big, because much as people like to be on the inside of a practical joke, they like even better to see a joker himself trapped and come a cropper. At the end of that dream it seemed as if the baby and I had had a complete understanding all along.

### *Comment*

Not only the dramatically creative activity of this dreaming mind is interesting—and the validity of its humor—but the symbolism, which is truly "creative" in more senses than one! That the *Heptameron* may have served as a stimulus for the dream is quite likely, not only because of the material of the plot, but at the end the dreamer's remark is in the typical Rabelaisian wit formula, which characterizes the group of farcical sketches preserved under Margaret of Navarre's name.

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### DREAM 2

#### *Text*

I had been downstairs in a building, across the street from which was a hospital, having a chat with a brunette nurse who was of the good-fellow type one occasionally met during the War. It was late at night, and back in my hotel room I found that my single bed had been replaced by a double one. Moreover, there was a man present who was to be bunked in with me, and the maid who had shown him up was still there. The whole thing was definitely European, and seemed more German than French. This maid started explaining to me apologetically, but I was very angry and began orating on the outrageous nerve of the management. The man stood there saying nothing. He seemed a German, dark and of medium height, and looked both puzzled and helpless, as if he were not at home in the English language. I went down to the office in a rage, found there a "manageress" and gave her the very devil. Much to my surprise, she gave in quite readily, and went up with me to tell the man it was all a mistake. Then it struck me that the man was in some crooked business deal and was afraid of the people—afraid of a mob. I looked out of the window at some disturbance in the street and saw the nurse looking up from her window. We signaled to each other, just a friendly wave. Then a band of students, rough and rather mobbish, came along in a truck and stopped directly below. One threw a book up, as if hoping to have it catch on a balcony, but it fell short. Then another threw a traveling case, hurled it with a mighty heave, but this also failed to catch the balcony, and fell to the street with a great scattering of its contents over the cobblestones. This seemed a tremendous joke, even to me, and the students roared with laughter, but the man in my room shrank away in terror and disappeared.

#### *Associations*

What is there to say to a thing like that? It's the way my mind works night after night. It kisses the day good-bye as

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soon as I go to sleep, and starts out to have a good time in its own fashion. I seldom dream about business unless I've gone to bed too tired after a strenuous or anxious day. When I associate a dream the next morning, in the way you have showed me, I find it nearly always brings back things I have been reading, or things I have heard in social conversation, which latter it usually dramatizes, often in farcical or burlesque form.

Every incident in this last dream is like things which really happened to me in 1917 and 1918. The nurse reminds me of half a dozen girls of her type whom I've known during my life, and whom I've always liked. The man who was to be bunked in with me was of a type which I particularly dislike, the insensitive sort. The episode reminds me of how much I dislike the European sleeping cars, where, unless you buy the whole cabin, you have to take pot luck on who is to be your roommate, and you have as much privacy as Irvin Cobb's goldfish. My behavior under the circumstances was exactly what I found to be wisest when hotel people tried to put something over during the War. The best thing to do under those circumstances is to get furiously angry and start yelling at them. The more loudly you talk the better. That crowd of students in the truck behave just like a bunch of doughboys, always larking, even when starting for the front. What strikes me as curious is that when I've dreamed as it seemed creatively, I've no disposition to write. The urge to write comes when I'm dreaming least, and remembering nothing about the dreams.

### *Comment*

The persistence of a humorous attitude in M-7's dream life squared with his mental attitude during waking life, when he was not actually occupied with business. He was never what would be known as a wit, but his sense of humor played over everything, and was always close to the surface. *Per contra*, he preferred, as has been said, to write only serious drama. The conflict of these two tendencies may explain why the urge to write coincided with the deeper repression of the dream life

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from conscious memory. Seemingly when his mind got sufficient outlet in "dream play" it felt no need for creative occupation; on the other hand, when it was expressing in symbol its deeper subconscious content, by writing, it had no room for the moods of play.

### DREAM 3

#### *Text*

This dream constructed itself like a play in five scenes, with present day characters, but pre-Elizabethan settings.

The first scene opens in the actual presence of King George of England. It is as if I had just been presented to him. As the dream opens I have just bowed to him. He smiles at me kindly, courteously, in recognition of the presentation, but there are no words, and then he is gone. A steward, or court officer, remains, with whom we are to deal. I say "we" because distinctly I am aware that I am one of a party, the other two being women, one old and one middle-aged.

In the next scene there is an intrigue, a triangle affair, rather sordid. The woman in the case is married and is planning to avoid trouble with her husband, if discovered in her affair, by alleging that the king is the one she is having the intrigue with. The affair is being carried on in this castle where the king is, but now it is clear that the "king" referred to is one of some period in the sixteenth century, and the whole action in this scene is of that date. The castle itself is medieval.

The third scene actually takes place on a vast underground stage, level with the floor, in the cellar of the castle, and the scenery is very crude. It consists chiefly of trappings made from light green oilcloth, very pale green, almost white, with some futurist design on it. Oddly enough, there isn't any action, except people moving off, going into dark passages in the cellar.

Then I am standing before a long, curved counter, or bar, where food and drinks may be ordered, and there is a single barmaid behind it. The place reminds me of something Russian, and yet it's old English. Still, I am at the same time aware that it is in a swell hotel, very expensive. We have

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permission from the steward to buy food for the king, who has graciously consented to be our guest to that extent, but we are not to be permitted to see the king eat. We are told that the things are served, and I pay a huge bill in American money. Afterward I stand fingering five one-dollar notes, which is all I have left. It strikes me as amusing, and quite nonchalantly I think of using one of the dollar notes for a handkerchief. Suddenly the maid confronts me with another bill for forty-eight dollars for a special salad which the king has ordered. I look at the five dollars and burst out laughing, but it seems that I am laughing at myself over the humiliation I shall feel in telling the maid that I have to go home for more money.

In the last scene the triangular intrigue has developed, and all the people have gone on to some pavilion in the forest. I follow alone on a path which parallels their route. It runs through a forest which reminds me of Fontainebleau. I see a dog, and some hunters with bows and spears. Eventually I come out on the top of a huge revolving wooden structure, like a water tank, on which is the sign of an inn, built of slats and seeming rather Japanese. I try to climb down, but find it too difficult, and decide to get back and descend a flight of wooden steps which must be on the other side. The tank revolves slowly, and I wake up wondering what I am going to make of it all.

### *Associations*

*First Scene:* George of England and Albert of Belgium are two men I respect and admire. Of kings in general down through history, I have perhaps more than an average poor opinion. And for American social toadies who worship titles, I have utter contempt and loathing. I have sometimes thought of writing a history of snobbery, and having a really good time with the whole moronic crew. Satire would be the method, and it couldn't be too broad. Maugham did it quite superbly in "Our Betters" but his canvas was too small to suit me.

*Second Scene:* Now that I think of it, the characters in that

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triangle remind me of some people I've met who would be meat for my satire—just the sort. Perhaps I was starting to compose it in my sleep! I must have been punning with the word "medieval" because one of these people is a fashionable doctor, a true boot licker, and "medi" is four-fifths of "medic," while "eval" speaks for itself.

*Third Scene:* I draw blank on that, except that it suggests the necessity of following or indicating many hidden trails in working out the plot of an under-cover intrigue. Oh yes—I get something else, too. Bringing together futurist scenery and the idea of satire isn't accidental. Much of futurism seems to me ridiculous, in fact, infantile, and I should like to satirize that, too.

*Fourth Scene:* It is a sure enough satire now, all right, and I'm making it good and broad! I even make myself the butt of it, for getting mixed up with that crowd. The incident reminds me, though, of something which actually happened. A friend of mine had made a killing in the market. He was at a night club and had had a bit too much, so that he was both expansive and hazy. He suddenly decided to throw a supper party for all the girls of the house, which he accordingly did. When the waiter presented the bad news, to the tune of a bill for two hundred and twenty dollars, my friend found that his pocket had been neatly picked by some one of the girls, and he had exactly seventy-two cents!

*Fifth Scene:* I get a notion of the revolving tank being full of people. I'm on the top of it all, but I can't get down. That's exactly the way I feel when I get an elaborate plot all wound up, and can't think of a way to extricate my characters. At such a time I'd give a million for the inventive genius of some writers of mystery stories.

### *Comment*

In several respects this is a good example of plot-making in dreams, and furnishes us with a partial answer to why M-7 did not get writing inspiration in his sleep. His literary taste and judgment are good, and he is incapable of using such obvious and shop-worn material as this, even for a satire.



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Moreover—as seems to be very usual—the sleeping mind merely constructs the plot from scraps of things it has read, contributing nothing of original invention. It takes the quickest and easiest route to its play goal. Very seldom is a dream-made plot, when exposed to the light of waking analysis, anything but banal and commonplace; although in the dream it often seems wonderfully good. If space and the factor of non-identification permitted, it would be interesting to reproduce here some scenes from M-7's dramas. The contrast between these and his dream life is very striking. However, in any event, the material here presented is sufficient to reveal the great difference between the waking business life and the sleeping imaginative life of this very interesting personality.

The lack of any effort at concealment of unconscious trains of thought by the use of obscuring symbolism is notable in these dreams because of its consistency. It is possible that if the material were turned over psycho-analytically, there might be additional light thrown on it, but there seems to be in this psyche very little carried-over guilt sense from childhood, and the dreamer's associations always formed freely, with unusual speed and little or no sign of unconscious resistance. That the waking personality and the sleeping personality were very unlike is obvious in spite of the fact that certain qualities, such as the tendency toward a constant play of humor, were to be observed in both.

## SUMMARY AND CONCLUSIONS

That the dream is a part of the personality is something which goes without saying. The dreams of John Doe are a part of his personal mental processes, and hence are a part of him. We may even say that they are essential to him, or they would not occur. But the dreams are not a product of his mind when it is under the control or direction exercised during waking hours. The ideas which rise to consciousness during sleep are subject to more or less censorship, but they are apparently motivated much more by emotion than by intellect. It is perhaps a fair *a priori* to say that the history of every mind is a struggle between two forces, each seeking to hold the right of way. When a person goes to sleep the circulatory tension of the cortex is lowered; the intellect is resting. Probably the emotional wish energy is at a lower tension also, but it would not seem to approximate the resting state of the intellect. Certainly its stream is flowing, and certainly it has access to almost any of the registered memory material in the brain. Day telegrams in the brain are under fairly well-organized traffic control, but night letters may go freely in any direction, provided only that certain parts of their messages are in code.

When we inquire what a dream is, we have to admit that it cannot yet be fully described. From the highly organized nature of the brain, and the biological importance of its maintaining this organization, it does not seem likely that so significant a process as dream formation is left to accident. The dynamic theory of the dream is not only logical, but a practically unescapable conclusion. The motivation

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is surely emotional rather than intellectual. There is in many dreams a hidden content, or meaning, as well as a manifest one; which is only another way of saying that the case for symbolism was long since proved. This does not, however, say that all dreams are symbolic, or that all of them have some hidden meaning. The writer has the associated records of more than one thousand dreams in which there is nothing about the associations themselves which would indicate any hidden meaning. Perhaps this could be a little more clearly stated if we say that although the texts of these dreams could, and may, have symbolic meaning, there is nothing in the associations to confirm that such is the case. It is true, however, that roughly seventy-five per cent of my associated dream records do show that the dreams had hidden significance.

The similarity of night dream to daydream, or pure fantasy, gives us some light on the problem of what a dream is, but not as much as we might at first think. Any dream which requires a half-dozen sentences in the telling is usually a more complex structure than a pure fantasy, and when analyzed reveals quite a distinct psychological process from the average daydream. There is here, as the writer believes there ought always to be, a distinction drawn between daydream and pure fantasy. If this difference is made, we shall find that the pure fantasy is nearer to the structure of the night dream than is the ordinary daydream. The question seems to be one of motivation, and it is in this respect that we find a close resemblance between night dream and pure fantasy. The term "daydream" is used to cover all sorts of relaxed mental states, in which imagination is often playing only a minor part instead of filling all the rôles.

It is only in waking fantasy that we see the purest form of wish symbolism. The imagination has gone "gunning for pleasure" and finds it. Sometimes the pleasure may not

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be immediately apparent, as when, for example, the fantasy is masochistic in form, but its motivation is obvious. On the other hand, in many forms of daydreaming there is no pleasure-seeking apparent; the mind is simply resting. The resting might be called a pleasure, but there is no attempt at exaltation, such as appears in constructed fantasy. In night dreams, the theory of Freud that a wish is always in process of fantastic fulfillment, is one which the present material not only does not confirm but would seem partially to disprove. Indeed, in some of Freud's examples, when he is endeavoring to establish this point for which he has so stubbornly contended, the "evidence" seems nothing more than the psychologist's own ingenuity in twisting words, phrases, and meanings, as if he were himself the dreamer. In childhood the dreams certainly do very often present simple wish fulfillments, but even in childhood they quite as often show nothing of the kind; and to me it seems unscientific to maintain, for example, that a child's terror dream is a deliberately staged wish fulfillment process because the sleeping child thereby hopes to arouse a parent and get attention.

Even in the most fully associated dreams, where every opportunity has been given for the appearance of hidden wish feelings, it is characteristic in my dream records that what appears out of the latent content of the dream is more likely to be a picture, or statement, of some conflict of the dreamer's mind than a wish fulfillment. Turning backward to the material of which this book is composed, we may see ample evidence of this. W-106 repeatedly, in very frank symbols, states what her inner mind has evidently regarded as the causes of her difficulties. W-46 presents quite vivid pictures of her conflict. W-8 does the same thing, with an even more frank discussion of herself in the dream texts. W-57 is in the same class, as are M-92, M-27, M-19, and W-34. As against these we have

## DREAMS AND PERSONALITY

the wish fulfillment motif appearing in W-68's steady reproduction of childhood—an apparent effort to live over again the unsatisfactory period, and thus have another try at it; in M-19 who finds it possible to express himself in dreams, although he cannot do so when awake; in W-41 whose dream pictures show her to herself as steadily progressing; in M-81 whose dreams are remarkably purposive; and in M-7 whose mind, as he expressed it, did exactly what it wanted to when asleep.

From our present material we may observe, also, quite a number of other things which are significant parts of the dream psychology. One of these is the frequent appearance of a keen sense of humor. M-7's dream life is full of this. His humor at times has a Rabelaisian trend, but only at times. Often it is quite subtle, but in this respect W-8 outdoes him. As a mutation, we have the spirit of W-57 and that of W-73, both of which are playful, but the latter has also a delightfully vivacious and rather impish quality.

More noticeable than the play of humor is the marked tendency toward dramatic form and construction. Again we turn to M-7 for one of the best examples of this. M-23 gives us pageantry; W-41 furnishes extraordinary examples of primitive dramatic construction, with herself playing the two parts; M-92's construction is principally allegorical; W-73 reproduces the childhood fantasies, which were essentially dramatic in form; W-46 goes back to the religious ceremonials of Egypt and early Greece; W-62 follows the dramatic form consistently throughout.

An outstanding feature is the criticism of others, and the criticism of the self, which may be observed as frequently appearing in both text and associations. The examples of this are so many that they need not be recapitulated. Both W-8 and M-19 criticize themselves more than others, but in the latter we see one or two sharp outbursts of anger at the inability of other people to understand how impossible

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he finds it to do things for which he has not been trained and is not fitted.

The fact that the religious feeling does not come more to the front in the composition of dreams is rather striking. W-62, W-46, and M-23, do reveal a religious tendency, but only the first two of these seem to have any strong yearnings in that direction. If the human unconscious is so alive with racial memory, and if the dream life is a direct product of the unconscious, it would seem rather odd that there is not more preoccupation with the theme of a deity, and also with the fears and superstitions which are so integral a part of early religions. W-41, alone among the studies presented, shows evidence of such fears and superstitions.

In a prolonged study of dreams one gets ample evidence of mental development which seems in part to come from the dream process. Nearly always when a dreamer is associating and analyzing his dreams, these show a gradual but steady change in their character, with the appearance of more and more understanding, more and more comprehension of himself, by the dreamer. This growing comprehension appears in the dreams themselves, as well as in the associations, which strongly confirms an earlier statement in this section that dreams cannot be considered accidental, but have some sort of organized purpose.

To even the most casual student of the mind there will be nothing new or strange in observing the frequency with which dreams go back to childhood, but W-68 gives us a rather striking example of a very highly developed intellect which surrenders the right-of-way to scenes of the early life more than to any other subject matter, during sleep. The comments made in the section devoted to this dreamer suggest a possible reason. It further occurs to me that possibly those minds which have the strongest will to power in the sense of growth and development, may be the very ones which are most reluctant to accept defeat as their

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portion during any part of life, hence the unwillingness to surrender a defeated childhood as finished business, about which nothing can be done. We get a very different picture, however, in a dreamer of the type of W-35, or of the type of W-106, both of whom cling to scenes of the childhood for different reasons. In the case of W-106 there existed the same background as for W-68, namely, a childhood which was both unhappy and defeated, but it would seem that, after all, the main reason for the dream life going back to that period was rather a tendency toward regression than a wish to live the period over again and make it successful. W-35 seems to hold a middle ground, being neither driven back to the childhood solely by a sense of defeat, nor solely by a regressive tendency, but more because in the childhood was built up the key fantasy of great happiness to come. W-73 reproduces the childhood life by the fantasy form which was developed at that time, but which is now used in dealing with adult affairs. W-41's dream life follows this same method, constructing its dramas in the early two-character form, but at an adult level, and with truly progressive motivation.

Of the sense of dualism, and of the capacity of the dreamer to identify with several, or all, of the characters in a dream, we have a number of good examples. W-41 always plays both rôles in her two-character dramas. W-73, like W-57, has a sense of dualism so clearly felt as to find frequent expression in texts and associations. Both were aware of this from the first, and often discussed it apart from the associations. W-8 used to recognize frequently her identification with many different characters, as did W-106, and both of these dreamers felt that they frequently identified with men in the dreams, thus expressing, as W-57 often did, a sense of masculine rivalry and an endeavor to satisfy their own masculine striving. W-57's capacity to identify in dreams was a reproduction of a tendency which

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she had had from her earliest childhood, to gratify in fantasy, by identification, her intense curiosity about how other people felt. W-62 had the sense of duality well recognized in herself, and also identified freely with many of the characters of her dreams. It would seem probable that those dreamers who use the most frankly dramatic construction would be the ones to identify with several, or all, of the dream characters. But this is not borne out in the experience of M-7, who comes nearest of all of our dreamers to using modern dramatic technique in his construction, and yet does not suggest either in text or associations any tendency to identify with his characters. To the contrary, he rather holds them off, as if he could understand them better in perspective. In his five-scene dream, for example, it will be noted that although he appears in some of the scenes as an actor, he does not express any sense of close relationship to the other characters, and in the last scene has definitely separated himself from them, with an interest which is almost as detached as if they were merely lay figures.

Turning now to the question of whether the sleeping life of the brain is like the waking personality, and, if so, in what the resemblance consists, we find that the material of the eighteen studies divides not far from evenly into two groups; the first group consisting of those which are characterized by likeness, and the second of those which are characterized by unlikeness. In the first group we have eight dreamers, and in the second group ten. For the reader who may wish to make his own detailed examination, the groups are as shown on the next page.



# DREAMS AND PERSONALITY

## WAKING PERSONALITY

<i>Dreams alike</i>	<i>Dreams unlike</i>
W-106	W-68
M-27	M-92
W-62	M-54
W-35	M-19
W-41	W-46
W-16	W-8
W-57	M-23
M-81	W-34
	W-73
	M-7

We may at once be struck by the fact that there is a strong preponderance of women in the group which shows a dream life closely resembling the waking personality; while there is an equally strong preponderance of men in the "unlike" group. The writer thinks of only one possible explanation for this, which would be that the motivation of the dream life is chiefly emotional; and men, from boyhood on, are accustomed to emotional concealment to a far greater extent than are women. There is, of course, a possibility that this apparent difference in the dream life of the two sexes is merely a coincidence, as related to the eighteen studies here presented, and would not hold true for a group which includes several hundred. This possibility, however, has not been confirmed as a probability by the more than two hundred associated records in my possession. The proportion shown in the preceding group holds approximately true when multiplied by ten.

Taken up in detail, an examination of the first group suggests the following comparisons:

The dreams of W-106 are strongly preoccupied with symbolizing the nature and causative elements of the dreamer's inner conflict and partial withdrawal from the adult world.

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They quite accurately reflect the waking personality as it was at that time; although it has since emerged from its regression, and the dreams have correspondingly changed. M-27's dreams seemingly reveal the cause of the inner conflict, but, like his waking self, they make thoughtful and constructive use of their occurrences, with apparently the idea of self-warning. The dreams of W-62 mirror the waking self in their preoccupation with an intense and mystical dramatization of events. They reveal the sense of duality, the mercurial temperament of the artist, and the profound depth and sincerity of the personality. W-35's dream life, like her waking life, is keyed by a fantasy which expresses the basic wish and longing. W-41 might almost be pictured as she actually was, simply from reading her dreams and associations. Of W-16 we cannot say as much, but she must nevertheless be placed in the "alike" group rather than in the other. W-57 is decidedly the best example of an likeness of the sleeping and waking mental activity. Her dreams express what she is like, quite as definitely as do those of W-41, but they are a far more vivid picture, with highly wrought complexity of detail. Nearly every phase of this extraordinarily alive and energetic personality may be seen flashing through the dreams. Indeed, the construction of the dreams gives them a sense of color and motion quite noticeably like the dreamer's totem—a bird. They also deal with her major complex, but this is a relatively unimportant feature of the likeness. M-81 shows us, in the record of his sleeping mental activity, the richness of his imagination and the exact way in which his mind works when it is awake. They reveal his investigative tendency. They are full of intelligent comments on life, which are thoughtful and purposive.

Turning to the "unlike" group:

Much has already been said about W-68, but we may again remind ourselves that these dreams, almost wholly

## DREAMS AND PERSONALITY

preoccupied with childhood scenes, are the product of a highly developed intellect which is possessed of extraordinary range and power. Very few minds that the writer has ever encountered could surpass it in either capacity or ability; and yet, in sleep, it concerned itself very largely with the early life and almost never with the major affairs of the day. The waking mind of M-92 is also a very unusual and brilliant organ, but during sleep it concerned itself principally with allegories of the childhood, or of the hindrances of the day's work, with frequent self-admonitions to keep on going ahead, to be more aggressive. The dreams of M-54 are characterized by great activity and the picturing of many events, but instead of revealing the waking self, they unfailingly tend to conceal it. M-19 works out in his dreams a problem which in his waking life he had not solved. His sleeping mind presents the nature of the work for which he is fitted, and suggests it quite clearly. In fact, as the study proceeded, the dreamer himself reached the conclusion that he could express in dreams what he had never been able to express when awake. W-46 in waking life was a fairly typical example of a woman wholly preoccupied with the diversions of social play and travel. This contrasts strongly with the yearning and mystical symbolism of her dreams, which reveal inner depths and qualities never to be guessed at in social contacts. W-8 in real life was a thoroughly businesslike executive secretary, but in her dreams expressed a part of herself which none of her friends knew anything about. Closely analyzed, her dreams are seen to be literary compositions which, with relatively slight changes, might be made parts of actual stories. They are a part of the personality which had remained dormant, but which was capable of development. She discusses and analyzes, rather than dramatizes, herself, and it is only in the last dream of the series that we get a strange and almost archaic flash from this mind.

## SUMMARY AND CONCLUSIONS

M-23 was placed somewhat doubtfully in the "unlike" group, but, after all, the mental current of the dreams was a deeply hidden undercurrent of his waking life, rather than anything obvious and readily perceptible in him. The dreams are dramatic, with somewhat of a tendency toward pageantry and ceremonial. They bring in satirical and philosophical tendencies, with an interested and interesting reference to totemism. It is possible that those who knew him very well might find a resemblance between the sleeping and waking psychology, but taken as a whole the writer felt that he belonged to the "unlike" group.

Concerning W-34 there could be no hesitation. No one who knew her socially would ever have guessed at the inner conflicts expressed in her dreams.

W-73 was a splendid example of contrast. The waking personality showed nothing whatever of the sense of dualism, just as it revealed nothing of the fascinating qualities of piquant and impish humor concealed under her beautifully schooled social demeanor. There was no splitting of the personality, and yet this mind in sleep was as different from itself awake as though it belonged to another person.

M-7 fittingly concludes the analysis of this group, with a picture of complete contrast which needs no emphasis. In his daily life this man was a successful stock broker and financier. In his sleeping life he was a dramatist, of keen inventive capacity, with an insistent play of humor and satire running through his dream constructions.

In summation it will appear that this series of studies does not by any means solve all of the problem of what office work the dream performs in completing the configuration of the personality. From the very nature of the subject—its depth, and the limitation of our means of approach—this was to be expected. But the evidence seems rather strongly to support the following probabilities: (1) That the dream is for certain people a means of reviewing their

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unsolved difficulties of adjustment to life. (2) That for others it is an intellectual play-process. (3) That for others it provides release for artistically creative tendencies. (4) That for others it is chiefly an escape valve for undischarged fragments and associations of the day's ideas. (5) That for others it is either a warning or a reminder, bearing on character and conduct. (6) That most frequently of all it is a *supplement* to the waking mind, often expressing what is, either voluntarily or involuntarily, suppressed or ruled out from the day's work. That it is not accidental but purposive, at least with the majority of dreamers, is perhaps the surest conclusion of all—so sure as to be a certainty.

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